00025916

00025916

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

ARCHIBALD DON

ARCHIBALD DON

A MEMOIR

EDITED BY

CHARLES SAYLE

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

25916
ac

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1918

25916

All rights reserved

PREFATORY NOTE

WHEN the wish to have some abiding record of a very dearly loved life was felt by us—as it has been felt no doubt by many with equal reason—it would certainly have remained but a wish had it not been for the many expressions of love and appreciation which came from outside our family circle. Above all, the unhesitating acceptance by Mr. Charles Sayle of the task of editing this record emboldened us to attempt to weld the memories of Archie into a story, which may perchance have a message for some who come after. For the sympathy and help so freely given I would wish to express my indebtedness.

L. F. DON.

March 1918.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

Thanks are due to those who have assisted in the preparation of this book: to the Bishop of Southwark; Sir Walter Morley Fletcher; the Master of Magdalene; in no less degree to Dr. J. E. Marr and Dr. E. D. Adrian; to all owners of letters; to Dr. A. C. Seward, Master of Downing; the Rev. R. St. John Parry, D.D.;

Prebendary J. T. Bramston; Dr. F. A. Bather; Mr. Herbert Chitty; Mr. E. T. Sweeting; the Rev. A. G. Bather; Mr. H. J. Hardy; Mr. F. P. Robinson; Mr. F. R. Salter; Mr. M. D. Forbes; the Rev. Percy M. Herbert; and the Rev. T. W. Pym. Mr. A. C. Turner[1] kindly allowed the use of the negative of the Trinity Lake Hunt; and Mr. W. R. M. Lamb the reprinting of his prose (p. 185). For the footnotes throughout the volume the editor is alone responsible.

Death, it has been said, magnifies and transfigures. But every word in this book has been considered in order, if possible, to increase the accuracy of the portrait.

[1] Killed in action 16 January 1918.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	CHILDHOOD. 1890–1904	1
II.	WINCHESTER. 1904–1909 By his Mother and the Bishop of Southwark	8
III.	CAMBRIDGE. 1909–1914 By Sir Walter M. Fletcher, K.B.E., F.R.S.	23
IV.	APPRECIATIONS By the Master of Magdalene and Captain E. D. Adrian	54
V.	WAR. 1914–1916 Edited from Journals and Letters	85
	LETTERS FROM FRIENDS	177
APPENDIX—		
1.	GENEALOGY	181
2.	THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION	182
3.	THE LAKE HUNT	195
4.	BEQUESTS	197
INDEX		199

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Beinn a Bheithir, Argyllshire . .	*Coloured Frontispiece*
Broughty Ferry	6
Archie, aged 18	23
The Magpie and Stump Committee, 1912 . .	82
The Natural Science Club, 1914 . . .	84
Lieutenant Don, aged 24	85
Map of Salonika	129
Deve Kran, 20 February 1916	137
The Expressionists Catalogue	182
The Lake Hunt, 1912	196

ARCHIBALD DON

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

1890–1904

ARCHIBALD WILLIAM ROBERTSON DON was born on 11 December 1890 at Seafield Cottage, Broughty Ferry, in Forfarshire, and was the fourth of the five sons of Robert Bogle Don and Lucy Flora Campbell. He was called Archibald after his maternal grandfather, whose parents were both Campbells.[1] Archie's ancestry was entirely Scottish. The branch of the Dons to which he belonged had been for many years settled in Forfarshire, and the members of it have always been staunch Episcopalians, and therefore probably Jacobites.

Among his forbears, however, on his father's side, were Robertsons, ministers of the Established Church of Scotland during a period of 160 years (1696–1856) in the parish of Eddlestone, in Peeblesshire, the third of the line being a Doctor of Divinity of St. Andrews University and a Scottish Archer.

[1] Alexander Campbell, of Hallyards, a West India merchant in Glasgow; and Barbara Campbell, of Jura. Their portraits were painted by Raeburn.

There were also Bogles, well-known merchants of Glasgow a hundred years ago. Their country house, "Gilmorehill," is now incorporated in the buildings of Glasgow University. Archie often expressed the wish that he had been given the name of Bogle. On his mother's side, besides Campbells, were Mackintoshes, Macphersons, and Ferriers, so that the very different characteristics of Highlander and Lowlander may well have been blended in him.[1] Archie's great-great-grandfather, Alexander Ferrier, went to Holland, where since 1541 there had been a considerable Scottish colony. He was the last of the Conservators of Scottish Privileges in Campvere,[2] and on the extinction of that office was made a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and later a knight of the United Kingdom in William the Fourth's reign.

The Ferriers and their musical gifts are mentioned in the *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*,[3] in which it is stated that people used to collect outside their house in the Bompjes, Rotterdam, of an evening to listen to the music going on inside.

Musical talents more or less pronounced

[1] Soldiers there were on both sides of the family, among them Capt. Wm. Macpherson, who died in 1813 after seeing much service; Colonel Robert Campbell, who went through the Crimean War and commanded the Highland Light Infantry in the Mutiny; and Patrick Robertson, who also served in the Crimea, and died in India.

[2] Camp Veer in the Island of Walcheren. See *Ledger of Andrew Halyburton* (1867), p. xxxi, note. Sir Alexander Ferrier is mentioned, as Conservator at Campvere, in P. Hume Brown's *History of Scotland* (1911), iii. 46.

[3] *Memoirs of a Highland Lady. The Autobiography of Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurchus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Baltiboys,*

came from both sides of his family, and if in one direction Archie's ancestors would seem to have been of a practical turn of mind, immersed in affairs, there were other influences at work to account for his artistic tendencies, while his devotion to hills, and heather hills above all, may well have come through generations of Macphersons, sons of the North.

The Dons had been connected since 1788 with the linen industry in Forfarshire, and later Archie's grandfather became a manufacturer in Dundee. His father entered the business there in 1877, after leaving Oxford and having spent more than a year in foreign travel. Before Archie was a year old, his father and mother moved from Seafield Cottage to The Lodge, Broughty Ferry, where his father had lived as a child, and this was the family home until 1913, when a move was made to the country.

A short time was spent at Tealing House before the war broke out. Archie and his brothers loved to think of the Sidlaw hills and the white house below them.

Archie was a healthy and quite ordinary little child, but a certain charm and radiance always belonged to him, and made his childhood, as later his boyhood and early manhood, more than usually happy, and also more than usually a source of happiness to others. He took the loving atmosphere for granted; timidity and

1797–1830. Edited by Lady Strachey. London: John Murray, 1898. In the abridged edition of 1911 the passages referred to were omitted.

shyness were almost unknown to him in his relations with people.

As quite a little child, he seemed to feel sure of getting a response, and with a happy friendliness won his way into most hearts. He loved flowers and beautiful things in nature from very early days. At two and a half he would greet his favourite flowers in the garden by name with a "Good morning" each. He was never destructive of flowers, but handled them tenderly. He could never bear to hear a flower described as "ugly." "If you look into it, you will see it is pretty" was his remark to a little cousin. Wild spring flowers do not abound in the Eastern Scottish county where he was brought up. To find some wood anemones or come on a glitter of marsh marigolds made him supremely happy. He always delighted in giving flowers. Shells, butterflies, stones, all in turn interested him, and he would take endless trouble in examining and arranging them. But although encouraged to observe, he did not have the advantage of help from scientific people in his early years, and it was only later in his Winchester days that any serious collection was made. A love of order and arrangement showed itself, however, fairly early. He began to make notes, to record, and in a small way to collect. At nine and a half he kept a record of the Boer War, with a collection of portraits, maps, and descriptive notes, and a full index.

He did not show any signs of special ability as a child. He took a long time to learn to read, and he never quite conquered the art of

spelling. He had difficulty in learning by heart, and struggled in vain to play the violin.[1] All learning by rote was distasteful to him, but if his imagination could be appealed to, his interest was immediately aroused. Stories of history and of the Bible and some poems gave him great pleasure. He said as quite a small boy that the lament of David over Jonathan was "the most beautiful thing he had ever read." Some of Sir Walter Scott's novels were great favourites with him, as also Kingsley's *Water Babies*. Hiawatha and Ralph the Rover[2] were real personages to him. He recited the latter with a dramatic fervour which was a source of great amusement to his brothers. Archie and his brothers were all accustomed to sing with their mother; he had a pure treble voice, a good ear, and an intuitive feeling in the rendering of a song.

The lonely, the old, and the weak made a special appeal to Archie, and it was evident even as a child that little offices of kindness gave him a real delight. In any intercourse with poor or sick people he seemed to know by a sort of instinct how to bring cheer and brightness.

[1] Miss Crossley records the following of his early years: "He began music with me, and the violin a few months later with Mr. Stoole. Mr. Stoole took up the violin at the first lesson, drew the bow across the A string, and then struck the note on the pianoforte. 'Is that right?' 'No—o. Not quite.' 'What is wrong?' 'Well, the piano is a bit higher.' He was not advanced enough in technical language to say that the violin was flat. Mr. Stoole turned to me and said, 'It is so little that not one child in fifty would have noticed it, and the fiftieth would not have been able to say whether it was sharp or flat.'"

[2] In Southey's "Inchcape Rock."

In the autumn of 1900 he followed his three brothers to Horris Hill, Mr. A. H. Evans's preparatory school near Newbury, in Berkshire. Mr. Evans speaks of his "wild whirling words" when he first came, and says that "although Archie had no great gift for ordinary school subjects, and was no leader in games, he had a good deal of influence," and was "transparently simple and genuine and kind, and a great favourite with the boys," but that "no one guessed his future ability, although he is remembered for his singing."[1]

From the time he first began to make the long journeys to and from Scotland, his aptitude for practical arrangements was shown. He was the least dreamy of the family where journeys and their inevitable details were concerned, and even in those early days had the power of "taking charge" of people, to which the Master of Magdalene alludes in later life. Mr. Stow,[2] one of the masters at Horris Hill, relates how "Archie adopted him in his charming way" in 1902.[3]

The summer holidays of 1903 were spent at Mürren, in Switzerland, when Archie was twelve years old. The boy climbed with his brothers in the Blumenthal, and came back laden with edelweiss and blue gentian, apparently well. But it was then that he strained his heart, with the result that during the latter part of his time

[1] Mr. Evans adds: "We have never had a boy who could sing the anthems as he did."

[2] Now Lieut. J. L. Stow, 15th Battalion King's Royal Rifles.

[3] They travelled together in Skye in 1913.

Alan. Archie. Mrs. Don. Frank. John.
Robin.

AT BROUGHTY FERRY

A Photograph by Mr. R. B. DON

[*To face p.* 6

at Horris Hill and his first years at Winchester he was forbidden to play games or take any violent exercise. On this holiday he made a careful diary, with an accurate list of all the flowers he found.

He could be counted on to help so gladly at any busy family moment—one felt he delighted in doing it, and difficulties had a way of disappearing when he touched them. This can be recalled in quite his boyish days. With his father his relations were those of complete confidence and love—nothing ever came between them, and the mutual understanding only grew as the years sped on.[1]

By the time he went to Winchester in 1904 the small beginnings of these earlier days already marked the first stages of interests and characteristics developed and extended in later years at Winchester, Cambridge, and elsewhere.

[1] Mr. Don soon followed his son. He died 9 February 1917. He was head of Clifton in 1872, and Brackenbury Scholar at Balliol College, Oxford. He took a first-class in Natural Science in 1875. The University of St. Andrews conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon him in 1916.

CHAPTER II

WINCHESTER

1904–1909

BY HIS MOTHER AND THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK

ON going to Winchester in September 1904, Archie was placed in Junior Division Middle Part. His progress in Classics was slow, and in this first year his school reports contain little of note, but the remark in one of 1905—"full of music and drawing"—indicates an appreciation of certain talents, though not those of the orthodox schoolboy. Doctor's orders debarred him from any chance of shining in the world of games, but the restrictions on Archie's activity and the freedom from the necessity of playing games at school certainly gave him an opportunity of cultivating tastes which had always been latent, and only needed a little encouragement to be developed. At Horris Hill he threw himself with great enthusiasm into gardening when opportunity offered, but at Winchester botany began to be a real interest. His letters home often contained illustrations of the flowers he found, and he began to colour in the illustrated appendix of his Botany book each wild

flower as he discovered it.[1] By 1906 his letters are already full of nature. "Of course the alder is out first as usual," he writes on 4 March. A letter of 18 June 1906 is illustrated with a bee-orchis in water-colour, and in a letter to his mother he says:

"I went in quest of flowers after chapel as I always do, and to-day went on to 'Hills' to try and find the bee-orchis. I found it, and have just finished doing up a little parcel for you . . . a *perfect* piece of nature's work. My flower book is getting to look quite nice—114 or so is the number painted."

A letter of 2 March 1907 has the most life-like coloured illustrations of birds and beasts. Then the fossils of the neighbourhood became an absorbing interest, and of these he made a fairly complete collection, mounting them with the greatest care and neatness. These delightful occupations made up to him largely for the lack of the school games, and his nature was so naturally sociable that the disadvantage of not sharing in the ordinary recreations of his companions did not result in estranging him from them in any way. Some of his "leave-out" days were spent with friends in the New Forest, and there he made acquaintance with a great lover of nature, Admiral Bourke,[2] who showed Archie collections

[1] The book set for Term Task in Common Time was *The Romance of Modern Exploration*, by Archibald Williams (London, 1905). Archie's copy is "extra-illustrated," and it is not surprising that anyone seeing the care with which this is done should have realised instinctively that Archie was already no ordinary boy.

[2] Rear-Admiral Edmund George Bourke writes: "My only

made in all parts of the world, and impressed on the boy the great pleasure and advantage to be won by cultivating the faculties of observation and of devotion to nature. The Rev. R. Quirk speaks of this:

"I showed him once a rude carving on the bone knife of a Laplander. He said, 'I have never been able to understand why primitive man could not draw.' That is a very trifling instance, but it shows his freshness of outlook."

He joined the school Natural History Society, and from 1907 onwards contributed papers and carried out work in this connection, mentioned in the report of the Society as of outstanding merit. During his later years at Winchester his growing interest in the affairs of the world outside found expression in speeches at the School Debating Society. A glance at the Note[1] on the subject indicates opinions already shaping themselves on subjects medical, social, and educational, significant of future interests.

He was much absorbed in the work going on during several years at Winchester Cathedral, where thousands of pounds had as it were to be poured into the ground to uphold the fabric. He collected for this at home.

In the Winchester Mission he was really interested, and always welcomed Mr. Lucas's[2] visits to the school, and himself on several occasions went to Portsmouth to visit the Mission with other Wykehamists.

memento is a catalogue of my foreign birds that he made from my account of them" (*In litt.* 21 September 1917).

[1] P. 21.

[2] Rev. E. de G. Lucas.

About the O.T.C. Archie did not pretend to be very enthusiastic, only joining from a sense of duty, and escaping going into camp if he could—little knowing what the future had in store.

His holidays during the period enabled him to supplement the opportunities of school life by visits farther afield. He enjoyed the home life and the usual holiday amusements to the full, picnics, expeditions, and later on shooting, but the holidays perhaps above all meant to him a glorious opportunity of seeing more of nature and of things of beauty and interest.

In the spring of 1907[1] Archie had the great pleasure of making a short tour in France, chiefly in the Touraine district and part of the time in a motor. He writes from Winchester: "It is not often one is so lucky as to go to Touraine. You could not have come upon a better plan. I must try to read up a little between then and now." He enjoyed every bit of this new experience with a delightful freshness. He tried to talk

[1] Archie was something of a diarist as well as a politician at this time. In his journal of 4 October 1914 he quotes from his old diary, "which I kept for a time at Winton. 'The Hague Peace Conference is a farce.' The reason was, and still more is, clear enough. Under 6 March I noted: 'The Liberal Government are reducing both army and navy estimates. Both by about a million and a quarter.'

"'Botha, the late General, has been elected President of the new Cabinet in the Transvaal Constitution. This is a good example of the British policy.'

"'The New Duma has met in St. Petersburg in a quiet way: no speech by the Czar: he was not even there: members did not cheer him when three cheers were proposed: how ominous this looks.'"

French whenever opportunity occurred, with no *mauvaise honte*, but with perhaps the usual want of success. He was enthusiastic at Chartres and full of interest over things historical in the various places visited, as well as keenly observant —as was his wont—of effects of sky, blossoming trees, flowers and stones by the wayside. When the ruthless motor went on regardless of a specially blue borage (or bugloss) he flung out his cap and obliged the unheeding chauffeur, who was his brother, to stop. This holiday certainly quickened Archie's interest in history and art and in the wider world beyond his own.

It was on a holiday spent in Torquay during his Winchester time that his great interest in Kent's Cavern awoke. He visited it frequently and took up to Winchester Museum several specimens of what remained there. He thought there might possibly have been drawings on the walls, but after a careful examination found this was not the case. He was most anxious that the caverns, so full of geological history, should once again be in the hands of a geological society instead of being left to people who had no particular interest in it from the scientific point of view, and yet could not afford to make it an attractive resort for tourists, who, Archie thought, might have been made to contribute indirectly to geological objects. In his eagerness on the subject he went to a person of influence at the British Museum, and he was extremely anxious to invest a little money of his own in the scheme. The plan did not come to anything, but he never forgot about it, and in one of his letters written

in the last year of his life he alluded to his dreams about Kent's Cavern.[1]

When at home he paid sundry visits to a quarry near Arbroath where some important specimens of the fossil *Pterygotus anglicus* had been known to exist. He and his father had many talks over this, and finally a large fragment of the fossil was purchased from the old man who had worked the quarry for years and presented in Archie's name to the Geological Section of the British Museum.[2]

Even in Paris, which he visited with his father during January 1909, his chief quest seems to have been fossil collections.

Of friendships formed at Winchester many continued in later years, chief among them that with Bay Balfour,[3] a brother "Chawkerite."[4] With Winchester masters too he formed enduring friendships, and his letters bear proof of his appreciation of their efforts ranging from help in his work and hobbies to incidents such as his visit with Mr. Herbert Aris[5] to the Queen's Hall

[1] See p. 21.

[2] "*Pterygotus anglicus* (Agassiz).
Lower Devonian, Old Red Sandstone.
Carmyllie Quarries, near Arbroath, Forfarshire, Scotland.
Slab with two complete individuals and remains of others. The larger specimen is 3 ft. 9 in. long.
Presented, together with the counterpart, October 1908."

[3] Isaac Bayley Balfour, of Inverleith House, Edinburgh, born 19 October 1889, Magdalen College, Oxford; 14th Royal Scots, attached 1st Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers (in the 29th Division). Killed when leading his men in the Dardanelles, 28 June 1915. He is mentioned in A. D. Gillespie's *Letters from Flanders* (1916), p. 153. See *post*, p. 115.

[4] Southgate House, formerly held by the Rev. C. H. Hawkins (1869–1900); then by Mr. E. H. Buckland (1901–1906); and now by Mr. G. H. Blore.

[5] House master at Winchester. See p. 125.

on 30 June 1909 to hear Sir Ernest Shackleton's [1] lecture on "Nearest the Pole."

Archie owed much to his house master, Mr. Blore. It was largely due to him that in spite of Archie's not coming up to the usual standard either in classical work or in athletics, his position in the house was one of influence. This friendship with his house master, and the interests which they shared, contributed much to the boy's happy recollection of his schooldays. For the last year he was head of the house.

To the help and encouragement which he received from the Rev. S. A. M'Dowall he owed much of his progress in the paths of Botany, Zoology, and the like, and his taste for Art was quickened by the opportunities for its study afforded by the collection in the School Museum arranged by the present Head Master. But the gradual development of Archie's intellectual powers in line with the natural bent of his mind was perhaps chiefly due to the insight and liberal treatment of the then Head Master of Winchester,[2] Dr. Burge, now Bishop of Southwark, who, seeing Archie's incapacity for classical work on the ordinary school lines, gave him his chance and turned a certain despondency into hope by so arranging his studies as to call out Archie's best efforts and give him the happy prospect of successful as well as interesting work. Archie and his parents were always most grateful for this course of action on the part of the Head

[1] Archie had met Mr. Shackleton previously at his father's house in Broughty Ferry.

[2] 1901–1911.

Master. He writes: "I must tell you the most important thing that has happened so far. I have got leave off Latin and am going to start Zoology—but not only that, the Head Master off his own bat suggested, what I did not like to ask—namely, that I should spend those hours for which I had no definite work in reading by myself. So much of the work at the University is of this nature, and he said he would like me to start now and learn how to use time. This is exactly what I have been longing for! M'Dowall is going to take me through the initial stages of Zoology and Botany; and a similar course taken by another Wykehamist a few halves ago has saved him a year's work at Cambridge. In fact, this is a most important change. I mean to make the best use I can of it."

The following notes, written by the Bishop of Southwark, both illustrate his kindly interest in Archie, and tell us of Archie himself:

"I have been offered the privilege of attempting to gather up some of the threads of Archie Don's life at Winchester and to recall the growth of his character and capacities. Most gladly I spend all the time I can find in making the attempt; for his was an unusual and very interesting career, and at the end of it no truer or more loyal Wykehamist could be found. Let me try to make the story as plain as I can: from nothing would he himself shrink more instinctively than anything bordering upon exaggeration or suggesting that he was anybody but an ordinary Public School boy who thoroughly enjoyed his school time.

"He entered the school in Mr. Buckland's house in Short Half 1904, following his brother,[1] who had left four years before. Turning to the private memoranda of my own examination of new boys, I find the note:

"'Don, A. W. R., precarious: no doubt has been well grounded at Horris Hill: good stock: must not be left to drift in the Classics of Middle Part.'

"He was placed in the lowest division but one. He was a bright, intelligent-looking little chap, eager enough, but, like many others, apparently quite bewildered by the sight of any language other than his own. He had a beautiful treble voice, and sang solos, if I remember right, at school concert with great effect in his first year.[2] Although at the close of this year he was getting left behind, we had found that he showed decided promise in his English work and in Mathematics. It was my custom to take one of the divisions in the lower parts of the school regularly in one of their books: it happened that I had been taking Archie's division in English History, and I had soon discovered that in grasp and intelligent appreciation and power of expression he was quite ahead of the rest. I determined that he must by all means be encouraged by the prospect of winning his way up into Senior Part, where he would be allowed more scope for special interests and powers.

[1] John A. Don, now Major Don, D.S.O., R.A.

[2] He was to have sung the solo part in Haydn's *Spring* his first term, 19 December 1904, but caught influenza at the last moment. (*The Wykehamist*, February 1905.) He sang a solo by Purcell at Domum Concert 31 July 1905, and Bishop's "Should he upbraid" at the December concert in the same year. In 1906, at a reading of *The Tempest* by the School Shakspere Society, he sang "Where the bee sucks" and Purcell's "Full fathom five." (*Ibid.*, April 1906.)

"At the end of two more years he was still in Middle Part, almost at the bottom of Senior Division: far behind the others in Greek, very near the bottom in Latin; moderate in French, third in Mathematics, first in Science. How familiar we are with the criticism which such a record provokes!—'the cruelty and perverseness and pedantry of keeping a boy slaving away at elementary Greek and Latin, when his tastes and powers are all pointing to expansion in quite another direction.' Archie himself, when he grew to manhood,[1] would have been the first to expose the shallowness of the criticism. Without doubt he was getting something out of the books he was reading, out of the thoughts struck out, out of the honest, not seldom humorous struggle with vocabulary and idiom; he was getting more, provided he was given his chance, by learning to hold his own with others in a scheme of general education, and his chance did come to him in Science and Mathematics. He supplemented this by developing a turn for geologising: I can see him now on Ascension Day or some odd half-remedies[2] scrambling about the chalk pits tapping away for specimens. But the promising thing about his work in Science was his real love of English literature, which began to tell in power of expression. So it came about that at the close of another year (1908), after he had been in Senior Part six months, he won the Holgate Divinity Prize, and in 1909 the prize offered by the Head Master for Natural History—that is, for any 'natural history' collec-

[1] In a letter written in view of Mount Olympus, he alludes to this (23 November 1915). See pp. 130–1 and 157.

[2] The reader will find all that is known or likely to be known about half-remedies in chapter xxv., "Remedies and the Remedy-ring," of Mr. A. K. Cook's *About Winchester College* (1917).

tions made by boys themselves with an accurate explanation of the meaning and purpose of the collection.[1] He left in July 1909, to go up as a Commoner to Trinity, Cambridge. Just before he left he won the prize I had offered for an essay on 'Observations of Nature.'[2] I had seen something of his work regularly all the time he was in Senior Part, for he used to come to my special class of boys below Sixth Book to read history and learn something of the elements of politics, and, in addition, from time to time he used to write essays for me. We all expected him to develop intellectual power and gain real distinction at the University, and our expectations were realised.

"Many circumstances in modern life have combined to obscure the vital importance in education of keeping the University before us as the crown and completion of our system, giving meaning and motive to the Public School course. Archie's intellectual development, and with it the growth of his character, are a case in point. At school he had not merely developed scientific interests and showed good promise, but he touched school life at every point; he entered into it wholeheartedly; his receptive spirit eagerly caught up all that it had to offer; the loyalty and *camaraderie* of social life in the house; the indefinable something which our games can teach us of self-control and mutual common service, of doing one's best for the good of all, of keeping alive the saving sense of humour; the naturalness of facing duty and accepting re-

[1] Archie's was a collection of chalk fossils, described as admirable. (*Winchester College Natural History Report*, 1909, p. 3.)

[2] "Notes and Observations on Trees, especially of their twigs and buds, with drawings."

sponsibility as your turn comes; the love of the brotherhood enhanced by surroundings of unsurpassed interest and beauty. He was not a distinguished athlete, but always ready to take his part and enjoy it. He became a leader in his house, of course, and I find his signature in my book of School Prefects in Common Time, 1909. He took an active part in school debates as well as in the meetings of the Natural History Society. He was keenly appreciative of the opportunities which the School Museum gives of learning something about Art, and how to understand it. In all these directions he had his chances and took them.

"He went up to the University in the truly scientific as well as artistic spirit disclosed in Lippi's words:

> 'The world's no blot for us,
> Nor blank: it means intensely and means good;
> To find its meaning is my meat and drink.'

There he found that the University has the means and ways of satisfying the spirit at that stage of growth which nothing else in the world has. It is not for me to tell the story of his life at Cambridge, how he grew and gained; I have only attempted in outline to see him through his life at school. But I was constantly in touch with him and knew much of what was passing through his mind, and particularly of the puzzling question whether he should devote his life to scientific research in the technical sense of the term or to a professional career, as physician or surgeon, so 'lending his mind out' more directly in the service of his fellow-men. His unerring instinct determined the choice, and he began to study at St. Bartholomew's with all his zest.

"I have refrained from saying a word so

far about Archie's religious life and practice as a boy at school. Am I too encouraging that spirit of reserve about religious profession which keeps us from coming out into the open and being true to our colours? Were we too content that Winchester should only be a home of 'civilised heathenism'? Archie was deeply religious in that true sense in which religion supplies the motive and determines the choices of a man's life. I knew that side of his life intimately from the very beginning of his preparation for confirmation to the end of his days. He desired instinctively one thing, that religious profession and practice should be real to him, and, if real, perfectly natural; and, if natural, then something to be adopted and carried out and taken for granted quite consistently and without any self-consciousness.

"It was that instinct for the reality of things that found expression in every direction of his being and gave so much zest and interest to his life: it showed itself most simply, most strongly, and most spontaneously in his sense of the reality of brotherhood; the natural happy feeling that we all belong to one another and are part of one another, 'for better for worse,' *sic vivendum, sic pereundum.* And in the great trial of his country's worth that brotherliness found supreme fulfilment. It is not too much to say that his whole nature was an echo of the words: 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

NOTE 1

DEBATING SOCIETY

(Extracted from *The Wykehamist.*)

1908, October 5.—"That this House disapproves of Vivisection." Spoke against the motion. "This speech—a maiden speech—was the best of the evening."

November 2.—On Unemployment.

November 16.—On Women's Suffrage. Spoke against the motion.

1909, February 1.—On Mr. Balfour's claims as "the greatest English statesman at the present day." Spoke against the motion.

February 15.—Proposed a motion for the reform of English Public Schools. This was a speech against Greek. Carried by 25 to 18.

NOTE 2

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

907, November 24.—On Volcanoes. (*Report* 1907–1909, p. 5.)

1908, May 10.—On Fossils. (*Ibid.*, pp. 23–33.)

This year he helped Mr. C. Griffith with the preparation of a little book of *Geological Notes* for the Society. (New edition, 1912.) The Guide maps are by him.

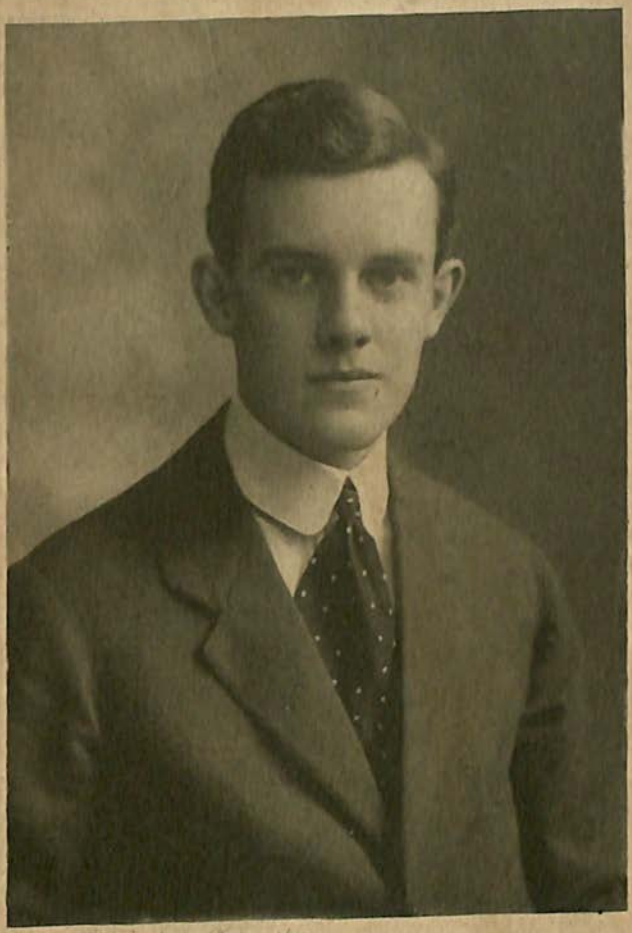
1909, March 14.—On Kent's Cavern. (*Ibid.*, pp. 63–75.) He also presented a series of fossils from Kent's Cavern to the Society.

December 12.—On Ice and the Ice Age. (*Report* 1909–1911, pp. 24–25.)

1911, December 17.—On Respiration and Digestion. (*Report* 1912–1913, p. 16.) He is specially mentioned in the preface to the Report of 1909 for making an improvement in the lantern slides prepared for the Society, by the introduction of brush-work in the use of vitro-ink. All the lithographic plates in this report are from his pen, as is obvious from the letter-

ing attached. He was Treasurer of the Society in 1908, and Secretary in 1909. In the Report for 1912–1913 his earlier papers are spoken of as of outstanding merit. The extra prize "offered by a donor who wishes to remain anonymous, for the best set of Nature Notes on Cloister-Time" (*Report* 1907–1909, p. 3), was his gift.

1917. *Report* 1915–1917. An extract from this, relating to Archie, is printed on p. 178 of the present Memoir.



Salmon & Son, Winchester, Photographers

A. W. R. Don

Aged 18

1909

CHAPTER III

CAMBRIDGE

1909–1914

BY SIR WALTER M. FLETCHER, K.B.E., F.R.S.

ARCHIBALD DON came to Trinity from Winchester in October 1909, following at a long interval his elder brother, Frank. He had been entered for some years on my tutorial "side," and I had some earlier knowledge of him at Winchester. From the day of his arrival as a freshman, and through the full and happy years that followed, he never failed to put our official relationship as tutor and pupil upon that most satisfactory footing—one of assured friendship and mutual assistance. Looking back now, I have chiefly the sense from this official point of view of having greatly enjoyed, as I watched it, the development and growth of his mind. He knew always so well what he was after, that it only remained for us at Trinity to see that no checks were set upon the course of the proper opportunities open to him.

From the purely academic point of view his career at Cambridge was one of high distinction. He won without exception every external mark

of intellectual success that lay naturally open to him in his path. Yet to those who came to know and value him for what he was, the recital of his actual performances in the schools will almost seem to have a kind of irrelevance.

From the beginning he read Natural History subjects—Geology, Zoology, and Botany—for the Natural Sciences Tripos, those subjects being named in the order of preference and accomplishment that he gave to them. He worked steadily in term time, though always well within his stride, and with an eye to all the other sides of life, as will appear in other pages hereafter. But his subjects were real hobbies to him, and he put his vacations to good purpose, using them as sane men should, for wider reading than is possible in term time. Geology of all pursuits seems specially contrived to lend the dignity of work to the most delightful holiday excursions in the most attractive country places.

He was never disturbed much by the plague of examinations, though he was apt to fall into a panic of conscious ignorance when he found himself on the eve of one; and his confessions to this I became almost accustomed to enjoy, made as they were in real humility and penitence, generally at a late hour on the night before, but always falsified in the event. He had knowledge beyond the need of cram, he wrote easily, rapidly and well, and never failed to find himself in the First Class, whether in the College "Mays" in each of his first two years or in the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1912. He won an Exhibition in his second year, and a Senior Scholarship

(March 1912) in his third year, and graduated in that June.

As to his subjects, Geology of course was his first love. It was plainly evident from the testimony of all who knew his work, that if he had chosen he might later have risen to high eminence as a geologist, upon purely technical grounds, and, given that, his character and force must have made him a great leader upon that side of Science. Of his special achievements here Dr. Marr, then University Lecturer, and now Woodwardian Professor of Geology, who was his chief teacher in the subject throughout, can speak with authority. He writes as follows :

" It was my privilege to watch, and to some extent to assist in, Don's geological education from the time of his arrival at Cambridge until the end. He came from Winchester thoroughly conversant with the principles of the science, had developed keen powers of observation, and was filled with enthusiasm. How far this geological knowledge was due to his teachers, it is hard to say ; no doubt it was to some extent, but one thing that stands out prominently during his subsequent Cambridge career is that he educated himself. He attended lectures regularly, and worked assiduously under teachers in the Geological Museum, but in addition he read widely and with rare discrimination, and he took every opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge in the field.

" His ability was soon appreciated, and before the close of his first year he was elected a member of the Sedgwick Club—a somewhat unusual honour for a freshman. The club consists of undergraduates, students of Girton and

Newnham, and most of the geological teachers in the University. It meets once a fortnight during term, and the papers read at the meetings are of very high character. It so happened that immediately after Don's election to the club I was responsible for the conduct of an excursion to the English Lake District, which he joined, and I was able to judge of his merits as a field geologist. His ability and versatility were at once apparent. And how his personality shone forth! A geological excursion is seldom a dismal function, and this one was no exception, but among the recollections of that time none are more vivid than those of his unvarying kindness, his consideration for others, and his eagerness, brightened by his cheerful laugh. The impression gained at that time of Don's powers in the field was confirmed and strengthened in later years. I had several walks with him in the neighbourhood of Cambridge when attacking the very complex problems of the superficial deposits of the district. His observations were always suggestive and helpful, and no companion could have been more delightful.

"I had another opportunity of judging of Don's geological knowledge and of his many other qualifications when I examined him in Geology for the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1912. His answers were all good, but one stands out as being perhaps the best answer which I have ever read in any examination paper. It was one to a question on glacial erosion—a somewhat thorny subject, and one requiring in addition to geological knowledge considerable power in marshalling the evidence, a sense of symmetry and ordered fact. Don cannot have had more than three-quarters of an hour in which to write his answer. Nevertheless, he wrote several pages

BEINN A BHEITHIR

Argyllshire

From a Water-Colour Sketch by A. W. R. DON

Frontispiece]

in his clear, legible handwriting: the whole answer was one sustained piece of reasoning, the facts were most skilfully handled, and the proper length was exactly maintained. It was as near to perfection as anything connected with an imperfect science could be. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing was that it was copiously illustrated by diagrams, and by neatly executed little sketches of scenery of a glaciated district, each of which must have taken some time to draw; yet the logical sequence of the answer was sustained after the execution of a sketch, as though there had been no pause in the writing.

"Those who attended the meeting of the British Association at Dundee in 1912 will remember the pains he had taken to prepare an exposure of the section at Dura Den (one of Hugh Miller's classical localities for fish remains of the Old Red Sandstone) and the knowledge of the area which he displayed when conducting members of the excursion there. His interest in field observations was keen to the last. In a letter to me in September 1915, when he was training in the south of England, he writes: 'The enclosed (two humanly worked flints) I send just to show that I am not yet utterly corrupted by this military life. I have some decent instincts left!' In the Sedgwick Museum will be found part of the tusk of a mammoth, remains of a fossil rhinoceros, and a rock specimen, collected in Salonika in 1916. In a letter accompanying them he asks that the mammoth tusk should be recorded as discovered by the 10th Battalion Black Watch; but Don himself was responsible for the extraction, and he gave a careful description of the conditions under which it was found, illustrated in his admirable manner.[1]

[1] See p. 135.

"Turning to another side of Don's accomplishments, a few words may be written about his power of exposition, which was of a very high order. No one who was present at a meeting of the Sedgwick Club when he read a paper on the celebrated Piltdown Skull, which had then been recently described, will forget it. He had already begun his medical studies, and his knowledge of Human Anatomy combined with that of Geology stood him in good stead; but it was his extraordinary ability and vivid personality that made the very technical matter with which he dealt so absorbingly interesting. Brilliant as the paper was, Don's attitude in the subsequent discussion was also noteworthy. When he replied to a senior member of the club who disagreed with him on a point of detail, it was with a courtesy and modesty, but nevertheless with a firmness, that were profoundly impressive.

"At the Dundee meeting of the British Association already mentioned, he read a paper 'On the nature of *Parka decipiens*'—a problematical fossil long known to geologists. It may be remarked here that he subsequently submitted his work on *Parka* to the Geological Society of London, and a joint paper by himself and Mr. Hickling was read in 1915, and is published in the Quarterly Journal of that Society[1] for January 1917. It illustrates Don's many-sided character, for much of the work is of a nature which demands skilled botanical knowledge. That the work was essentially that of Don himself is generously admitted by his coworker in a footnote added on 8 December 1916:

"'It would be improper for me to allow this paper to appear without recording my great sorrow on learning of

[1] He was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society of London on 4 December 1912.

the death of Lieut. Don, which took place in Greece on 11th September of this year. Notwithstanding the long and inevitable delay in the publication of our results, and his own profound distraction in other directions, his interest in the work remained keen. His last communication to me, shortly before his death, was an inquiry as to its progress. The paper now appears exactly as he left it. In the circumstances, I feel it proper to state that Mr. Don had completed a paper before he became aware of my work upon the same subject, much of that paper now appearing unaltered in these pages. The work, therefore, is essentially his, my share having been mainly that of an "advance critic."'

"Of the beauty of his life as a whole it is not for me to speak, though all who came into contact with him realised it. As a geologist one wishes to emphasise the manner in which he trained himself for what he believed would be a part of his future work, and the way in which he used his varied talents to help that training. Knowledge of Geology he possessed, and in no ordinary degree, but others of his age have also had it. He was not satisfied with knowledge alone: not of him could it be said that 'knowledge comes but wisdom lingers,' and it was his wisdom which caused his friends to look forward to a professional and scientific career of exceptional brilliance."

In his second year he had added Physiology to his other subjects, and here I came into closer touch with his work. It was soon plain that he had found a real rival to his beloved Geology. His was not a collective and acquisitive mind, prone to the ordering and classification of descriptions as ends satisfactory in themselves. As soon as his early appetite for "phenomena" had been satisfied and he had had his first full sight of natural wonders, the real appeal to him came from the side of analysis

and from the attractive mysteries of causation. Throughout this year I saw a struggle in his mind between his long-standing allegiance to the story of earth and his new delight in the story of life and of the body of man.

It became evident, however, that during his Long Vacation in the summer of 1911, of which part had been spent in Italy,[1] a time of lasting pleasure to him, he had found new forces added to those drawing him away from Geology. He had begun to feel the attraction of the chances that Medicine, whether preventive or curative, gives for personal service of the direct kind that always appealed to him. He had thoughts also, I know, though this he would barely mention, of possible service he might give through research, paid to his fellows not only now but through all generations. This attraction gave strong reinforcement to the intellectual calls he had found already on the biological side. During the October term of his third year (1911) we had many talks of this, for he had come up again for that Michaelmas Term, 1911, with his mind almost made up to follow Medicine. As to this, I had some fear that I might unconsciously have given him bias in that direction, but it became abundantly clear, as we discussed it, that he had wholly followed his own line

[1] Archie kept no journal while he was in Italy, but each day he wrote long careful letters to his mother, asking that these might be preserved. They are so photographic in detail and so characteristic of his extraordinary mental grasp and sympathetic affinity with the Italian atmosphere that the letters are quite worth printing. He saw the Palio at Siena on 3 July 1911, and his description of this, in thirty-six pages of his small handwriting, is a supreme example of his literary power.

of thought, and had come quite independently to his decision. I remember well his careful weighing of the pros and cons, not fussing about the business, but plainly full of a simple desire to use himself in the best way. I wanted him to show his father that he had thought the thing out for himself, and how well he succeeded in this will be seen from the letter he wrote at the end of the term, within a few days of his twenty-first birthday—a letter I was to read for the first time five years later.

"TRINITY COLLEGE,
8th December 1911.

"I do not know whether I should have written what I did in my note of two days ago. It might have been wiser not to worry you with a conclusion until I can lay fully before you the reasons which have brought me to it. And so I mean just to state a few of them, so that when we talk over the question at Christmas you may have already considered it, and made up your mind at least provisionally on some things.

"Now before I state any pros and cons, just one or two facts must be stated too.

."First—no one has ever suggested to me that I should be a doctor. It is not, therefore, merely the influence of X. which has temporarily swayed me.

"I never doubted that I was to be some sort of a geologist, and so no one, presumably, thought of trying to dissuade me. Fletcher, however, says that he certainly would have 'put things to me' after Part I., before I landed into Part II. Geology, though he owns he never doubted that I should go on to it.

"Secondly—I have not grown tired of Geology. It is a bitter disappointment that I shall not do Part II., but I have naturally come to see really what Geology means to me. I have come to see what it can offer me as a *life work*. It is not that Geology has done all it can for me, but that I now see that Medicine can do more. The importance of Geology to me is less only relatively, not actually.

"It is impossible to review a mental growth.

"But I know that I have been facing the problem of

what exactly I want to do with my life, far more recently, than before. When I began to review the possibilities which Geology offered, they grouped themselves thus:

(1) Commercial Geology.
(2) Government Survey in Britain or abroad.
(3) Teaching at University (Cambridge or other).
(4) Teaching at a school.

"Now nothing but necessity would induce me to take temporary appointments under speculating firms to hunt for oil or gold in South Siam or Burma. I saw quite clearly that the only side of Geology that I really wanted was the scientific.

"Further, I am a 'home-bird,' I am sure. I like to have some sort of place of my own, and a wandering life in tents, etc., might please me for a bit, but not for long.

"(2) The question of Government Survey, and especially in Scotland, was less obvious.

"The question of the miserable pay did not weigh with me much, I own, but I have gradually begun to realise that I am happier here than in the field, where I am apt to get bored with my own company. I find myself asking whether really I wish to collect stones all my life, and to die leaving a few monographs behind and little else. I know now what the Survey means. I have met and picked the brains of several Survey men, and I have definitely come to see that though an excellent training for some years, and a glorious way of spending holidays, that to do it for nine months every year, and not be your own master but the Government's, is not good enough, unless field work is one's only joy. And I realised perfectly clearly it was not my only joy.

"(3) Then as to teaching and Fellowships, I should like teaching, and might do it well in time, for all I know. But teaching for teaching's sake is not good enough. You must do it because you are convinced the people you are teaching want to be taught and should be taught. University lecturing appeals to me up to a point. A Fellowship, if I could get one, would mean a pleasant life, with long vacs. to go and do Geology etc., but is it a life which would bring me real satisfaction, after the novelty had worn off? I have been thinking a lot about it. I have come to the conclusion that even for a geologist it is a cramping life. Even if you do everything the 'Varsity can offer, and dabble or lead 'Varsity politics and thought, etc., it is not really satisfactory.

"The life is far too pleasant and easy—however hard you work. I should enjoy and appreciate it very much.

"(4) Then there is the school teaching, and that will be equally open to me if I do Medicine for some years. It attracts me like the 'Varsity up to a point. It was when I began to compare all these openings with the possibilities which the medical profession offers, that however attractive they seem, they appear small and meaningless.

"Now you must see that for me to change and become one of hundreds, instead of one of a few, is a big step. I do not doubt that were I to continue Geology I should find myself some day in *Who's Who*—at least it is conceivable! In other words, it is a limited profession, and one in which one can make some sort of 'mark' fairly easily if you do the subject at all.

"But to my mind that is not worth a passing consideration. The odds are enormous against my ever being a physician or surgeon of mark. Ambition will naturally develop. But I am perfectly prepared to be an obscure doctor for the rest of my life. I feel convinced I shall be really happier thus than as the head of H.M. Survey, or as the Woodwardian Professor in Cambridge. And the reason is obvious. The whole thing pivots round the fact that I 'love' my fellow-men. I should get bored if I were working merely for my own honour and glory—that is what Geology means. I love seeing lots of people, and hate being isolated. If I read myself aright (and every now and then one must be introspective), I am far more keen for others than for myself, when it comes to doing something for one or the other.

"It gives me far more satisfaction. This is surely almost axiomatic. This does not mean I am self-sacrificing, etc. etc.—anything but. It means that I find far greater selfish joy in doing some service for someone else (on the rare occasion when I do one) than when I do something for myself. Now I cannot see how Geology is to supply me with this need, without which I know I shall be missing the greatest reward of work. I am convinced that to publish an epoch-making paper on the Highlands of Scotland brings far less joy and bottom-rock satisfaction than the saving of a life by using one's wits. I believe I have two fairly strongly developed instincts—one for Science and working out problems, the other for human beings. And what I have suddenly come to realise is that I shall only be happy if I use both these instincts in my work.

"Geology can supply one, but even by stretching the imagination I don't see how Geology can supply both. And that is why I say that I am going to throw it up before it

is too late. Now it is not too late to turn to Medicine. I shall take the Trip. in Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physiology at the end of the May term. Probably I shall do part of 1st M.B. in June. I should have to come up in the Long for the Chemistry of 1st M.B. and start on Anatomy.

"(In June 1913 I should try 2nd M.B., or failing that, December 1913.) By the time I am twenty-three I ought to have got 2nd M.B. behind me. All this 'Tripos' work I have done is in *no sense* wasted. It technically will count a three-year medical study, three of my subjects being 'recognised.'

"Well, these details may wait. In the meanwhile the big fact must be faced and considered. We have five months to settle it in. All I know is that, in the face of the numerous objections to changing, and the obvious wrench it must mean to me, I do not feel uncertain. When I first realised that I was beginning to be attracted by Medicine I regarded it merely as natural questionings. But the moment I really listened to and considered the arguments of my internal 'bogey,' I saw it was no 'bogey,' but the real thing urging me to take the step. If by any chance you feel it to be a wrong one and a foolish move, I am perfectly open to persuasion. If I was able to examine and find Geology wanting after never doubting its supremacy for five years, surely I can turn the searchlight on the doctor's life now. I only ask that this step may not be considered a thoughtless result of a fickle nature. My determination to do Geology came just as suddenly. It was without doubt the right thing at the moment, and has carried me to where I am now. Nor can you feel that I have turned to Medicine because I want a pleasant, easy, comfortable life. That obviously will not be the case. What I do want is a work that I can put not only my mind into, but my heart too; and I see now that Geology is a science with a heart of stone, but Medicine a science every bit as much with a human heart.

"I cannot help being anxious to hear from you after this. I cannot be certain how you will look on it all, and what you will think. But I believe that when you come to weigh Fellowships and such like (mere possibilities after all, however fascinating and alluring) against the rewards of a doctor's life, and when you compare the profession and aims of the doctor with the geologist's, I feel almost certain you will not hesitate for a moment to start me on this new road, if you can.

"This is perhaps the final and greatest folly of my years of indiscretion! If it is and I come to feel so—well, it will

have cleared the air, and I shall turn back to Geology with even greater conviction than before. But at the moment I feel that I am starting on this next period of my life with every bit as much enthusiasm and a higher ideal, and the possibility of not merely amassing a little honour and glory for myself, but of being of some real use to other people.

"This all sounds mere altruism. As a matter of fact I look at the thing only from *my own* point of view. The more I think of it the less I feel that this may be a bitter pill to give my father and mother on my twenty-first birthday. When you have had time to consider things, I feel sure you will give your blessing to your ever loving son and his new hopes.—Yours,

"ARCHIE."

So his future objective changed, but in spite of this his work remained unaffected by it at this stage, and he kept on his course throughout his third year for the Tripos, for which Geology remained his first subject. He appeared, of course, as we have seen, in the First Class (June 1911), with another member of the Winchester Natural History Society, Neil Adam, afterwards a Fellow of Trinity.

He came up for the Long Vacation of 1912, after taking his degree, conscious that he was now faced with a choice among several paths, and that upon this his future depended. He was a Senior Scholar, and as such had a right to keep his rooms in College, if he wanted them, for three more years, in each of which he was eligible for a Fellowship. To him the sentimental value of a Fellowship stood immensely high, for indeed his devotion to Trinity was that of a whole-hearted love. He felt clearly, however, that he should now decide what his main work in life was to be. If he was to practise Medicine

professionally, then Science should remain his first love and his hobby, but he would begin his real business at once. If his work was to lie in research, it might be best for him now to read more advanced Physiology, and this opened a tempting dream of immediate research work, followed perhaps by a Fellowship, and later by a career of investigation and teaching, or a return to the plan of medical practice, or of work in preventive medicine.

These problems of the future were before his mind during that Long Vacation, while he filled those almost unalloyed days with activity; he had reading and laboratory work, and an incessant progress of connected interests. There were afternoons up the river, with tea at the Grantchester orchard, or expeditions to the Fens, or to the Gog-Magog diggings, followed by the long evenings in College. To so very many generations of young men the third-year summer has come, as it came to him, as a time of big decisions. The three years of undergraduate life had come and gone—almost in a flash, as it seemed—and he found, as so many have found before him, that friends had gone to their work outside and that the common life among them all could never be quite the same again. His stay was perhaps only a reprieve, and the walls of Trinity seem never so beloved as when exile from them seems near.

In that autumn he attended the British Association meeting at Dundee, of which Dr. Marr has already spoken. This time he enjoyed to the uttermost I know, and I think he felt it

to be at once the climax and the farewell to his long preoccupation with Geology.

On returning in October 1912, he had decided to abandon the chances of Fellowship and to proceed at once with Medicine. From this point he never looked aside, but pressed on with growing keenness towards medical qualification. In that fourth year he passed the examination in preliminary subjects (with a " plough " in one of them, speedily put right a term later, but a source almost of joy to his friends), and for the first time began his Human Anatomy, with additional work in Physiology. Those are the two subjects of the second examination for the M.B. degrèe, which he passed in December 1913. He was compressing into these months the work normally taking twice the time, but no pause seemed to be given to his multifarious activities outside.

At this stage he might have begun full hospital work in London, but it seemed better for him to postpone this to the following October, for several reasons of a technical kind. Two full terms remained to him, and in those he read more Physiology, began the course in Pathology and Pharmacology (called sometimes in horrid flippancy " Bugs and Drugs "), and did some preliminary work at Addenbrooke's Hospital. Adrian will tell of the growing medical interest which inspired him to the foundation of the Trinity Medical Club. He discussed the constitution of this Society anxiously with me, and we agreed upon some principles likely to improve upon a former medical club in the College called

the "Skull and Crossbones." Someone must see to it that Don's foundation shall outlive the war.

My last times with him were in that term of May 1914. It was to be for both of us our last term of full residence, for I had been called to some new work in London. I remember well the sympathy and interest he showed in this, and I had dreams of our coming together later in medical research. At least I counted on seeing at close quarters in London the rest of his course towards qualification. The closing public event of that term, and for me the last of my College life, was the opening of the newly built School of Physiology by Prince Arthur of Connaught, with its attendant Degree ceremonies and other functions (9 June 1914). I had been secretary of the Building Syndicate and many detailed arrangements had to be made. It need not be said that the builders, slower than their word, were hardly away, that the new gravel paths were incomplete, and the internal arrangements in chaos when the day was at hand. Don seemed to spring miraculously to the rescue. One task after another he managed to absorb or to lighten. The difficulty is to remember what he did not do: he organised at the shortest notice an efficient body of stewards to marshal the crowds of guests, he saw that programmes and notices were in the right place at the right time, and though always going on errands was always at hand to help. In the midst of all this and in the last hour or so, he arranged and labelled a small collection of early physiological books of special interest that I had got together

for show in the new Library, and handed over to him in disorder. I believe he stole show-cases from the Geological Museum for the purpose, but at all events cases were there which I had never seen or thought of before.

That day brought almost the close of his manifold activities in Cambridge. We had no thought then of the break that was to come so soon in the lives of all of us, and in the whole life of the College.

I would give much to have the power of conveying the impression Archie Don made upon those who met him. His firmly knit figure and handsome face were alive with vigour and earnestness. Upon any matter in hand he was always tremendously keen : if a thing was to be done or said, it seemed obvious to him that it must be said or done at once, and I love to remember his hastened utterance on occasions of the kind, when his voice seemed often to take on almost a husky quality of eagerness—pleasing then to hear and very dear in the remembrance.

He had invincible charm of manner, rooted in modesty and unselfishness, and warmed by his quick humour and eagerness. He was indeed one of those natural-born artists in companionship. Any walk or expedition with him he could fill with interest or humour from his own stores, yet there never was a better listener, and never a more modest and considerate companion. He had that agreeable power—I realise as I look back—of causing in those with him always the

feeling of being in rather better form than usual. It was not surprising that he had many friends, yet I was always being surprised by hearing of previously unsuspected friendships of his. It was natural to find his intimacy—intellectual no less than personal — with particular men of science, young or old, but there were always fresh discoveries to make of his close intercourse with—let us say—a group of keen painters, an expert in bibliography, a musician, an Antarctic explorer, a man of letters, an astronomer, and so on, almost beyond reckoning. Astonishingly wide and varied as his friendships were, they were never based only on the easy ground of social pleasure, but always grew out of some real matter of common human interest. He was a true amateur—if the word may be used in its undegraded sense—an amateur of all fine things. He may have run dangers of dilettantism, but it has to be remembered that the background of all this multiple play of friendship and common hobbies was one of solid work in his real business, directed by strongly rooted ideals of unselfish service.

His ideal of service was, I think, the keystone of his character. In many ways he showed how he regarded his powers and his possessions as held upon trust to be used for the fulfilment of a greater Will than his own. What was at the root of this with him was little discussed between us. I think that historical sanctions and the details of doctrine raised difficulties for him only or chiefly when by others they seemed to be substituted for the realities, or to be put in the

wrong position of emphasis. His own life was filled with essential religion. I can say of him with literal truth, what can be so rarely said, that through all the phases of his abundant life in those years I can recall no deed or mood or phrase of his, nor ever heard of one, that I could now wish to have been otherwise. He wholly loved purity and truth and beauty, and all these shone in him and in his doings. It was not strange that he should have found he had come to "know of the doctrine."

There seems reason for saying something further here about a particular direction of his vision of the proper use of life. He had a keen and growing sense of the gross disparities in numbers, in opportunities, and in material conditions between the poorer working classes and the well-to-do. He was one of a remarkable number of Public School boys coming to the Universities in the few years just before the war who felt something of the challenge made to the chivalry at least, if not to the religion, of the so-called "governing classes," not to shelter themselves in the comfortable and dignified life only made possible for most of them by the unfairly conditioned work of those below, and from the shelter so provided to be content with looking out upon the far-reaching results of the neglect or mismanagement of the problems of the industrial revolution, by former generations of their class. I mention this here because in my view this new movement and unrest among the most favoured youth of the country will hereafter take a high place in

historical interest, and perhaps in good time in historical importance. It was another and a finer "Young England" movement which had begun and was waiting to be led, or perhaps preparing to lead. Youths desiring to live like Charles Buxton, or thinking like Charles Lister, were not isolated enthusiasts, but could be numbered in dozens at both Oxford and Cambridge, and these were drawn from the best stocks of mind and breeding in the country. There was little or no open and heady talk upon these subjects, but the current was none the weaker because it ran in large part underground. Of the various outward signs of this movement, among the most recent were the Agenda Club propaganda, and the succeeding Cavendish Club and Cavendish Association. I believe myself that the remarkable and early success of these was due not to the creation of a new current but to their supplying an outlet for forces already at work. In these Archie Don took a strong interest from the first, and he joined with Geoffrey Tatham and Lord Doune in issuing at Cambridge the invitation for the meeting to be held at the Queen's Hall on 5 November 1913. He, and others like him, had begun to see that the School and College Missions and Settlements—noble as their work had been—could do little but reveal some parts of the social ill-health, and give opportunities (generally used vicariously) for some palliation of small fractions of it here and there. For cure and for prevention the service of the life-time of a whole generation could hardly suffice,

but with this larger view he and many others thought it greatly worth while to work, and to fit themselves with knowledge. Of these, many with him have already given their lives—not as they had dreamed, to the future work of remaking England, but instead to save her now. We know from Archie's letters that he saw the war not wholly as an interruption to the task before the coming generation, but rather as bequeathing to those who should return new pledges to their duty in the gaps among their ranks, and new opportunities for the work of rebuilding the family of the nation.

His mother has allowed me to see, and to give here, another letter to her from Archie, in which he sent an account of the Queen's Hall meeting. The letter presents so crowded a picture of his varied daily interests in that week—from pheasants to Blake drawings—that it may well be given in full.

"UNIVERSITY PITT CLUB, CAMBRIDGE,
9th November 1913.

"I must drag myself away from *Scott's Last Expedition* and tell you a little of my doings. This last week has really been a little less uneventful than usual. On Monday, for instance, I for the first time carried a gun about Cambridgeshire fields, and shot Cambridgeshire rabbits and pheasants. It was a perfectly glorious day; and as we waited about outside the woods, the trees and hedges were so glorious too that pheasants became of quite secondary

importance. There seems to be a considerable strain of foreign blood in these Cambridge birds. Many of them are remarkably white, others are more brilliant than any pheasant I ever saw shot. In the afternoon I saw three foxes, and never having seen one close before I was much interested. What extraordinary brutes they are! It makes one realise how exciting it must be to see hippos and kangaroos.

"That was my first idleness, doing me lots of good as a matter of fact. Then on Wednesday afternoon Tatham, Fletcher, Pym, Doune, and I went up to town for the Cavendish meeting. I won't tell you about the speeches, you have no doubt read the *Times* report. But it was a very remarkable meeting, I thought—as indeed it was without a question. The whole floor and first gallery of the Hall was full, men only of course, and all of them of the Public School type, *i.e.* respectably dressed, short-haired, be-spatted, and unemotional. The meeting started with 'O God, our help in ages past,' a little too long, as everything was timed to the minute. The Duke of Devonshire spoke clearly and well. Then the Archbishop in a reminiscent and prophetic vein, α. After him Asquith, whom I thought quite admirable. Extraordinarily sane. Then finally Dick Sheppard. The newspapers do not report him in full, and I am rather glad. In print it might have given a wrong impression. As it was, he did a very difficult task well. He said quite plainly that if the Public School and University men will not do things, will not use their eyes, and will not see that things cannot remain as they are, then they cannot expect to be considered so important. They must make their bow, elegantly but once for all, and retire into the obscurity of extinction. At the same time,

if they will respond, if for instance they avail themselves of the chances which the Cavendish Association can offer them of making themselves useful, and of fulfilling their duty to the State and to the Churches, then the Public Schools will be able to show that they are governors, and are enlightened, and will justify their inheritance of what Asquith called an uncarned increment of opportunity and education. Then he said it would be unfair to himself and unfair to his hearers to conceal what is the driving power behind all this scheme and all such endeavour—Christianity and 'my beloved Master, Jesus Christ.' That ended the meeting.

"I went back to supper with Fletcher to his brother's house in Harley Street. Afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, Fletcher, one of the daughters, and I went off to a concert which Mrs. Fletcher, her sister, Steuart Wilson, Clive Carey, and Denis-Browne, were giving at a Working Men's Concert in North London. I don't think I ever enjoyed a concert much more. Knowing all of them, and admiring their freshness and voices enormously, I naturally liked it. They sang the whole *Liebeslieder* through, and played and sang in turns for a couple of hours.

"Next day I looked at the Piltdown bones and the great tooth at South Kensington. I saw Smith Woodward, who is frightfully pleased, and rightly, with the discovery of the canine tooth almost exactly like his reconstruction. I also saw the wonderful collection of Blake drawings now on loan at the Tate Gallery. I had not been there since 1903. I find I don't admire the same things now as then."

Few of Archie's friends could know all the fields in which he appeared. For descriptive

purposes it is simplest to mention the one chief sphere in which he did not actively interest himself, that of specialised athletics. I forget entirely whether he played games; I can remember none, though I think he played golf occasionally. He took his exercise mainly in walks for geological purposes or for exploring in other ways. He was fond of shooting, and took full advantage of the chances it gives, even during a Cambridgeshire partridge drive, for watching the ways of wild things. I never saw him otherwise, I think, than wiry and fit, in body no less than in mind. He belonged to the Pitt Club and used it a good deal. His other clubs are hard to count. At the Trinity Magpie and Stump, that nursery of orators, he spoke often, and passed the presidential chair in due course. He held the highest office too in the University Natural Science Club, of which more hereafter, and in his own Trinity Medical Club, and we have seen what part he played in the Sedgwick Club. Very soon before the close of his Cambridge life he was paid the high compliment of election to the Ray Club, as an Associate (28 November 1913). The "Ray" is a club of twelve members which for nearly eighty years has met in every term to dine together, and so to commemorate John Ray, "the Father of English Natural History." Each member is host of the evening in succession, and something of interest is generally shown for discussion after dinner. The Associates, who are always below M.A. standing, are guests upon all occasions. His election gave Archie Don great pleasure,

and it is difficult to think of any that could ever have been so wholly appropriate.

His name had been entered so early for the College that I was able to give him in due order of seniority a large set of rooms on the east side of the Great Court (on the first-floor south side of Staircase I), and to these he gave a singular and unaffected charm. His inner room became at one time a studio, full of strange paints and smells, where futurist works of art were being evolved and stored in secret for the "Expressionists" Exhibition, of which a history will be given presently. How well I remember Don's astounding solemnity on the first day of the show when I introduced to him a former Slade Professor of Fine Art! They engaged in discussion and joint inspection, while the connoisseur plainly struggled to balance his desire to be in the movement, if the thing was genuine, against a vague dread of being taken in. The exhibition, which was held in the Guildhall, was a financial success. £60 was taken in all, by the sale of tickets and even of the pictures themselves. This is notable, for it was quite characteristic of Archie Don that under his management what in other hands would probably have been only a good joke, and a very costly one, brought a money gain, after all the expenses of advertisement, printing, and hiring had been cleared. £20 was sent to Addenbrooke's Hospital as profit on the sale of tickets, and a sum of £15 was given to the Fitzwilliam Museum. With this a water-colour of the classical English school by G. F. Robson was bought by Mr.

Cockerell. It was a real triumph to "take up a collection" bringing tangible help both to Addenbrooke's and the Fitzwilliam.[1]

A solemn and highly elaborated joke of this kind suited Archie's humour exactly, but he enjoyed the same kind of thing upon a much smaller scale also. He had the true sense of comedy—that does not disdain those minor and private jests of which the humour springs chiefly from an agreeable fatuity of repetition and from individual and secret proprietorship. Thus another Trinity pupil of that time—the Rev. W. F. P. Ellis, who joined H.M.S. *Hogue* as chaplain on the outbreak of war, and went down with her in the North Sea, writes:

"We were always meeting in the most unexpected places—in Room ⊙ [in the University Library], in that first backwater to the left on the Upper River beyond the Railway Bridge, and once in Fulbourn Church, and the ritual was always carried out in the same way: I would advance with a courtly bow and say, 'Mr. Livingstone, I presume?' He would then put hand on heart and say, 'Thank God for the United States.' This once took place on Sty Head during a Lake Hunt he was not at—when dashing down from Windy Gap we found Archie and his brother and, I think, Mrs. Don; he was geologising, they were motoring, I think. The last Livingstone scene was in Oxford Street, when I was buying new gear after the *Hogue*, in October 1914, and he was doing hospital work—obviously distressed at not being allowed to join up, but assured by everyone that he would be more useful if he completed his course. The last I saw of him was when I left him on the footpath to go into Selfridge's, and very characteristically he put hand on heart and said, 'Thank God for the United States.'"

Don's chief interests outside his scientific work were artistic. He was fond of music and had

[1] Archie was the first undergraduate to join the "Friends of the Fitzwilliam." (*Annual Report*, 1916.)

genuine tastes of his own in it; he had as a close friend more than one musician, and went to the Musical Club on Saturday night if the Science Club engagement allowed. But it was upon the visual side that his best aptitude lay, and this I think is commonly found in naturalists. He had really remarkable powers of drawing and design himself, and a beautiful sense of colour. His letters were illustrated very often by rapid line drawings of notable point and humour, and these as well as his comely handwriting gave to me an impression of some close affinity to those of Thackeray, though without any detailed resemblance. He could give little time or training to his water-colour drawing, but those he has left show great facility and selective power. Leonardo da Vinci interested him greatly. This began, I think, when I lent him some books to illustrate a paper he was to read upon early anatomical drawings, at the Science Club. These included, I remember, the Calcar drawings in the *Fabrica Humani Corporis* of Vesalius at Venice, and Christopher Wren's drawings of the brain for Thomas Willis at Oxford. Of Leonardo I had only the few reproductions given in M'Curdy's English abridgment of the Notebooks, of 1906. But these fired him with enthusiasm, and led finally to his purchasing for himself, after some debate as to the propriety of the indulgence, the costly folios of the *Quaderni d'Anatomia* in six volumes, published between 1911 and 1917.[1] Don bought

[1] Leonardo da Vinci, Quaderni d'Anatomia, pubblicati da Ove C. L. Vangensten, A. Fonahn, H. Hopstock, con traduzione

Vols. I.–III. in November 1913, and Vol. IV. on its appearance a year later. I remember well his bringing the first volumes in triumph to show me, and the facsimile reproductions of the innumerable drawings and diagrams of all kinds on the pages of the Notebooks gave him continual delight. It was typical of him that he insisted upon leaving one volume after the other a week or two at a time in my rooms, as he thought I should like to look through them at leisure.

It is pleasant to look back upon his happiness in his Cambridge life; it is indeed impossible to imagine a set of conditions at that time of his life more perfectly adapted to draw out and to bring into full use his powers of living. Of Cambridge and of him, we may use with complete fitness the words spoken of an older man and of a more ancient home:

> "And in thy courts his shining freight unroll'd:
> Bright wits, and instincts sure,
> And goodness warm, and truth without alloy,
> And temper sweet, and love of all things pure,
> And joy in light, and power to spread the joy."

When I think of him I think most readily of his daily life in and about the Great Court in which he lived. In the business of full term and outside the vacations our lines crossed often but went together seldom during the day, and it was most commonly after the day that I saw him. His staircase was next to mine, and he would

inglese e tedesca. 6 vols. J. Dybwad, Christiania, 1911–1917 F°. The book was bequeathed to Cambridge University Library. See p. 198.

often drop in upon me, generally rather late at night, if he saw a light in my rooms, on his way from the Great Gate or from Adrian's rooms near the Chapel. He would give me news of some enterprise he had in hand, or bring me some find of his at David's bookstall in the Market Place, or tell me of a concert or a debate or his work. I recall him most easily and best, I think, in my rooms at night, sitting with that easy poise of his head and in eager talk, while through the open window there would come across the grass that insistent murmur of the sleepless Great Court Fountain, the very voice, I think, of the College, whispering of opportunities and hope to all the youthfulness about it. Surely the ancient sound of that 'conduit of many kings' reigns' comes to older ears that know and love it, more charged than any other with memories of happiness and of regret, of times and men gone past, and of the hours fled and still flowing like the water away. I think sometimes of the new messages of pain and hope that falling water and its sound across the Court will have for us, when there comes back to it again the tide of new lives that Don, and those others with him, have died to keep free.

His friend Adrian will complete the story of his medical work as it began in London and after the beginning of the war. I found myself closely tied to work at Westminster and could only very rarely see him by managing to have luncheon at St. Bartholomew's. Then he went to ambulance work in France, and came back

later to take a commission. I had the good luck in January 1915 to meet him at Cambridge Station when he was returning from a course of training there, and we travelled together to London. I remember he had with him and under close study in the luncheon-car a book of the history of the Black Watch : that was completely characteristic of him, and I have not the least doubt that within a month of his gazetting he knew more of the regimental history than any of his senior brother-officers. We parted at Liverpool Street, and, little as I guessed it then, I was not to see him again. My last message from him was in a letter I had in his last May, as I recovered from a serious illness—a letter filled with understanding and sympathy, and bringing me the most vivid sense of his personality as he spoke first of his work at Salonika and then of the relief he found "now that spring has brought an amazing wealth of flowers and butterflies and animals. This very evening I found a jolly first-cousin of the English bee-orchid ; purple anemones are all over the hills ; swallow-tails and coppers flit about ; and the whole atmosphere at night reverberates with the croaking of the bull frogs in the plain. Earlier we had geese and snipe to shoot at, and now there are pelicans and storks to watch and wonder at."

The remembrance of his gaiety and brave vision makes the mood of mere sorrow for his present loss seem wholly inappropriate to those who knew and loved him. For myself, I am thankful for the lasting possession I have in his friendship, and in my knowledge of the strength

and beauty displayed through him. I had another friend, also of Winchester and Trinity and St. Bartholomew's, and of him I often thought when with Archie Don. I know well how each would have taken pleasure in the other. Of these two, the first was lost to St. Bartholomew's when he was already secure of a distinguished future. Don was barely across the threshold of that ancient House, and could hardly in those short weeks have become known there for what he was. I can have no shadow of doubt as to the position he must have taken in the profession and in wider circles, if that other claim had not come to him for the eager service he had always ready for the cause he saw as the highest. It is hard for us not to dwell now upon the falling out of this recruit from the ranks of that great profession, which has such need and such opportunities for men of his rare stamp. Yet whether for ourselves or for that wider world that will not know him as we had thought, there can be no present calculus of loss or gain upon those high and unseen planes of purpose. For him we may be well content. For ourselves, even through our imperfect sense of times and values, we can take pride in the end that crowned his work here. In this he brought to its full completion that gay but unflinching surrender of himself that marked every impulse of his life.

CHAPTER IV

APPRECIATIONS

I. BY THE MASTER OF MAGDALENE

I HAD heard something of Archie before I met him; but just at the time when he first appeared upon the scene, I was living in a dim world of illness and sorrow, and was reluctant to expose myself to new acquaintances and brisk company. But I soon found that all my friends knew him and spoke delightfully of him, not, I remember, as a performer in any particular line, neither as a sayer of good things, nor as an intellectual athlete grappling—this time in certain hopes of success—with the old problems. No, he was just "very nice," that comprehensive judgment which goes for so much in the youthful world, and which stands as a rule for a simple and modest charm.

Anyhow, I did soon meet him, and found that it was all undoubtedly and obviously true at the first glance, and at the first comforting sound of his rich and gentle voice. He was pale with the uniform and healthy pallor which often goes with a tough sort of health; his dark hair curled negligently; he moved strongly and gracefully. He dressed simply and unobtrusively, so that you never thought of what he was wearing. His expression was rather grave, but his big

chin gave a look of firmness and purpose to his face, and he had dark liquid kindling eyes, full of kindness and interest, which lit up in a moment with the frankest of smiles. His voice, I always felt, was a beautiful one, resonant and melodious, and with a great expressiveness, serious enough at times, but dramatic in its quiet intonations of surprise, pleasure, excitement, and amusement. It was certainly the most impressive thing about him, that fine free utterance; and even as I write, it sounds perpetually in my ears. Delightful, too, was the way in which it rippled over into a laugh, and when he was thoroughly amused, it became a most gay and infectious paroxysm of mirth. He never laughed tentatively or cautiously, but as if it was the one happy business of the moment.

I found him at once the easiest and pleasantest of companions; and shadowed as I was with strain and even wretchedness, I fell at once into seeking his society from time to time. He had a quality, very rare in the young, of an entire and absorbing interest in, and sympathy with, his companion. He seemed to have none of the self-absorption of youth. He did not hesitate to speak of his own opinions and experiences, but it was always done as an illustration or confirmation of what was said, or sometimes by way of a genial opposition. But he did not claim any attention or sympathy, nor did he even want to tell his own story. An equable and unaffected modesty was his strongest characteristic, combined with a real and genuine interest in his companion's views, which evolved, at least in my case, a frankness of speech which is most

uncommon among men of such different ages. I never thought of him as young, apart from his freshness and zest, because I felt instinctively that he was not thinking of me as old.

Quite early in our acquaintance he went out with me one afternoon in my car. I was feeble in body and easily tired; and I used to motor out with a companion, if I could get one, to some quiet place in the neighbourhood, walk across country, and rejoin the car at some appointed place. We went out to the North Road, and walked together through Kingston Wood—a very retired place, with a big old farm in a clearing, among pasture-fields. Then we took a footpath towards Caldecot. There were stiles and ditches to cross, and I was aware of a little unobtrusive watchfulness on his part, to see if I wanted help, and yet not in the least officious, so as to remind me of my weakness; and it was there, I remember, in a big field somewhat out of cultivation and thickly sown with thorn-bushes, that I said to him suddenly, "How is it that I have seen you about three times, and yet am talking to you as if I had known you all my life?" He said nothing, but just gave me a smile as if to say that this was what he desired.

I remember, very vividly, a long walk which I took with him on Newmarket Heath, in March 1910, I fancy: we had determined to look for the Pasque anemone, which has a fancy for blooming upon ancient earthworks, such as the Fleam Dyke. We motored out to Newmarket and sent the car to meet us at Swaffham. Then we explored the Devil's Dyke, first to the south,

where it runs up into the wooded country, then to the north. We found the Pasque anemone in great quantities to the south, and in full bloom. To the north, the grass on the Dyke had been burnt, and it was feared that the anemone had been destroyed; but we found a few blooms of it here and there. As we went down the Dyke, with a great view of the Fens ahead of us, and the towers of Ely on the far horizon, we saw in a very lonely place a man with a hoe bending over something on the ground at his feet. We joined him, and saw that he was looking at a quantity of bones which had been disinterred by a plough. It was clear at once that they were human bones, and so far as I can remember there were some fragments of the skull among them. We gathered them up, and placed them in a hollow thorn-tree near the Dyke. I afterwards consulted a well-known antiquary about the find, and he told me that the remote part of the heath where we had found the bones was the place where in former days duels had been fought, and that we had come, in all probability, upon the relics of the shallow interment of some victim of a quarrel. This strange incident, I remember, affected our imaginations greatly, and cast a kind of solemnity over the rest of our walk. Indeed, the recollection of that solitary figure bending over the unburied bones in those wide fields, with the great dim expanse of the fen below and beyond, stands out in my memory as a quite peculiarly memorable scene, with a strange and desolate pathos of its own.

Soon after this my illness cleared off and left me happier than I have ever been in my life before or since; and from that time to the end I saw him, I will not say constantly, but regularly. He would ask me to his rooms to luncheon, to meet his own contemporaries, and I remember those little occasions well. There was always something original about the meals, some agreeable and innocuous brew of lemons and claret, some unusual dish—it all gave the impression of a little hospitable planning; he was not a talkative host; he kept everyone supplied, and was more anxious that they should be at their best in all ways than intervene himself. It was not a case of diplomacy or drawing people out, simply an unassuming and comfortable liveliness, which tempted everyone to say exactly what they thought. Sometimes we would walk or bicycle together; or he would come in to a simple and informal dinner in my rooms, alone with me, or with one or two companions. But, as a rule, we were just *tête-à-tête*. I liked that best, and I think he preferred it too; and so it came about that I did not know many of the circle in which he lived, which was a curiously large and varied one, but rather saw him by himself and just as he was.

One little episode stands out in my memory, which will no doubt be spoken of elsewhere in more detail—his delightful and elaborate jest of the post-impressionist exhibition. He came to luncheon with me, and we went on there together; and I remember the exquisite delight on his face, as he stood in the background while

I talked to an elderly and cultured don about the exhibition, who was determined, whatever happened, to see the point, and was sitting quivering on the fence of decision. "Is this serious," he said to me in a secret tone, "or is it a joke? Some of these pictures appear to me to be merely laughable, and some—well, they seem to have purpose in them—purpose, undoubtedly!" It was later in the day that Archie and I had a discussion about art, and I realised for the first time how definite his views were. They were not, I suppose, the outcome of any very exact training; but he seemed to me then to be neither vague nor whimsical, but to have a very clear idea of what was going on in art, and with a precise outlook of his own. As a rule, in many matters, he was tentative and in a way deferential, but here he had a very sincere and firm outlook—almost dogmatic, in fact, though not at all provocative; and it threw a new and pleasant light upon his resoluteness of view and the tenacity with which he could defend a case.

His rooms certainly reflected this taste. They were simply furnished, for use and comfort; but there was something quite deliberate about the pictures, curtains, colours, and stuffs. They were not fortuitous or careless, nor did they show a fleeting and changing taste. It was all a selection and a plan; and the pictures particularly showed a taste for a special sort of beauty in technique and handling, indicating a clear sort of discrimination and a distinct preference. Yet here again it was not an unin-

structed feeling for artistic atmosphere, but the outcome of a special preference, not pervading his life or luxuriously indulged, only kept in view as a leisurely adjunct, neither over-valued nor disregarded.

We often talked about people, and here he had swift and vivid perceptions. He delighted much in their characteristic ways and mannerisms, and all the humorous absurdities which do not really ever detract from a person's claim to be admired and loved. He was very tolerant, but not with that heavy rectitude practised by virtuous gossips who feel compelled to counterbalance a stroke of satire by a laborious affirmation of solemn goodwill. He was tolerant simply because he was perceptive, and he was not, as many young critics are, entirely preoccupied in detesting some one superficial quality. "I really can't stand So-and-so," I have heard him say; but it was rarely said, and I never had the least inclination to contradict him. On the other hand, he really enjoyed hearing and finding out about people, old or young. But his judgment was neither timid nor acrimonious, while he enjoyed variety and contrast and every really vivid quality more than most people I have known; and I would add that I knew no safer recipient of a really characteristic story; he enjoyed it to the full, and he never made mischief. It was not mere tact, but I never heard him say an inappropriate thing, or make the mistake of telling the right kind of story to the wrong kind of person. He had not a touch of prudishness, and drew exactly

the right line between what was amusing and perhaps full-flavoured, and what was full-flavoured without being at all amusing. I never saw him shocked or pained, but I never heard him say an improper thing.

He was affectionate and loyal; he admired frankly and criticised frankly; anything like meanness, spite, pettiness never came near him; he was really generous—the highest of all high qualities—that is to say, he was spirited and even indignant where indignation was deserved, but he credited others easily and freely with the largeness and sweetness of his own disposition. He was utterly free from irritability. I never saw him despondent or dull or out of temper, but always serene, lively, equable. No one could be so consistently counted upon to be free from moods. His health always seemed good, with that sort of evenness which, though it loves physical activity, yet does not flag or grow tired with sedentary work. In his later days at Cambridge his work often made exercise impossible. I have seen him a little thinner and paler at such times, but it never had any apparent effect upon his spirits or vigour.

I suppose that he worked hard, but he never seemed preoccupied by his work, and his leisureliness was complete when it came; his work never took the wind out of his sails, nor diminished the vividness of his talk and glance.

We very often talked freely and fully of religion. I used to feel that a sense of religion in the broadest and deepest aspect was the basis of his life. It was not a thesis to be main-

tained nor a matter of argument; it was an instinctive dutifulness and neighbourliness; he had no programme, but a fixed determination to take a share in the work of the world.

When he told me he was going to take up Medicine, I felt a certain disappointment. I had cherished, I may say, a little hope that we might some day have persuaded him to come and work at my College, and there was no one whom I should have more joyfully welcomed. But I saw very soon that he had chosen the best life, and gradually came to perceive that he had the very qualities to make him a great and wise physician. It is strange that though I had anxieties and forebodings about the possible fate of some of my younger friends when the war broke out, I never thought of death for Archie—he seemed so bound up with life. I believed that in his diligence, skill, and patience, and with the much deeper qualities of insight into character, tenderness, tolerance, and charity he would have been likely to rise to a high and commanding position in Medicine. He inspired such trust and affection, he was so calm and unhurried in his dealings with others, he was so decisive and outspoken, that I can think of no one better equipped to deal, not only with disease, but with the much deeper matter of the personality which lies behind disease and augments its significance. He would have been a great adviser and director of men and women brought face to face with illness and fear; he would have inspired both courage and hope, he would have been firm with irresolution and dismay.

I would revert once more to his religious sense; he seemed to me impatient of forms and denominational differences and traditions exalted into dogmas. He was in search of underlying truth and force and simplicity. I do not think he was interested in the intellectual or the ceremonial side of religion, but wished to build up his faith on clearly discerned and large principles. My impression was that he had thought much about this, and that the fidelity of his emotions had caused him some suffering, not of a morbid or scrupulous kind, but dealing with the perfect genuineness of his acceptance. I think he felt that there was much in the world that was called religious which was a conventional structure, and even more feeling which was not recognised as religious and did not even consider itself to be so, which was in the highest degree vital and sacred. Perhaps he did not formulate this very clearly even to himself; but the only times I ever saw a touch of sadness about him was when he was exercised as to the essential reality of all that he had grown up believing. But in all this his force was steadily set towards the religious life and not away from it; and what troubled him was the doubt of his perfect sincerity, and the desire to make whatever he did devoutly believe entirely genuine and vital.

And then the time came for him to make his choice; enthusiastic as he was about his profession, and though there was an almost official claim upon him to pursue his studies, yet he could not hesitate. That a great task

should be going forward, and that he should not take his place with his friends and companions, was intolerable to him. I never heard him speak so decisively about anything, or take any step with such eagerness and certainty, as that of joining the forces. I saw him more than once in uniform; he was gay and cheerful and full of life, though he had no illusions about war. It was to him a deliberate sacrifice of the active beneficent absorbing profession which he loved, it was a thing full of waste and sorrow and misery, but none the less a chivalrous necessity, and the vindication of a great and awful cause of honour and justice. He said none of these things; he only said, with the firmest conviction, that he could and would be nowhere else.

We had many plans for meeting, and he wrote to me, his letters full of all the new colour and incident and variety of the changing scene. Then the end came with a suddenness and an unexpectedness that left nothing to be said or thought. It was as if he had been swiftly and decisively beckoned away.

It is a mystery which I cannot attempt to pierce; but through it all I have the sense that his quiet insight, his large-hearted affections, his resolute dutifulness, his big, eager, sustaining nature must be being needed, used, employed. That I feel with a certainty which outweighs all other uncertainties; and though in all this dim and wild confusion of life and death I can frame no definite fancy or picture of what can be happening—and indeed it is a kind of comfort

to know that what is happening is perfectly true and distinct, whatever we may hope or imagine about it—yet it is there, and *he* is there, as gentle and strong and tender as of old, with his face set to new tasks and enterprises, as fearless and stainless and kind as in the good old days when I knew him well, and loved him even better than I knew.

"TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"DEAR BENSON,—The ordinary wood anemone and the pulsatilla do not—so far as I know—grow together. At least it is very improbable. One likes a loamy soil and shade—the other limestone or chalk and sun. Primroses, campion, and wood anemones sound like a loamy trio. However, if the plant is a 'sport' it is of considerable interest—and it should be looked out for next year. The essential difference in the general appearance of the two flowers is the position of the petals. In the Pasque the petals stand more or less erect, except in *very* full sun. The nemorosa opens its face to the sky quite widely. But there are heaps of differences, and I won't bore you. I see that Bentham and Hooker state that several continental species have become established in certain places. I feel sure that this fellow was something of the kind.

"I'm glad you, too, felt that the other evening's session was pleasant. As a matter of fact, Morshead[1] and I agreed that there was nothing more enjoyable, in all sorts of ways, than an evening with you!"

[1] Owen F. Morshead, Marlborough, and Magdalene College, Brigade Major, 91st Infantry Brigade.

"TEALING HOUSE, DUNDEE,
July 11 (?), 1914.

"Your letter only reached me two days ago, and as yesterday the whole population of these parts had their attention fixed and riveted on the British Sovereign,[1] I, being loyal too, had no opportunity for letter writing.

"I don't suppose you fully realised what a jolly letter you sent me. There is nothing in this world so encouraging as an occasional signal, as you put it, from an older person. Somehow it gives one a certain confidence and hope which more youthful signals do not impart. And it is a very solid joy to me to believe that you feel, as I do, that a mere change of locality ought not to terminate what has been a very pleasant sort of relationship. Quite honestly, I don't think I can look back on anything with very much greater pleasure than the evenings spent at the Old Lodge.

"The triumph for you is that quite a number of people would say the same, I'm sure, if inquiry were made!

"As to the book.[2] May I crave the first volume again when you have finished with it; and the second some day too. For I had not quite finished the last two or three sections, and the earlier part is obviously more or less introductory. I most certainly feel that anything that can be done to make people 'speak out' would have a very great value. It is awful that we should all go about pretending. With a great deal of G. M. Trevelyan's *De*

[1] The royal visit to Scotland extended from 17 to 21 July this year.

[2] A little volume which I had written about the meaning of a religious faith. Not published.—A. C. B.

Heretico Comburendo I entirely agree; but that particular appeal is to the pronounced agnostic. What I think is wanted is a stirring in the pool of the avowed Believers. Their apparently limpid Faith is really resting on a muddy bottom which is steadily becoming more charged with noxious gas; and till that can all be got rid of I cannot see that reasonable advance can be made. So far as I could judge, your 'Faith volume' is just the sort of challenge that is needed. It is quite hopeless, this cotton-wool protection of the religiously inclined. To survive they must become robust; and so long as the Believers claim as a right the silence of discordant voices, they will remain in their present state of terror."

II. BY CAPTAIN E. D. ADRIAN, R.A.M.C.

I have written down what I can of Don's life at Cambridge and of the few months after the war began, when he was working as a surgical dresser at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The episode I remember most vividly is the exhibition of pictures he organised in March 1913. Don was extremely happy at the time, and the history of the exhibition may help to give an idea of his capabilities. For this reason it deserves to be told in some detail, though in describing only one or two isolated phases of his life it is difficult to avoid giving an entirely false perspective. He had an amazing capacity for living every minute to the full, and when he seemed to be devoting all his energies to organising a college society or writing a paper on Geology he was really working very hard at Anatomy,

reading profusely and keeping in touch with a thousand and one friends at the same time. He corresponded with a very wide circle, and although his letters were mostly written at odd moments, between lectures or just before Hall, they were always delightful to read and beautifully written. If any picture of him is to be complete this background of untiring activity must be kept very clearly in mind.

The exhibition of pictures by the "Seven Cambridge Expressionists," in March 1913, was simply a well organised joke of a kind which is probably very familiar to Art students all over the world, but it was a joke quite new to Cambridge, and it was due entirely to Don's initiative and energy. The Cambridge exhibition took its origin from the second Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in London. Whether the Grafton Gallery pictures were inspired masterpieces or revolting quackery, they were certainly startling enough, and naturally many of us at Cambridge had seen and discussed them. But the academic mind does not jump to conclusions in matters of Art, and on the whole very little serious interest was taken in the new school.

There is in Cambridge a time-honoured institution called the Natural Science Club.[1] It met regularly every Saturday night in term time until the war began and the University life ceased to exist. The members were all undergraduates or B.A.'s, and although the number in residence was seldom above fifteen, the club boasted of a

[1] See pp. 46 and 84.

long list of Fellows of the Royal Society amongst its past members. At each meeting a paper would be read on a matter of scientific interest, and a technical discussion would follow. After this had died a natural death, the president would "declare the meeting social," and the talk would drift into every conceivable topic. Naturally Don was an ideal member of the club. The papers he read were models of clear statement, and they were beautifully written and delivered: no meeting could be dull for long when he was there to take part in the discussion. The meeting which gave birth to the Expressionist Exhibition was held in Don's rooms in the Great Court of Trinity, but I believe the paper of the evening was read by another member whose rooms were too small to contain the club comfortably. After the discussion of the paper, we began to talk about the pictures at the Grafton Gallery, which Don had been to see a day or two before. He was very angry with the whole school, with their laboured crudity and their wilful neglect of all that had been won for them by past generations of artists. He drew little sketches on odd bits of paper to illustrate his point, and soon we were all infected by his talk, and several of us were imitating Matisse and Picasso, or what we took to be the style of these gentlemen, on the backs of envelopes or anything handy. Judging from the results of these efforts, it appeared that the less one knew of drawing the more likely one would be to produce a picture with the true post-impressionist spirit, but their production was manifestly great fun, and by the end of the

evening we had the nucleus of a collection and several of us had been inflamed with the desire to go on drawing. The next day Don insisted that the idea should not be dropped. He was seriously in arms against the tenets of the post-impressionists, and he argued that it would be at any rate worth the effort to see if we could contrive an exhibition [1] of pictures sufficiently like theirs to show the absurdity of neglecting good craftsmanship for the sake of a theatrical simplicity. When Don was enthusiastic there was no resisting him, and under his guidance we found ourselves buying unfamiliar brushes and tubes of paint and smearing our rooms in turpentine and oil. He collected a band of seven or eight friends from all parts of the University, and it was very soon obvious that an exhibition would have to be held. To begin with, Don had very definite views about the aims of the exhibition. It was to be a serious attempt at criticism, an attempt to show that crudity and ugliness do not necessarily imply an inspired artist, that they can be achieved equally well by one who is simply attempting to be crude and ugly, and that in many cases the Grafton Gallery pictures were no more inspired and far less honest than the second-rate Academy landscape. That the majority of us had no training in drawing was if anything an advantage, for we should be the less likely to worry about Academic conventions. However, it was quite impossible to keep strictly to this ideal. Local subjects, Uni-

[1] Archie told Mrs. Marion Adam that the suggestion of the exhibition came from his mother.

versity jokes, portraits of friends and enemies and the like could not be suppressed, and it was very soon difficult to be quite certain what the aims of the exhibition really were. For instance, Don's first and most successful picture was a portrait in the style of Picasso of an eminent and venerable divine, and the whole picture was so true to its subject that it was really a strong argument in favour of instead of against the post-impressionist school.

The success of the exhibition was due entirely to Don's ability as an organiser and a leader. He painted pictures and made others paint them, he arranged the hire of a room at the Guildhall, the appropriate decoration of this room, the framing of the pictures, the printing of the catalogue and all the details involved in its preparation, and he contrived a widespread and effective scheme of advertisement. Some of us were inclined to be sceptical, to doubt the possibility of interesting anyone outside our own circle, and to be frightened at the thought of exhibiting our daubs to the public, but Don's high spirits were too much for us, and we found our objections vanishing as soon as we mentioned them to him.

The last few days before the opening of the exhibition were filled with the business of sending out notices, arranging the catalogue,[1] and

[1] *March* 1913.—As an example of his extraordinary versatility, it may be mentioned that when the question arose of a poster for the exhibition, he went round to the printers to ask what could be done. He was shown a large slab of Baskertype, and immediately asked for the tools to carve it with. He carried them all off. It was Saturday. He cut out the block in his own rooms in a few hours. The poster was printed on Monday. This is

preparing the room where the exhibition was to be held. The naming committee met one evening in Don's rooms. Many of the pictures were named when they were painted, but often the artist had only the vaguest idea of what his picture was intended to represent, and the beholder had none at all. The selection of an appropriate title for these works called for much discrimination; for instance, a long discussion centred round a drawing in pen and ink which was really a mere jumble of lines and shading. One party maintained that the obvious title was "The Wrong Box," but finally it was decided that "The Return" was a title which combined a certain dignity with the vagueness necessary to allay suspicion as to the sincerity of the artist.

On the day before the exhibition was to open, the Art critic of a leading daily paper came up from London for a private view. He must have seen at once that the aims of the exhibitors were not as serious as their catalogue suggested. However, he gave no hint of this, and Don led him round the exhibition with great solemnity, pointing out the true inspiration of the pictures, their splendid neglect of paralysing tradition, and their lesson to the world that Cambridge was not dead to the latest and best movements in Art. The critic played his part so well that for some hours afterwards Don was not sure whether he had been taken seriously or not.[1]

the design which appeared also on the front page of the catalogue, reproduced from the original block on p. 183.

[1] M. D. Forbes was present, and A. S. Gow for most of the time. The result of this interview was a long and interesting article in the *Morning Post* next day. The reviewer evidently

The exhibition was opened next day, and in half an hour it was obvious that it would be a great success. Its general effect was naturally altogether different from that of any previous exhibition in Cambridge, and it certainly succeeded in arousing an interest in the claims of the post-impressionists. Indeed it was obvious that some of the spectators never guessed that the exhibition was not perfectly serious, and one or two were sufficiently enlightened to buy some of the pictures as genuine examples of the post-impressionist school. It is difficult to say how far the exhibition succeeded in its original intention of ridiculing the movement. Probably it did no more than confirm the beliefs of those who had already decided against the new school, and if it made any converts at all they were converts to the ranks of the post-impressionists. However, this did not worry us, for our attempts to imitate their methods of expression had made us much more tolerant, and in the end none of us was altogether convinced that the post-impressionists were as bad as they were painted.

The climax of the adventure was reached at the dinner given in honour of Don and held in the guest room at Trinity after the exhibition was over. There were about fifteen of us, and after the dinner we went on to Lamb's rooms in Nevile's Court and stayed there half the night drinking the College punch, singing folk-songs,

understood the spirit of the exhibition and discussed its aims with a good deal of sympathy. On the other hand, the critic of the *Cambridge Chronicle* seems to have been completely taken in by the pictures, and cursed us solemnly for a set of faddists, though he admitted the honesty of our aims.—E. D. A.

listening to the piano, and generally feeling very happy and contented.

The exhibition certainly modified Don's views of painting considerably. He still adhered to his preference for the classical manner, and he could never quite stomach the cubists, the vorticists and their like, but he was very much more tolerant than he had been at the beginning, and the saner works of the new movement made a strong appeal to him, partly, I think, by their sense of energy and directness of aim.

His share in the founding of the Trinity Medical Club shows him in much the same light as an organiser, but in a more sedate fashion. It is true that the founding of college societies is almost an everyday occurrence, but Don's society seemed destined to have a long and very useful life, and his purpose in founding it is certainly worth recording.

When he started Medicine at Cambridge he found, as does every medical student, that a long series of preliminary subjects had to be finished before he could see anything of the work he had set out to do. In Anatomy he found some consolation in the scope it gave to his artistic talents. He studied it with the aid of Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks, and some of his anatomical drawings would have graced a museum. But he was anxious to know more of the actual life of a doctor and of a medical student at a hospital in town, so that he would be able to make the best use of his time there. On the whole, I think he would have been a physician rather than a

surgeon, and he could certainly have been a great physician without knowing any medicine at all, for the most confirmed invalid would have found it hard to be gloomy in his presence. However, he was apt to become abusive when we referred to his admirable bedside manner, and he thought more of preventive medicine than of any other branch.

Briefly, the society he founded aimed at collecting medical students in Trinity and making them read papers on some medical or surgical subjects which could be read up without much labour by anyone who had access to a medical library. These were elementary enough, but they were interesting to an audience who knew nothing but a little Anatomy and Physiology. Perhaps two-thirds of the meetings were of this kind; the remainder were devoted to papers read by senior students whom Don induced to come up from hospitals in town to tell us about their work there, by doctors resident in Cambridge, and by members of the teaching staff of the University. These meetings were extremely popular, for they helped us to realise a great deal of what was before us as hospital students and gave us some insight into the life we might expect to lead after we were qualified.

The club had lived for a year and a half before the war put a stop to its activities, but in that time it had become an important factor in the life of the medical student at Trinity, and it had a flourishing offspring in the Medical Club at Caius. Don would in any case have left Cambridge before the Michaelmas term of 1914, and

the loss of its founder would have been a severe blow to the club. But he had founded it so thoroughly and it was so obviously useful that it would certainly have survived. There is every reason to hope that it will meet again after the war to carry on the traditions he gave it.

Don had always intended to leave Cambridge after the Long Vacation of 1914. He had considered the merits of several London hospitals, and had finally decided to go to St. Bartholomew's. Three of us, Drewe,[1] Peters,[2] and myself, were going with him, and he and Peters had taken a flat in Gray's Inn.[3] The prospect of working together at Bart's with Don to look after us seemed almost too good to be true.

At the end of the May term a party of fifteen or sixteen, mainly from Trinity, went up to the Lakes for a week for the annual Lake Hunt. Every year such a party would stay a week at Mrs. Pepper's farm at Seatoller, and spend its days in an extended game of hide-and-seek over the fells between Wastdale, Ennerdale, and Buttermere. Don had a sore throat and a bad

[1] Adrian Drewe, Major, R.G.A. Killed in action 12 July 1917. Mr. Drewe wrote: "One of the most wonderful of his gifts was his power of grasping the essentials of a difficult problem and then explaining it all as if it was the easiest thing in the world. After an afternoon in the operating theatre at Bart's, in the evening Archie would get some thread, needle, and scissors, and do all the operations again with pieces of brown paper! I shall never forget those good evenings, when it was the rule to do a gastro-enterostomy with a brown paper stomach before going to bed. He would have been a perfect physician in all its true sense."

[2] R. A. Peters, M.C., Captain, R.A.M.C., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College.

[3] No. 1 Raymond's Buildings.

cold in the head, but this did not prevent him from climbing the Styhead in the pouring rain and stalking the hare with unusual cunning. After this was over, he went on with Gordon Butler[1] for a walking tour in Scotland. I did not see him again till we met in London a week or so after war had been declared. At that time the most reasonable course seemed to be to start Hospital work at once and learn as much of our trade in as short a time as possible, while we waited to see whether the war was likely to be measured by months or years. We found the Hospital deprived of many of its staff but not of its patients, and we began as surgical dressers, with the feeling that we were at least doing something which would be useful even if the war were to end after a few weeks.

To begin with, the work was so new that we could almost forget about the war. Don furnished the flat in Gray's Inn and gave it much the same air of charm and individuality that he had given to his rooms in Trinity. Sometimes we would meet there of an evening, and talk or sit listening to the rumbling of the trams in Theobald's Road and the cries of the newsboys outside. In the daytime we had little opportunity for anything outside the ordinary Hospital routine. Don enjoyed this thoroughly, and it was a pleasure to see him giving sage advice to an old woman with a varicose ulcer on her leg or soothing a screaming infant with a cut finger. However, he was restless and evidently not quite satisfied that he was doing the most useful work he could.

[1] G. K. M. Butler, died on service. See p. 164.

After a few days of chaos, the Hospital settled down again and seemed much as it had always been in peace time, though outside the streets were full of recruiting posters and men in khaki. Then one day at the beginning of October the Red Cross Society sent a demand to the Hospital for dressers to serve on an ambulance unit in France. The Hospital authorities were opposed to the idea, and with some reason, seeing that on two occasions previously a party of students from St. Bartholomew's had been collected and equipped only to be turned away at the last moment through some unforeseen difficulty. There were no doubt other reasons for this opposition, but they were not clearly expressed, and as the result several students determined to join the Red Cross unit and risk the displeasure of the Hospital. Don was one of these. He made up his mind very quickly, and in twenty-four hours he had left for France as a Red Cross dresser.

We heard from him at intervals, and it was clear from his letters that he was not altogether satisfied with the work he had to do. This consisted mainly in accompanying a motor ambulance convoy behind the lines. It entailed no medical work beyond occasional bandaging, and it might have been done by a man with no medical training at all. At that time many other medical students were employed in the same way, though some of them were perhaps more lucky than Don. After little over a month, he began to rebel openly against this waste of time and training, and by dint of urgent representations he forced the Red Cross authorities at Boulogne

to realise that a fourth-year medical student could be employed more profitably than as a species of bus-conductor. At any rate, he came back in November, and all the other dressers from St. Bartholomew's came back with him. Probably they would sooner or later have been replaced by untrained men, but there can be no doubt that Don's action was entirely justified, and there are several officers in the R.A.M.C. who might be still medical students with their Hospital training unfinished if he had not protested as he did.

However, Don did not himself come back with the idea of finishing his Hospital course. It would have taken him at least eighteen months to do this, and after his experiences in France he felt that to work in London in comfort and safety would be quite impossible. He had seen the weary, mud-stained troops going up to defend the line before Ypres in October and November, and he had seen the wounded returning. His mind was made up while he was still in France, and as soon as he came home he applied for a commission in the Black Watch. I saw him two or three times after this, when he was on leave. He was contented that the course he had chosen was the best whatever might happen, but he did not regret the time he had spent at St. Bartholomew's, and he always intended to return there after the war was over.

With many men it seems fairly easy to predict their course of life, the position they will take at the Bar, the scientific discoveries they will make, and so on; with Archie Don this

was impossible. We knew that he would have achieved some great work, perhaps as an organiser of a far-reaching scheme of public health, or perhaps as a general practitioner in a country town, but the possibilities were endless, for he seemed bound to rise to great heights in almost any career he had chosen. He was an optimist in the sense that he did not admit failure; if things went wrong he set to work at once to put them right and was not satisfied until he had done so, but his natural gaiety was very seldom obscured in the process. When he failed in a premature attempt to pass the second M.B. Examination, I remember his coming back to a luncheon in H. V. Thompson's rooms in the Great Court and giving us a memorable account of his misguided efforts to impress the Examiner in Practical Physiology, an account which was so ludicrous that it was quite impossible to be sorry that he had failed. He was very rarely despondent, and his nearest approach to this mood was one of indignation at the amount of inertia and stupidity in the world. He would walk up and down the bowling-green in the summer evenings after it had become too dark to see the jack and curse the obstinacy of orthodox theologians or the waste of life from preventable disease, but he was never a purely destructive critic; as a rule, his wrath was directed against some definite abuse and he had some very sane suggestions for improving it. He used to state that the thought of getting out of bed in the morning made him realise the wickedness of the universe, and he certainly had a habit of groaning loudly

when his bedmaker called him. Apart from this he seemed to accept the world as a good place capable of improvement by hard work.

It would be a great mistake to imagine him as unduly serious. He did not need to unbend to enjoy a bump supper or a "rag" debate at the Magpie and Stump. He was an ardent devotee of the Sunday Games Club, where Bounce Penny and Missing Word competitions were played on Sunday nights with an elaborate and bewildering ritual. On these occasions his gaiety was quite irresistible. I remember particularly a day in London when Don and Adrian Drewe were working at Guy's Hospital in the vacation. We lunched at the Cock in Fleet Street, we went to a picture gallery, and afterwards scoured Fleet Street for a newspaper poster which had caught Archie's eye earlier in the day by a head-line which announced the "Arrest of a Baron in Suspicious Circumstances." He had set his heart on acquiring this poster and displaying it on the door of an Austrian acquaintance in Trinity, known familiarly as the Baron and remarkable for his fondness for the aristocracy. We ran the poster to earth in Piccadilly Circus after a long chase and endless encounters with newsboys, who seemed to gather with the speed of a London crowd whenever we approached one of them, and Don went off with his prize, probably to attend a committee meeting or a lecture on Geology.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that he had an immense influence on his contemporaries, not only in Trinity but throughout the Uni-

versity. He was not a politician, and I doubt if he ever spoke at the Union, but he had a host of friends, and had held office in many of the more important University clubs. In his rooms one might meet all manner of men—artists, rowing blues, scientists, poets, or men of no particular attainments and no particular views, all somehow drawing inspiration from Archie's presence. I think few of us will ever forget the charm of those rooms and of their owner, the Medici Rembrandt and the etchings over the fireplace, the fossils and rock specimens and the books, the windows looking on the fountain in the Great Court, and finally Archie himself, eager and hopeful, making the most of his life at Cambridge and yet always with a clear vision of the work he was to do afterwards and a firm resolve to use his capacities to the full for the best ends that he could discern.

NOTES

MAGPIE AND STUMP

Elected member, 22nd October 1909; elected to the committee, 3rd June 1910; secretary, 25th November 1910; vice-president, 3rd March 1911; president, 2nd June 1911.

1909, October 22.—"That this House deplores any form of censorship on the Drama or the Press." Proposer: R. M. Wright. Opposer: A. W. R. Don.

1910, January 28.—"That the main hope of England lies in her aristocracy." (Minutes.) "Mr. Don in a pleasant and lucid speech of six minutes declared his faith in gentle birth and his distrust of modern legislation."

1911, November 3.—"The President (A. W. R. D.) gave his

R. E. White. M. J. St. Aubyn.

G. G. Morris. W. F. P. Ellis. P. G. Bainbrigge. D. H. Robertson. O. B. Wordsworth. A. W. K. Don. B. A. Fenwick.

A. C. Turner. G. B. Tatham. H. M. Bullock. H. W. A. Elliot. G. K. M. Butler. E. Williams. H. A. Holland.

THE MAGPIE AND STUMP SOCIETY

Committee for the Thousandth Meeting

3 February 1912

[*To face p.* 82

casting vote in favour of Beecham's Pills being worth a guinea a box."

December 1.—"The retiring President replied on behalf of his retiring colleagues with a grace and charm all his own."

1912, February 16.—"The Cam is the curse of Cambridge." Proposed by A. W. R. D., ex-President. "He started by quoting Exodus and Deuteronomy, and spoke of his aunt at Strathpeffer, and described the price of the Cam before the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the horrors of rowing in a stationary boat to Ely. A gorgeous eighteen minutes."

April 26.—"That this House considers Idleness a Vice." Proposer: F. H. Osborn. Opposer: A. W. R. Don.

November 8.—"That in the opinion of this House England is decadent." Proposer: A. W. R. Don.

1913, October 17.—"That this House abominates Home Rule." Spoke third, apparently in favour.

1914, May 29.—"That this House would welcome a large extension of the Super-Tax." Proposer: A. W. R. Don. "He related his evolution from a Tory to a reasonable Socialist." This was the last meeting but one before war.

THE CAMBRIDGE WYKEHAMIST DINNER

30TH NOVEMBER 1910

The Rev. J. T. Bramston of St. Nicholas, St. Cross, Winchester, has kindly supplied a list of those present at the dinner in Trinity College. The list is printed now *in piam memoriam*.

Henry Jackson, *Vice-Master*.
P. C. T. Crick.
W. A. Trasenster.
Hugo Lambert.
P. H. Dodgson, wounded.
C. R. MacKenzie, † 21st April 1917.
J. G. Colville.
A. C. Moreing.
N. S. Tirard.
C. G. Banister.
R. S. Mansfield.
H. T. Kennedy, killed.
D. C. Parsons, killed.
R. C. G. Middleton.
O. S. Thompson.
R. C. F. Powell, killed.
T. P. Fry.

THE CAMBRIDGE WYKEHAMIST DINNER—*continued.*

F. Trouton, killed.
L. F. Studd, killed.
P. H. Pilditch.
S. A. N. Barthropp, killed.
R. du B. Evans.
M. Barlow.
E. A. Trouton, missing.
S. H. Habershon, † 13th Nov. 1916.
G. Hornung.
A. W. R. Don, killed.
A. L. Fleming.
J. T. Bramston

NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

Archie was elected on 20th May 1911; secretary, 18th January 1913; vice-president, 8th March 1913; president, 31st May 1913. He read papers:

1911, November 18.—Leonardo da Vinci as a Scientist.
1912, November 16.—Thrusts and Overfolds.
1913, May 10.—Impulsive Evolution.
August 4.—The Death of Charles II.[1]
November 22.—Fjords and their Origin.

THE YEATS PRIZE

This prize, founded by Edward Yeats, sometime Fellow of Trinity College, in 1830, is awarded to the fourth-year scholar of the College who has been most distinguished for general regularity of conduct. It is a difficult prize to award, but it was given to Don in 1913.

CAMBRIDGE RAY CLUB

Elected 28th November 1913. The following is a complete list of the Club at the time:—

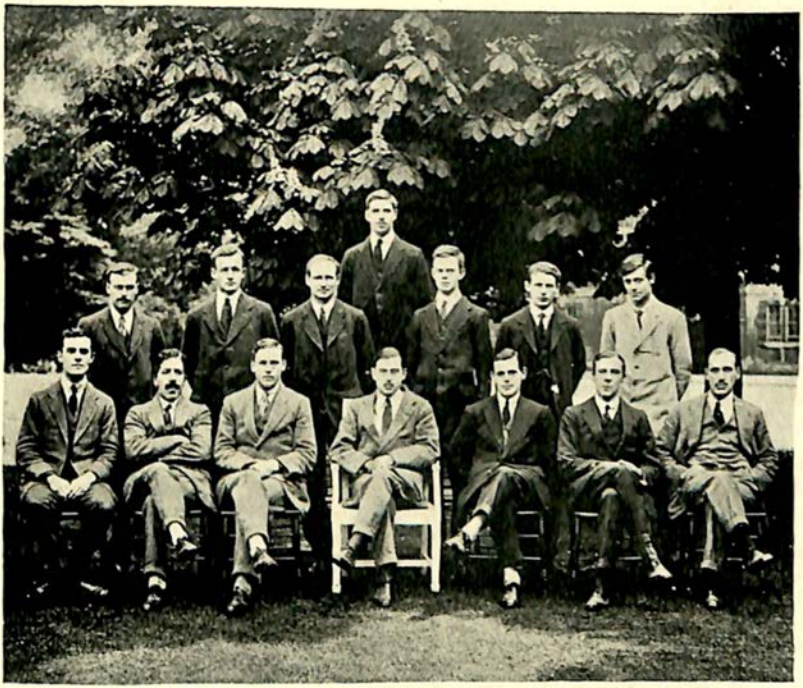
Members: Professor A. Macalister, Dr. A. E. Shipley, Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, A. Hutchinson, J. J. Lister, Professor Newall, Professor A. C. Seward, Sir Francis Darwin, Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth, Dr. W. M. Fletcher, Dr. H. K. Anderson, Rev. T. C. Fitzpatrick.

Associates: E. D. Adrian (Trin.), H. V. Thompson (Trin.), F. W. Aston (Trin.), A. W. R. Don (Trin.), J. T. Saunders (Christ's), F. Kidd (St. John's).

[1] Founded on Raymond Crawfurd's book. The paper had been read to the Medical Club on 30 July.

R. A. Peters.

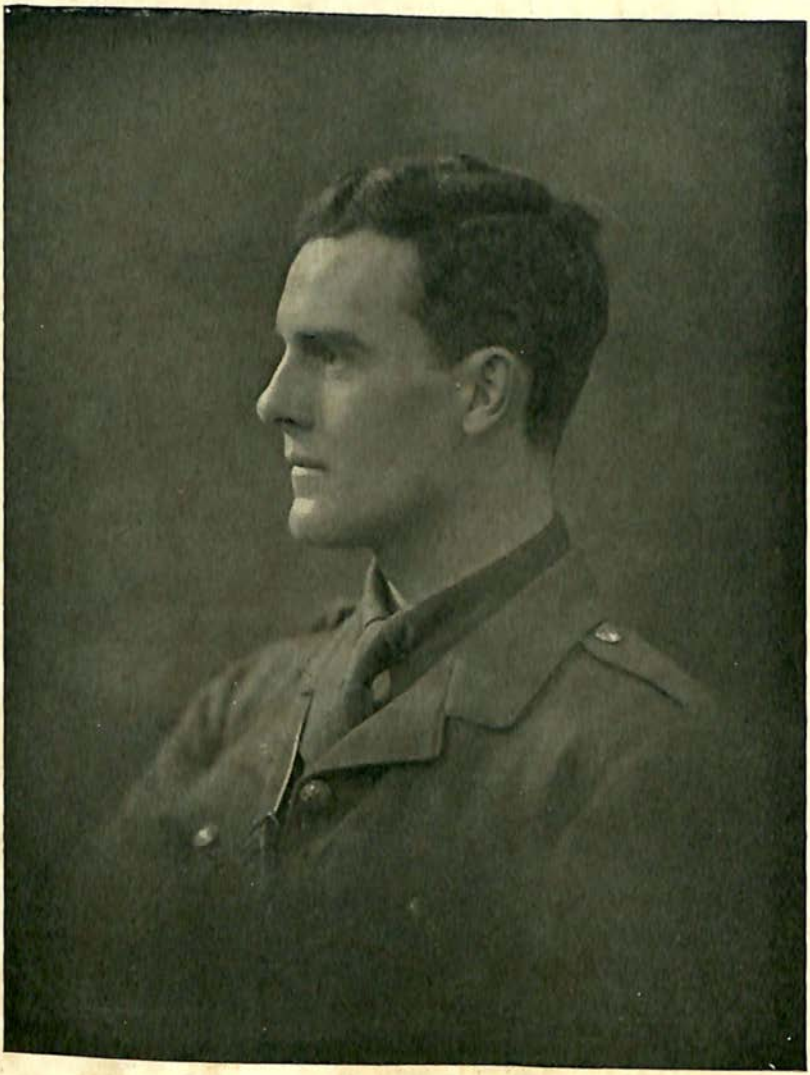
J. M. Wordie. M. B. R. Swann. R. W. Priestley. N. K. Adam. G. M. Thomson. F. H. Keeling.



A. W. R. Don. E. Hindle. R. S. Clarke. C. B. R. King. A. F. R. Evans. E. D. Adrian. H. V. Thompson.

THE NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB, 1914

[*To face p.* 84



LIEUT. A. W. R. DON

Aged 24

1915

[*To face p.* 85

CHAPTER V

War

1914–1916

EDITED FROM JOURNALS AND LETTERS

"This is the day of the rending of men's hearts."

When war broke out, Archie was at Tealing. His four brothers were all away, and it seemed to be his duty to remain at the moment with his parents. It is at this moment that his diary begins, and it continues to within a few weeks of his death. The diary is very full, so full that it contains a complete epitome of the war, and shows that, among his other versatilities, had he chosen he would have made an ideal war correspondent. One of the chief features of the diary is that Archie always put down any rumour that he had heard, so as to test it. An epitome of his diary, with letters, and facts from letters, inserted, will show better than anything else the history of his life from this point. The merely historical part of the diary and Archie's views upon the political situation have been wholly omitted where possible. His letters to his mother are very full, and extracts from these have been incorporated.

"*August* 4.—I long to join some medical unit, but John [1] says my duty is to be here.

"*August* 5.—At Broughty Castle wire entanglements are being erected. We are offering the Lodge as an overflow for convalescents, in the event of the Infirmary being accepted as a base hospital.

"*August* 7.—The Lodge is to be used by the Red Cross Society. To-morrow we begin to organise and equip. We hope to have forty beds by to-morrow.

"*August* 10.—I wonder if I am free to go off. I know I am of use here. But the imperative duty of staying, which had force a week ago, is less strong now that so great a weight of anxiety is removed. Am I alone to lie snug at home?

"*August* 11.—I have spent a strenuous day at the Lodge putting up beds and arranging preliminaries.

"*August* 17.—Once more I am in a state of hopeless doubt as to what I ought to do. Am I free to go off and get some medical job?

"*August* 20.—I have settled to go to Bart's at once.

"*August* 22.—Here I am in the heart of things as far as England is concerned. I arrived at Euston at 9.0.

"*August* 24—WADHURST HALL, SUSSEX.[2]—My first day at Bart's.

"*August* 30.—To-day's news has finally brought me round to the view that men are needed more to inflict wounds than to heal. It is horrible, but true. This fight must go on.

"*September* 6.—I have just come back from

[1] His brother.

[2] The home of his friend, Major Adrian Drewe, R.G.A. They were at Trinity together, and began at St. Bartholomew's together, and left for France together.

Cambridge. It was most extraordinary there. Somehow to see the streets swarming with soldiers, to find Nevile's Court a hospital and full of wounded, to go to the familiar I Great Court and find the R.A.M.C. men eating food in the lecture rooms—all that brought the war far closer than anything I have experienced so far.

"*September* 7.—Once more I feel hopelessly at sea with regard to my duty. Am I justified in continuing at Bart's?

"*September* 16.—I have quite decided that it is impossible for me to stay in this country doing nothing.

"*September* 18.—Signed my name on to the register of probationer surgeons at the Admiralty.

"*September* 21.—I got forms for the Naval Division. At the Medical School Adrian Drewe and I were met with the most direct opposition.

"*September* 22.—Wrote to the War Office and submitted our case through G. B. Tatham.[1]

"*September* 27.—The War Office medical authorities reply that we should continue to study.

"*September* 30.—Settling in at Gray's Inn.

"*October* 2.—Met W. F. P. Ellis.[2] He actually went down with the *Hogue* on the 22nd."

To his Mother

"1 RAYMOND BUILDINGS,
GRAY'S INN, W.C.,
3rd October 1914.

"War is the most terrible admission possible of human failure. The German theory starts

[1] Junior Bursar of Trinity. Archie tells the whole story at length in a letter to his mother (23 Sept.).

[2] Rev. W. F. P. Ellis, C.F., Marlborough and Trinity. Afterwards with H.M.S. *Britannia*. See p. 48.

with a perfectly correct premise that softness, mercenary sloth, apathy, and national indifference are cursed things. But they believe that war, and war only, with its irresistible appeal to self-sacrifice, can stimulate Man into his highest self. We who agree with their premises, but hate war, claim that man is capable of all these virtues in peace, if there is a motive force within him to propel him on—love for something or other, be it love for family, humanity, or God. It is a disregard of all this that has brought militarism to a head in Prussia, a cynical distrust of human nature, coupled with a singular lack of imagination."

"*October* 21 (5.58 p.m.).—Am going Dresser, British Red Cross, No. 4 Detachment. At 9.0 a.m. the Red Cross Society sent to Bart's an urgent appeal for ten dressers. I went round to the Red Cross headquarters and at once signed the papers.

"*October* 22—BOULOGNE, Hotel de Louvre Terminus.—What duties we shall have to perform I have not the slightest idea. Wounded are pouring in. The first day ended with the sickening realisation that we had been fetched over on a fool's errand.

"*October* 23.—There is some talk of a Red Cross convoy going up to fetch wounded some day soon.

"*October* 26 (6.0 a.m.).—Waiting and wondering. (10.0 p.m.) I write this lying in the bottom of a Red Cross car at St. Omer.

"*October* 29—BAILLEUL, 4th Motor Ambulance Convoy.—I've earned my living to-day, dressing at last at the Indian Hospital (Lahore Division). After two nights in the car on a stretcher, I was glad of a bed.

"*October* 30—La Gorgue, by Estaires.—No jobs going.

"*November* 2.—Have just come in from a dressing station up the La Bassée road. I must get something more regular and strenuous.

"*November* 3.—At Béthune twice to-day.

"*November* 4.—I have now a chance of seeing, however imperfectly, the Base, Stationary, Clearing, and Field Hospitals, and Dressing Stations. It is rather splendid that within three miles of the firing line they receive dressings just as sterile, or almost so, as those one applies in a London out-patient room. Compare that with any previous war—with the Crimea, of not so very much more than half a century ago.

"*November* 6.—Just back from the firing line up beyond Laventie.

"*November* 7.—Booted out of our original billet into a palatial château.

"*November* 8.—We have been taking the wounded to-day to Merville. It is all rot, merely picking up crumbs of work at odd intervals.

"*November* 9.—Another slack day.

"*November* 10.—Another day of idleness, inevitable but boring. Nearly all the field hospitals are empty.

"*November* 11.—Nil again. Reading the speeches at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

"*November* 12.—The only interest to-day has been a visit from Lord Roberts. I saw him quite accidentally on the Béthune road, inspecting an Indian contingent.[1]

"*November* 13.—Nil again. I have been watching the flashes of guns and shells on the horizon to the south. An almost continuous boom.

[1] Lord Roberts' last day's work. He died on 14 November.

"*November* 14.—To Bailleul, to see Major Le Strange.

"*November* 15.—This awful idleness. I met Yeatman,[1] just up from the trenches. What a life! We who slope about behind have no conception of what it means.

"*November* 16.—To Béthune. Arranging billets with the Mayor.

"*November* 17.—George C. C.[2] turned up, and A. C. L. Clarke,[3] who used to be in Toye's.[4]

"*November* 19—BOULOGNE.—After a month of idleness. Either I must get work which justifies my being here or else I go home. I cannot go back to Bart's. If I go home it must be to soldier.

"*November* 21—LA GORGUE.—This morning from Bailleul to Chocques. To a dressing station beyond Locon.

"*November* 22.—I go about constantly with Drewe.[5] I help in the loading and unloading of the car. I clean out the room and the car very often, and otherwise qualify for housemaid and groom. I never get tired of the aeroplanes, watching them signal to our gunners, or giving chase to a Taube.

"*November* 24—CHOCQUES (3.50 a.m.).—Out ever since 7.30 p.m. carrying wounded from Gorre to Lillers. No more hands are required.

"*November* 25.—Personally a slack day. This cooping-up is becoming unbearable.

[1] Lieut. F. D. Yeatman, Marlborough and Clare College, Middlesex Regiment. A brilliant letter by him had appeared in the *Cambridge Review* of 4 November. Severely wounded on 17 November.

[2] George Carter Campbell, Scottish Rifles.

[3] A. C. L. Stanley-Clarke, Winchester and University College, 2nd Scottish Rifles. He had been entirely buried in the trenches.

[4] A. J. Toye held B House at Winchester from 1886 to 1899. See p. 125.

[5] Not his friend mentioned on p. 86.

"*November* 26.—A definite promise to apply to Boulogne. Billeted with a charming French family (Gamblin-Rolin).

"*November* 30.—In charge of the rations."

To A. C. Benson

"30*th November* 1914.

"It may interest you to hear that I have substituted the luxury of France for the poverty of Gray's Inn. In other words, I am in the employment of that amazing institution the British Red Cross Society. In theory, I am supposed to be caring for the wounded during their transportation on the motor ambulances. In practice, I fear there is nothing to do, and I am in the unenviable position of an idler at the front! For all that the days pass quickly enough. No one would possibly be sorry to have been near the real thing, and certainly I shall always in a sense be grateful to the R.C. Society for having been such fools as to send me on this joy-ride. I don't know what sort of impression you have of this battle in Northern France and Flanders. But all that I have seen of it is very unspectacular. Of course you must remember I can only speak with regard to a short fifteen miles or so of our line. But here, at all events, the scenery is not unlike Cambridgeshire without its Gogs. The trenches are dug into fields and along ditches between St. Ives and Newmarket. General headquarters is in Cambridge. Foodstuffs, troops, etc., are brought by rail to Six Mile Bottom and to Chivers' place—what's it called?—and from there the men are marched, or whisked off in motor-buses to points nearer the line, and so up and into the trenches. Food is carried to roadsides in huge motor convoys and dumped about four

miles behind the trenches. The individual regiments send their carts to this roadside and collect the day's jam and bully beef. (All rations excellent.) As to other visible signs, perhaps some farms at Swavesey and the church at Swaffham are ruined by shell-fire. Ely is almost deserted by its inhabitants, and an occasional bomb and shell has fallen there. The motor ambulances are billeted on the outskirts of Ely, and go out to the field hospitals situated in farms and houses about three or four miles behind the line of trenches, and bring the wounded back to larger hospitals in the Close at Ely, or nearer safety at Madingley Hall or in Cambridge itself. The sacred courts of Tabland[1] were defiled for a few short hours by raiding Uhlans some eight weeks ago. Then the British came and the terror departed. But occasional Taubes still remind the academic world that the 'Allemonds' are still quite close enough, and only a few days ago an invading aeroplane was brought to earth by an attacking British airman. Not long ago, while shelling some batteries which were concealed in a wood not far beyond Ely, a village close by caught fire and was almost burnt to the ground. At night if you were to look out from Ely eastwards you would see the flashes of our guns going off, and of the G. shells bursting. Occasionally the horizon would be lit up by a searchlight, or by a 'flare shell.' The crackle of rifles and the constant booming goes on, very often, all through the night. During the day absolutely nothing can be seen except the smoke of shells bursting in the distance, and the ubiquitous French and British aeroplanes. In other words, it is often very difficult to realise that the firing line is so near. If it were not for the constant

[1] Cantabland = Tabland, an Oxford expression.

movement of troops, the wounded that come in, and the noise, it would often seem incredible that here we are within an easy two hours' walk of German rifles. It's as if we had gone out for a walk along the Via Devana to the accompaniment of distant booms—or while motoring to the Devil's Dyke to collect the Pasque flower found the road pitted and destroyed by Black Marias! However, there is this amazing fact—that if it were all happening in Cambridgeshire it would very soon seem the most natural thing in the world that it should be so. The adaptability of human beings is quite astonishing.[1]

"This, I fear, is all rather dull and stodgy. All I can say is, that if you were here you would not be bored. There are interesting things to be seen every day, as you can well imagine. I don't merely include bombs and destruction. It is interesting enough, I own, to an outsider, as I feel myself to be, to see a bomb fall, or an aeroplane being fired at, and all that sort of thing. But it is also most entertaining to see Tommy A. in France, thoroughly at home, and doing himself well. Of course though in France, we are in England. We are under British, not French, control. The inhabitants and the *mairie* itself take their orders from our *état-majeurs*. We lock the good folk into their houses at what hour we like. We forbid refugees to take shelter in towns which are needed by our own troops, and so on. As a whole the French take it all with a very good grace, and face the future philosophically. But if one were a little farther off, the pathetic side of the picture would be a little more apparent. Even with the wounded, one is so busy getting

[1] Archie was fond of making these comparisons. See his letters to his mother. The fancy is as old as Herodotus. See his *History* iv. 99.

them safely conveyed from one place to another that the tragedy of it all has no time to present itself—and thank God, too. This war, I'm sure, is worst for those at home—*vide* the *Times* a day or two ago.

"Cambridge must be rather a sad hole just now, somewhat mutilated. And yet never before did I realise how much it means to me, and how deeply-rooted are my feelings towards Tabland. If you can all manage to see even little things like the Marlowe Society, the A.D.C., etc., through their inevitable financial crisis it will be far more important than killing Germans—though that, alas! has to be done too.

"I wish the Old Lodge were not so inaccessible."

"*December* 1.—To-day the muddy road through Chocques has been highly honoured. The King, the Prince of Wales, General French, and others drove through, at high speed. Centuries have passed since an English King (Henry VIII.) has seen his troops in Flanders.

"*December* 2.—Nothing much to-day. To the air base. I long that Leonardo should be here.[1] The aerial darts. I heard about them first at Cambridge from Taylor.[2] We are now working with the Meerut division.

"*December* 3.—A list of D.S.O.'s: Jim M'Connel,[3] C. S. Baines.[4] Also R. Blewitt.[5] Fisher is wounded. A big bath to-day in Béthune, the first since I came out. I have

[1] Leonardo da Vinci.

[2] G. I. Taylor, Fellow of Trinity.

[3] J. K. M'Connel, Winchester, and Lieut., 20th Hussars.

[4] C. S. Baines, Winchester, and Capt. Oxfordshire and Bucks L.I.

[5] At Horris Hill with Archie.

applied to the Red Cross at Boulogne to recall me.

"*December* 4.—To the air base, and there met Eric Powell.[1]

"*December* 5.—A blank day. This awful idleness.

"*December* 8—TEALING.—On Sunday (December 6) I went to Lillers. I got a permit to go down to Boulogne and quit Convoy 4. A four days' leave. At 11.30 bound for Folkestone. Met Hewson,[2] who was in Hopper's.[3] At Gray's Inn by 4.0. Caught the 11.30 north.

"*December* 11—BOULOGNE, Hotel Berry.—I am told there is nothing at the moment.

"*December* 12.—Prospects just as gloomy as before.

"*December* 14.—There is nothing to report. Everything is very quiet, and likely to remain so. Boulogne is a peculiarly dull place in which to be stranded *sans* occupation.

"*December* 15.—The dispatching of dressers by the R.C.S. is to be stopped, and the recall of all those already here is shortly to be proclaimed.

"*December* 16.—I have sent in a request to be released from my contract.

"*December* 17.—This loathsome idleness.

"*December* 20 (10.30 a.m.).—Free at last. The Red Cross Society, in conjunction with the War Office, have decided to recall all dressers by the New Year. Everything impels me to try for a commission. The main thing is my having seen our army at its work. The appeal is almost irresistible. I have had ten weeks of disappointment and idleness.

[1] Trinity and an Eton Master.

[2] A. G. Hewson, Winchester, Capt., R.F.A.

[3] Mr. E. J. Turner's house, Sunnyside, Winchester (1869–1903). Now the Rev. A. G. Bather's.

"(10.0 p.m.) GRAY'S INN.—A band of carol singers are already reminding us, down in Theobald's Road, that this is Christmas time again. But what a Christmas!

"*December* 23.—I went to Geoffrey Tatham [1] at the War Office, and filled up my form. At the Cavendish I ran into Francis [2] on leave. Fletcher [3] turned up too. Last night Jekyll [4] and I went to hear old Hilaire Belloc. Breakfasted with Eddie Marsh.[5]

"*Christmas Day*—TEALING.—I am temporary Second Lieutenant on probation, commissioned to the Black Watch, 10th Battalion.[6]

"*December* 29 — CAMBRIDGE, Pembroke College.—We started work this morning 7.15. Breakfast in Caius College Hall. Parades seem to follow each other with no interval at all.

1915

"*January* 3.—I fear hate and blind opposition to Germany and all things German is growing. I will fight that spirit with all the joy in the world. We are out to crush just this spirit of jealousy and hate, and here we are displaying it ourselves. The liberal-minded pseudo-socialists are being branded as pro-German, because they dare to suggest that we ought to try at all events to tolerate if not to love our enemies. Our social construction is at the base of the whole trouble. A fuller, deeper, purer Democracy is what we must fight for.

"*January* 11.—Here I am in Pembroke under

[1] G. B. Tatham. [2] Lord Doune. [3] Sir W. M. Fletcher.
[4] F. W. Jekyll. He was doing Home Office work.
[5] E. H. Marsh, C.M.G.
[6] In which his brother Robin was already an officer.

strict military discipline. I eat meals in Caius. I bellow and shout in the Leys School grounds. I lie in the cloisters of St. John's. I sing in Emmanuel Chapel, and I attend lectures in the Senate House.

"*January* 14.—I probably feel very much more strongly about certain aspects of this war than do many of my fellow-medicos; and it is just because of these really rather deep convictions that I feel I must take an active part in this.

"*January* 15—MAGDALENE COLLEGE.—Staying with F. R. Salter. A. C. Benson and Angus [1] dining here. This afternoon Winstanley.[2] The Church is beyond all hope with the exception of the younger clergy—*The Challenge* [3] and a few others. Another magnificent challenge from Romain Rolland has been published by the Heretics.[4]

"*January* 16—MAGDALENE.—Manny Forbes, Bill King.[5] Dinner with Parry. We went round to Henry Jackson's [6] rooms afterwards and talked Winchester shop. F. A. Simpson. This is a war against war. We cannot and we ought not to wish to beat the German People. Democracy and not Militarism will triumph. This is only half the story. This is all most unbecoming in a King's officer. Or is it not? I am offering His Majesty my legs and arms. Must I offer him my mind too!

"*January* 18 — PEMBROKE. — Whewell's

[1] C. F. Angus, Trinity and Fellow of Trinity Hall.

[2] D. A. Winstanley, Fellow of Trinity.

[3] St. John Pym had been writing about praying only for *wounded* Germans.

[4] A University Club at Cambridge, founded in 1909, "to promote discussion on problems of Religion, Philosophy, and Art."

[5] W. B. R. King, Jesus College.

[6] Vice-Master of Trinity.

Court is a barrack. Geoffrey Tower[1] is at Jesus.

"*January* 21 (Midnight).—I have just come in from an evening with M. D. F. at Clare. What a delight it is to have friends who see eye to eye. On a really amazing number of subjects we are in entire agreement. His views and mine on art and scenery are extraordinarily similar. And on all the bigger social attitudes our outlook is the same too. It is, at a time like this, when the whole future is so uncertain, a glorious comfort to know that the new outlook on life and humanity which characterises the rising generation will really be voiced by those that remain all the more ardently and passionately because of those that this war has and will have rendered silent. Here, indeed, is death becoming creative. For I know that were I to survive, and some of my friends who share these views to be killed, that I should battle all the more whole-heartedly for the things they stood for, just for their sakes. And I firmly believe that were I to be pipped myself, Manny would be all the keener to voice the new outlook because I had shared his views. He was telling me a truly piteous story of a man's coldness to his workers: the coldness of the man whose great and glorious belief is that Business is Business—the same old, intolerable, heathen view which is just as damnable and just as immoral as the junkerism which to-day we denounce so furiously.

"*January* 24—GRAY'S INN.—The Pembroke schooling is over.

"*January* 25—BRISTOL, Colston Hotel.—Here am I begun.[2]

"*January* 27.—There is a superfluity of sub-

[1] Geoffrey E. Tower, M.C., Eton and Trinity, Lieut. in R.F.A. Cheshire Regiment.

[2] With the Black Watch.

alterns in the battalion. This means that I shall not have a platoon of my own, no doubt—the most interesting thing for those who are up to training them.

"*January* 28.—I drill the recruits from 9 to 12, and from 2.30 to 4.0.

"*January* 31.—Yesterday Hilaire Belloc lectured here; excellent.

"*February* 1.—A Wykehamist list of those serving has just appeared. It must be particularly miserable for schoolmasters.

"*February* 3.—I often think of my utter incapability in Winchester days, and of my hatred of all drill.

"*February* 11—TEALING.—It is rather extraordinary how Christ, *not* Christianity or the Church of Christ, but Christ Himself, is emerging clear and firm from this war. I don't mean the Christ to be worshipped, but the Christ to be followed."

To G. K. M. Butler

[? 20*th February* 1915.]

"I was in such a whirl of parades when last I wrote to you that I hardly gave you any news of myself, or inquired of yours. At the present moment, however, I have time and to spare, having had to come home for a fortnight or so, in an attempt to get rid of a jaundice. Fortunately, success is attending the effort, and my yellowness is fast disappearing!

"Have you been to Tabland of late at all? Isn't it a truly pathetic place! It was, of course, delightful in many ways, being there for that month's training, but I hated it too, and hope never again to see those precious places alive with men of war.

"I wish I could see you and hear what you

think about this war. Personally, since I returned from France (where life was too practical and busy, in a sense, to do more than observe), I have got my ideas straightened out a bit. And I've had the opportunity of seeing things like Romain Rolland's *Above the Battlefield* and old Bernard's *Common Sense*,[1] and the publications of that ponderously named League —or whatever it is—of Democratic Control.[2] With a great deal of all that I agree; and I should imagine you would be, for the most part, in agreement too. We cannot crush the German People, and ought not if we could. The Peace we want can only come if Germany will reform herself, and that she will attempt only if we beat her and then treat her kindly. We *are*, I trust, out for Democracy, and not for gain. But oh! the way the Press go yattering on, and the old gentlemen, and the clergy—it's amazingly crass.

"Do write some time and tell me how your thoughts are running. After all, you have been thinking about this sort of business for some time, with the old War and Peace Society and Norman Angell. It is quaint how people refer to him as if this war had pricked his bubbly theories once and for all. But surely I'm right in thinking that his central contention remains as true as ever, and will be proved to the hilt. You cannot with advantage steal a nation's wealth, or destroy and gain by the destruction; and a nation who starts a war hoping that she can, will be sadly disillusioned. Was not that, roughly, the main point, and that, it seems to

[1] G. B. Shaw, *Common Sense and the War.*

[2] The Union of Democratic Control had been founded in September 1914, "for the expression of independent opinion concerning foreign policy and the settlement after the war."

me, incontestably true. I must not yatter on for ever."

"*February* 24.—Just finished Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvie*, which I am ashamed to think I have never known until to-day.

"*February* 27—REDCAR.[1]—I have bees, whole hives of them, in my glengarry. Brotherhood, and an increase of charity.

"As we came over the Forth Bridge yesterday, there, below us, lay the whole of Beatty's little cruiser squadron, the *Tiger*, *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal*, *Indomitable*, and many others. It was thrilling to look down on them, and to realise the significance of those grey things lying there so peacefully.

"*March* 5—BRISTOL.—The *Cambridge Review* and *Magazine* come regularly once a week and give me a good idea of what goes on in that once peacefully civilian town. The Lowes Dickinsons, Heretics, with Russell[2] and Hardy[3] thrown in, are ranged against the academic world.[4]

"*March* 6–7.—A night attack—most difficult.

"*March* 7.—Over to Cheddar to see the gorge and caves. I always knew that Kent's Cavern was far more interesting geologically.

"*March* 11.—Horris Hill gets its share in every list I've seen.

"*March* 13.—To Avonmouth to see the *Cornwall*, which is dry-docked after the Falkland Island fight.[5]

"*March* 16.—The Union of Democratic Con-

[1] His brother Alan was curate at St. Peter's.

[2] The Hon. Bertrand Russell, formerly Fellow of Trinity.

[3] G. H. Hardy, Fellow of Trinity.

[4] A correspondence had been carried on in *The Nation* of 6–27 February.

[5] 8 December 1914.

25916

trol is coming in for abuse and scorn in plenty. The *Blackwood* for March 'muses without method' on its iniquities. What the Editor would say were he told the number of junior officers who, were they free to do so, would support it wholeheartedly, I don't know.[1]

"*March* 21.—The Neuve Chapelle attack has cost us dear. George Davies[2] has been killed, and I somehow feel in his death, more than in any other since the war began, so far as I am concerned, the absurdity, the folly, and tragedy of the whole business. If anyone graced the earth more charmingly I never met him. Lonsdale[3] has been killed too."

To C. K. Ogden

[? 21*st March* 1915.]

"I do not know whether an editor is above congratulation—but after reading the last number of the Lent term I feel I must send you a line. Without any exaggeration *The Cambridge Magazine* has published more sense in eight weeks than almost every other paper I have come across has published in eight months. The stuff which appears in the daily press, and in such intolerable organs as the *National Review*, *Blackwood's*, etc., is nauseating to the younger generation. Every week when I get the magazine I am cheered up, for I am reconvinced each time that the things that it stands up for will inevitably win.[4]

[1] It is worth pointing out at this point that Archie subsequently severed his connection with the U.D.C. See p. 155.

[2] G. Llewellyn Davies, Eton and Trinity, the son of Arthur Llewellyn Davies. He was the adopted son of Sir J. M. Barrie.

[3] A. C. G. Lonsdale, Trinity. See p. 195.

[4] These last two sentences were printed in *The Cambridge Magazine* of 3 March 1917.

"If I have time I should like, before next term, to send you a 'letter to the editor,' pointing out how entirely a mass of young opinion agrees with the general policy and aim of the U.D.C. and similar manifestations of the new spirit among men and nations. Perhaps it may not be suitable, but I shall try to submit it in case you have any use for it."

"*March* 31.—Lyttelton, in a sermon at St. Margaret's, and the *Daily Telegraph*.[1]

"*April* 1.—A long route march via Whitechurch, Chew Magna, Flax Bourton: twenty-four miles or so. The first butterfly of the year flew gaily by. This evening *Lucia di Lammermoor*. I shall always compare each opera as I see it with the Cambridge *Magic Flute*."[2]

To A. C. Benson

"*2nd April* 1915.

"I have just been spending a half-hour glancing at a little volume of poems by your brother Hugh, which my mother has sent me. They certainly prove the depth of his religious feelings. Having another spare half-hour to spend, a letter to you seems a natural sequel: and I wonder how your book about your brother is getting on.

"There is so much that one wants to say in these days that one usually ends, I find, in saying

[1] Dr. Edward Lyttelton, the Head Master of Eton, had preached a sermon on the war (reported in the *Times* of 27 March), fiercely attacked by this newspaper.

[2] An amateur performance at the New Theatre, on 1 December 1911. His cousin, Mr. E. A. Mitchell-Innes, K.C., stayed with him for the occasion.

little, if anything, in one's letters. When men's views are all in the melting-pot, and attitudes are changing in most unexpected ways, I'm always keen to know what is going on in other brains than my own. The only thing I cannot abide is the city editor's opinions about this war, and A——'s about everything. That man and his utterances bore me and irritate me—and, worse, depress me—beyond description.

"Poor Lyttelton. What a fuss! I agree with almost all he said. We British are far too complacent and sloppy-minded. We *do* drift into actions which to foreigners cannot but seem 'perfide' and hypocritical. At the present moment there are, I fear, signs that the most vocal members of the community at all events would like to adopt a little of the Prussian spirit for the duration of the war—just to make things easier and finish it the sooner—for the sake of humanity! Please, *do* continue to rub irritants into the readers of the *Church Family Newspaper*—pagans many of them, who will call you pro-German, unpatriotic, etc. Would I had a pen with which to make a stand for these bigger issues! To-day to say that an action is not blindly patriotic is to impute an unmentionable baseness to it. What rot! Man and humanity (and for the believer, God and Christ) come before England and us Englishmen.

"But this may bore you more profoundly than A—— bores me. I really find it easy to love the Germans, but very very hard to tolerate A——!"

April 4, *Easter Day*.—A long, well-reasoned letter to his mother tells of the action taken by the battalion upon the question of total

abstinence, following the King's example. "The more I see of drink, the more of a curse I think it," he concludes.

"*April* 6.—Out all night on an outpost scheme on Durdry Hill.

"*April* 12.—Mike Hunter[1] has died of his wounds. So my first friend has gone, and all who knew him and loved him are left with a gap in their lives. I've lost something that nothing can replace.

"*April* 15.—1,000,000,000 innocent animals were injected into my arm on Tuesday, and have been unable to produce more than a stiffness. I am now prepared to meet *bacillus typhosus* on its own ground.

"*April* 24—SUTTON VENY CAMP.[2]—Bristol will see the Black Watch no more.

"*April* 25.—I am appointed assistant quartermaster, after being in command for a month. I had grown to like the men and know them, and I rather hate being cut off from them now."

To "The Cambridge Magazine"

"1*st May* 1915.

"A WORD TO THE MIDDLE-AGED

"MORE ABOUT THE U.D.C.

"DEAR SIR,—So much was published in *The Cambridge Magazine* last term on the subject of the Union of Democratic Control and its propaganda that perhaps you may not wish to encourage further correspondence. But there is at least one important fact which has not as

[1] Michael Hunter, Horris Hill, Winchester, and Oxford. Died of wounds, in Boulogne, 6 April 1915.

[2] Sutton Veny, in Wiltshire.

yet received sufficient recognition. Those who oppose the U.D.C., whether on the platform or in print, would have the world suppose that the ideals which inspire this pernicious body are cherished only by abnormal cranks, by middle-class busy-bodies, arm-chair intellectuals, and a few religious maniacs. This is evidently the belief of a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March. Writing, not inappropriately under the heading 'Musings without Method,' he attacked, not too politely, both the principles for which the Union stands, and its chief supporters. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Angell must have been sorry to realise that they are not only discredited but discreditable too. It was even suggested that—without of course being in the least aware of it—German gold is finding its way into the Treasurer's trouser-pocket!

"Now all these middle-aged patriots—for I would like to make every possible excuse for them—have evidently no knowledge whatsoever of the younger generation. Their falling hair would fall out faster still, and yet more rapidly turn white, if they knew how closely in sympathy with the U.D.C. are many of the 'brave young men who are offering their lives for their country, etc.' They little realise that the ideals which they are so inclined to call 'pro-German' are the very ideals which stimulate many who are now for the time being in His Majesty's fighting forces, into a self-sacrifice which they are only too glad to make. I am absolutely certain that hundreds of those who are now in France, or who are preparing to be sent there, would, had they time or opportunity, express themselves in general agreement with the policy, and entirely in sympathy with the ideals of the U.D.C. The younger generation, both of officers and men,

is fighting not for England only, but for Germany and the World as well. It is convinced that militarism is a curse: and that a sane democracy, however dimly realisable, would be a blessing. It sees that if, after this war, Europe becomes a camp more completely armed than ever, the sacrifice will have been in vain. It sees that Germany alone can cure her own disease; that she alone can crush her military caste; and that reform, to be more than outward, must come from within. And yet those of this younger generation who have the time or opportunity may read appeals, uttered vehemently in their own name, that the nauseating chatter of all who hold such views should cease forthwith. They see the very men who, in the face of everything, are standing up for what they care for most, accused not only of treachery to England, but also of disloyalty to 'the young men who do the fighting while these pro-Germans here at home fatuously wield their pens'—or words to that effect. It is in the hope that in Cambridge, at all events, this latter accusation may be flung with a little less effect that I am writing this letter to you now.

"To many of us, I am sure—for I can judge of others by myself, the greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences and has let them loose upon the world. The city editors, the retired majors, the amazons, and last, but I fear not least, the Venerable Archdeacons, have never been so free from contradiction. Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world, and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us—permanently or temporarily as the case may be.

Meanwhile the old men are having field days on their own. In our name (and for *our sakes* as they pathetically imagine), they are doing their very utmost, it would seem, to perpetuate, by their appeals to hate, intolerance, and revenge, those very follies which have produced the present conflagration. Professor Quiller-Couch surely was not thinking when he said that the older generation need not worry about 'terms of peace,' for youth, not age, will settle all such things. On the contrary, the young men will have no voice at all, except through the scattered older men at home who understand, or who have given them, their ideals. Here lie the makings of a pretty tragedy. Whether it will be staged in all its poignancy depends not on us, for we are tongue-tied now, but upon those who are sure to stay at home.

"Were we but in sympathy with the older generation we should care not a pin for Belgian mud or German bullets. As it is, the older men are apt to fill some of us with indescribable depression, for they will blindly sacrifice, perhaps, not only us, who matter little, but our ideals too, which matter a great deal.

"A TEMPORARY SUBALTERN."[1]

"*May* 2.—Odell and I walked up the Great Ridge Wood. The place is thick with anemones and primroses. Everywhere signs of old Roman and British earthworks. Just now the oxlip will be in full bloom at Hardwick, near Cambridge, and the Pasque anemone on the Devil's Dyke. Rupert Brooke has died at Lemnos.[2]

[1] This letter was issued by the U.D.C. as a fly-sheet. A. W. R. D. *in litt.* 27 May 1916.

[2] 23 April 1915. See p. 168.

Ralph Evans[1] is missing. I enjoyed running my platoon more than I could have believed it possible. Now, supernumerary idleness. The men are splendid and convince me more and more that we are all exactly the same, and that one so-called class is as good as another."

To G. K. M. Butler

"*4th May* 1915.

"I was delighted to get your postcard and to hear that Nevile's[2] lot continues to be at least fair to moderate. Funnily enough the same post brought me the enclosed from Forbes—so our three hearts are still in the Highlands. God—for a day at Clunie Bridge or Kinlochewe! I should desert for a certainty—only to be recaptured and tried by courts martial. You say nothing about impending departure, and so I presume that only the first regiment is on the point of leaving, and yet I always gathered that yours was the more skilful of the two.

"A letter in these days is most lamentably apt to become a mere lament. But one cannot pass on in silence when so many who mean life itself to us are going, one by one. I've had several hard knocks of late, just as has everyone else. George Davies' death was somehow particularly sad: and of course Rupert Brooke is a real loss to the whole English-speaking race. He has had an amazing recognition—but no more than his promise and achievement merited.

[1] Lieut. R. du B. Evans, R.F.C., Winchester and Pembroke College, Cambridge. A prisoner in Germany for nine months, afterwards exchanged. See pp. 182–9.

[2] His brother, Nevile Montagu Butler, prisoner in Berlin.

"If you look in this last Saturday's *C. Magazine* you will find Dennis [1] and me ranged side by side against the older generation. The outrageous A—— and the daily press at the time of Lyttelton's sermon stimulated me into the effusion: and evidently Dennis has been irritated too.

"It's a strange world and appallingly complex, and I believe, after all, that a permanent visit to the Continent would solve many of life's problems!

"Let me hear of you from time to time, and greet the brethren in the Scottish Horse."

"*May* 9.—Lowes Dickinson knows the younger generation.[2] He knows they are determined to believe in the impossible to the bitter end, and he knows how deeply many of them feel about the issues of this war. Such writers are not the cowards, the pro-Germans of this country. All of them know that Germany must not be allowed to win at any cost.

"James Gammell [3] again wounded. Penrose [4] missing. In those who survive, the ardour will be quickened and deepened. They will be responsible, no longer, to themselves alone but to the memory of their friends as well.

"I have been put in charge of B Company Scouts, teaching eight intelligent youths the art of crawling. The sort of job I like and can do with some degree of confidence.

[1] Some verses by Dennis Holme Robertson, Fellow of Trinity, had appeared on the same page as the letter printed on p. 105.

[2] His pamphlet, *After the War*, had been published by Mr. Fifield on 18 March.

[3] J. A. H. Gammell, Winchester and Pembroke College, Captain, R.A., M.C., D.S.O.

[4] E. J. M'N. Penrose (Haileybury and Trinity), Captain, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

"The Germans having used asphyxiating gases, are we justified in doing so too?[1]

"*May* 13.—I've been up to town for the long-postponed consummation of poor old Parka.[2] I stayed the night with Eddie Marsh at Gray's Inn.

"*May* 16.—It is really a wonderful sight to watch a brigade attacking up a valley-side—surging forward, scattering out, re-collecting, and controlled by inaudible commands.

"*May* 19.—One more of the dreaded things has come—Gilbert has died of wounds.[3] I shall never forget those weeks at Birkedal. I loved Gilbert with all my heart, and life seemed entirely beautiful, and indeed it was. It was the end of my boyhood too, I think, and all contributed to make it the happiest time of all my life.

"*May* 30.—A thoroughly unsatisfactory (and wholly unspiritual) church parade. For me Great Ridge Wood, the Grampians, Birkedal, the sea—in comparison to which most holy places are mere ornamental barracks. I am quite certain what God is *not*: but that does not carry one very far.

"*June* 8.—A week-end in Tabland has come and gone."

To C. K. Ogden

"*8th June* 1915.

"I am very gratified to think that my whack at the old dodderers has been of some use, and

[1] His doubts were settled by 16 May.

[2] "On *Parka decipiens* Fleming." By George Hickling, D.Sc., F.G.S., and Archibald W. R. Don, B.A., F.G.S.

[3] Lieut. Gilbert Robert Mitchell-Innes, born 27 February 1895. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst. 19th (Queen Alexandra's Own) Royal Hussars. Wounded near Ypres 13 May, and died 15 May 1915. He was Archie's second cousin. They were in Norway together in August 1910.

may be of more. Lowes Dickinson may do what he likes with it—for I would do anything I could for the writer of that glorious passage in *After the War*—so extraordinarily trustful in itself, and so encouraging to Youth to go on soldiering to the end, in the impossible. Besides, the younger generation owes to these men who are fighting the very formidable Maxse, Northcliffe coalition all the support it can give. For undoubtedly as weeks go by, and the feelings stirred up by this war become more and more bitter and uncompromisingly brutal—those who still dare to be balanced and Christian (in the best sense), and who still insist upon the essential nobility of Mankind, and the possibility of international tolerance, will be abused and insulted more and more. But if they know that they have the support—and indeed almost the affection—of the younger men behind them, it may make it still more worth attempting."[1]

"*June* 17.—Denis[2] has been killed. So there is yet another of them gone. Oh, it is so hard to believe that all these are gone, and that their promise can never be fulfilled. No one can ever know how glorious they all were—Mike, George Davies, Gilbert, Seedy Lawrence,[3] Geoff Hopley,[4] Rupert Brooke, Denis. It is incredible that there ever were such as them before. And yet, thank

[1] This paragraph was printed in *The Cambridge Magazine* of 3 March 1917.

[2] W. C. Denis-Browne. See pp. 45 and 168. A gifted musician. Archie adds, "Denis would have gone far," and describes his playing of the pianoforte as "quite masterly."

[3] C. H. Lawrence, Trinity College, 2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles. Killed 19 October 1914.

[4] G. W. V. Hopley, Trinity College, 2nd Lieut., Grenadier Guards. Died of wounds 12 May 1915.

Heaven, there are many left and thousands still unborn.

"*June* 22.—We are in our trenches doing a twenty-four-hour occupation. I'm thoroughly enjoying it. I'm always happy when I have the running of the platoon.

"*June* 26.—A jolly afternoon with Manny, and an evening at Frome. We walked right through that amazing Longleat country and saw the house too.[1] Some glorious tapestries. The library, moreover, is full of treasures, Caxtons (including the Receuil de Troy) and Wynkyn de Wordes. The flowers were splendidly arranged. One or two huge vases of larkspur and beech leaves; and a bowl of pink carnations against a dusty background of soft katminty mauve. After seeing so little of flowers all this year they knock one over when they come again."

To G. K. M. Butler

"30*th June* 1915.

"You're one up! For I was on the very brink of writing to you and in the very same identical strain. In fact, had your post card come by even a later post to-day I should have fired off my reminder of blessed days, lost awhile—and we should have had the satisfaction of having crossed each other's thoughts and letters. As a matter of fact, I *was* thinking last night of little else—of that haircutting at Keswick, of that station meal at Carlisle, of the morning mists up by Tyndrum, and that peculiarly uncomfortable waiting-room at Oban—and of all the minor horrors and major joys which made it so red-

[1] Longleat. A letter contains a long description of their visit.

lettered. Just now (10 a.m., Tuesday), a year ago, we were somewhere off Ardnamurchan in driving rain, which somehow, after all these weeks of sunshine, seems so refreshingly cool to think about. And then this evening we'll remember that break in the sky as we approached Portree, and the final evening lights as we steamed over to Gairloch.

"As a matter of fact, I've been going over those glorious days in my mind all this last week. For Manny Forbes has been here, and we had a long walk on Saturday; and naturally we went over all those days together again and thought of you and longed for its someday repetition. And the very post this half-hour back which brought your post card brought a letter from him too—and another from Salter mentioning your visit to him in Tabland ten days ago. So who shall deny telepathy!

"I long for our maps and a big and polished floor to lie upon, and you there, and Manny, to go all through those hills again. It's all as vivid as could be: even the memory of one's sensations is still clear. I shall live that jolly old tramp all over again these next ten days. And don't forget that bathe at Strome Ferry, and that other in the canal-like river next day. I forget its unessential name. And at Clunie [1] that glorious rockbound pool in the evening sun—it makes me want to shriek. I feel as Rupert B. must have felt at the Café der Westens when the call of his Grantchester came overwhelmingly upon him; but instead of German Jews one has a platoon preparing for a kit inspection, and the rigour of military law preventing all escape!

"Nevertheless, no tyro can steal away the memory; and I shall go wandering those hills

[1] With M. D. Forbes. See pp. 109 and 142.

again with you, many a time, be it Flanders, Gallipoli, or Tartary that awaits me.

"Love to all of them, and tell that Ker[1] that not even yet has he told me of my debt to him. I saw Tabland and Winstanley not so long ago, and a goodish photo of Francis,[2] and a baddish one of Jim."[3]

"*July* 3—OXFORD.—I am still warm from a furious discussion with Joseph[4] on the everlasting topic—Peace.

"*July* 8—TEALING.—Bay[5] has been killed in action. These last few days I have been thinking of him constantly: first at Oxford, whence I wrote to him, for Oxford means Bay to me very largely. Then at Gray's Inn I was looking at old letters, and re-read all his. It is hard to be losing one by one all these irreparable friends. It has been a day such as Bay delighted in, and that at first made it harder. Great clouds and blue tracts moving and changing, and the hills alive with sun and shadow. From Craig Owl the hills were quite amazingly soft and clear. And a big wind helped to make it perfect. Thank goodness he had hills and sky and flowers and things in Gallipoli. He wrote about it all quite happily when last they heard, and he had had one of my letters, which is a sort of comfort.

"*July* 13—WINCHESTER.—The Second Army is moving off. Oh for a platoon! As Roger[6] says—'the War Office's sole attempt at the

[1] N. K. Campbell, Trinity.
[2] Lord Doune.
[3] J. R. M. Butler.
[4] H. W. B. Joseph, Fellow of New College.
[5] Bay Balfour. Killed at Krithna. See p. 13.
[6] Roger W. Watson, Horris Hill, Winchester, and King's College. Killed 31 July.

adaptable and beautiful.' I went down to Gunner's Hole and bathed.[1]

"*July* 18—SUTTON VENY.—Over to Lark Hill to see Frank Salter, and find that his Division is just off.

"*July* 24 (3 a.m.).—I'm just in bed again after turning out the guard. I always rather enjoy waking and going out into the silent camp. The dawn is coming and a cock has just proclaimed that the day is coming, with a strident outburst.

"*August* 4.—In an hour's time we shall have been at war with Germany for a year. And Roger is the last of the losses that this year has brought. If it were not miserably true, this killing off of all I hold most dear in life would seem incredible: it is like the procession of catastrophe in some ill-written novel. But here it is unrealisably true—George, Mike, Gilbert, Bay, Roger,—besides all the others, Denis, Seedy Lawrence, Ned Penrose,[2] young Tuts,[3] Toddy Leitch,[4] and dozens more, who meant some more, some less, but all together very much to me. Indeed, I have been blessed, 'proudly friended,' and my chief joy in life has been in them, and come to me through them. Has the world really always been so wonderfully peopled? Can it ever be again? In this war Roger had become in a sense sublime: his letters have been quite amazing. Next to Gilbert's I have seen no letters so happy from the front. Some day, if I live—I hardly even hope to nowadays—I will collect some of all these letters; between them

[1] A letter of 19 July contains a long description of Winchester as he saw it then.

[2] See p. 110.

[3] Not identified.

[4] V. B. Leitch, Winchester, 2nd Lieut., King's Liverpool Regiment.

they will ring of England at her very most wonderfully best. Gilbert's in their simple joy of life, George's whimsical and delicately humorous and manly, Roger's in parts sheer poetry. I wish that I could feel *sure* that I shall ever see and speak to them again.

"To-day I have been over at Boyton."

To his Mother

"*August* 5.—In my short life I have loved the living of it chiefly because of all these friends. The loss of Bay has sered me for all that may come after."

"*August* 7—CAMBRIDGE.—Under Benson's[1] kindly roof. A jolly talk in the old room.

"*August* 8—SUTTON VENY.—It gives me joy to know that in these sorrows others are drawn closer to me, and that these delightful lives have not been wasted if they have made us all a little less of a waste.

"The whole world, it seems to me, is pregnant of the greatest possibilities, and it is these dead who have made it so. We must not mope over them: rather see to it that our loins are girt."[2]

Lines by A. W. R. D.

How shall we mourn these Dead, so rich in dying:
—Why shall we weep—who living were so fair?
Singing they went through life, shall we go sighing?
Smiling to Death—can we not also dare?

[1] The Master of Magdalene.

[2] These two paragraphs are from a letter to Miss Hill, and are followed by the verses. The verses are in the Diary. They have already appeared in *The Cambridge Review* of 15 November 1916.

An extract from his brother Robin's letter of 25 October 1916 throws some light upon these verses. They are the only ones apparently that he ever wrote.

"The night he wrote them he read them to me in our hut at Sutton Veny, and we had a long talk about them and about the thoughts which they express—the inspiration which we draw from the glorious Dead.

"I remember he thought them tame and cold, but they seem to me to express simply and naturally one of the great lessons of this war, one of the vital thoughts whose proper realisation will bring with it that uplifting and ennobling of the world at large, which is the fruit which must spring up in the future from ground so consecrated by all that is best of our manhood. It is by keeping 'the rich dead' and all they lived and died for steadily and courageously in mind that we are going to make the sacrifice of their lives really worth while."

"Why on earth are we poor mortals so often moved to *verse* when our pent-up feelings long for some expression! God! I'd give a penny or two to write a line of poetry."

To A. C. Benson

"15*th August* 1915.

"You may have wondered why I have not written since I left you a week ago and departed in my waggonette down Bridge Street. The fact is, that all this week we have been overwhelmed in musketry: on alternate days we fire furiously, and every fourth we start at sunrise, which is pretty abominable in this weather.

But they seem to think it necessary. However, one cannot help feeling it a bit ridiculous that after months and months of marking time we should now be rushed through our firing at such high pressure. The War Office is one of the things I shall never and do not much wish to understand!

"I don't think I was ever in so slow a vehicle in Cambridge as that barouche the other day. We *crawled.* And in the end I could bear it no longer and hailed a passing taxi. It's rather humiliating to think that the passion for pace has become so rooted in us, and that we Georgians can only with difficulty put up with one horse-power vehicles!

"How much I wish I could come and spend a week at the Old Lodge I cannot tell you. But you need have little fear: the immediate future seems to offer no vestige of a chance of it. But I'm sure I could make myself sufficiently scarce at the right hours not to get in your way! It must wait: and just be one of the things to hope for if I survive this old war.

"I had a peculiar job this morning which I can't resist describing. I'm 'Acting Adjutant' at present, and in my superior's absence I had to promulgate a court-martial sentence. With a sword dangling I paraded the battalion with the hatless prisoner alongside me. Then loud and impressively I proceeded to describe the catalogue of the fellow's crimes, concluding that the prisoner called his superior officer (a Sergeant) a 'white-faced devil'! and threatened 'to squash his face soft' rather than obey his orders—all this at the top of my voice to about eight hundred men—a peculiar sort of affair altogether. And I felt so sorry for the man—now on his way to Wormwood Scrubbs for forty-two days' hard

—drink being at the bottom of the whole thing, and himself really an excellent sort of fellow, full of wit and good nature. I'm undoubtedly far too soft-hearted for a soldier or a judge: punishment always seems so futile and unfair; it is *always* someone else's fault! But no more now."

"*August* 17.—François is off, and presumably Jim and Gordon and Francis and Ker as well. Their destination is unknown.

"*August* 24.—A platoon is mine."

To A. C. Benson

"*27th August.*

"I return *Father and Son*,[1] and have read it with the very greatest interest. It seems to me a very valuable record—and I would have all the evangelically inclined—whatever their Sect or pet Society—read it diligently! 'Every parent should perusé it, every priest possess it. It cures all vices; and combines the entertainment of the novel with the solid instruction of the handbook.'—Thus the panacea-monger.

"But seriously, thank you much for having lent and made me read this book. However remote the extravagant rigidity of Edmund Gosse's youth may be from mine or my contemporaries, yet from beginning to end I am reminded of little incidents and early feelings of my own—the horror of conversation about God when God only seemed to be a monstrously powerful Father Christmas—without the Gifts! —the boredom of Sunday with its inexplicable dullness. But I suppose if in youth we had all trodden rose leaves only, the trenches would seem even nastier than they probably will!

[1] By Edmund Gosse.

"For us the mole life is not far off now. I have got my platoon, at this eleventh hour, and rejoice greatly. We are off on or about the 10th September, and I am away north to-day for a few days at home. A change of scenery at last—Flanders almost certainly.

"I heard from Frank Salter a few days ago. I hope it's no worse than he declares. How idiotically strange it is! Fancy him out, and wounded: probably by some Teuton Democrat like himself."

"*August* 28—TEALING.—To-night C and D Companies are scattered all over Scotland, and Number Nine are some of them at Huntly and Craigellachie, others at Roxburgh and Galashiels, but most in those unattractive suburbs of Glasgow—Motherwell, Holytown, Coatbridge, etc. A wander on the moor this afternoon.

"*September* 3—SUTTON VENY.—The last lap of home training."

To Miss Nancy Daniell

"*9th September* 1915.

"I'm delighted to hear that you are going in for, in a way, the best job in the world. I long and hope for the day when I shall be back with scalpel and stethoscope. This war is going to break the silly prejudices against women doctors. There are aspects of medicine and psychology which offer the women a field to which men, through their very masculinity, have little access except in the rarest cases. Fire ahead, and beat the men at their own jobs if necessary, in order to prove that a woman need not be second class all round." [1]

[1] Miss Daniell adds a note: "The rest of his ideas on the

To his Mother

"*September* 11.—I hope you noticed Dennis Robertson's letter [1] in to-day's *Times*."

September 12.—(A long letter on the Labour problem.)

"*September* 17.—All the transports left this afternoon.

"*September* 18.—Send me not so much topical things by way of literature, but the *Studio* and the *Lancet*. I shall not worry about politics in the trenches. My latest joy is a periscope which I have painted all the colours of the rainbow, and thus rendered it quite difficult to distinguish from a lizard or a tulip at fifty yards.

"Love to my dearest Mother and Dad. It is hopeless to try to say things that can't be put in words."

September 19.—(His last letter to his father, dated 1.0 p.m., ends with a ridiculous thumbnail sketch of himself in full kit.)

"We left Sutton Veny at 2.30, and were on board about 9.30. We are hung up. At 10.0 we were in the train again.

"*September* 20—SHORNCLIFFE CAMP.—8.0 p.m. We march off. The crossing was short and uneventful: I lay asleep in my life-belt.

subject are embodied in the book which he sent me from Malta just before he died, namely, *Pioneer Work in opening the Medical Profession to Women* (Autobiographical Sketches. 1895), by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to do medicine at all. The book was sent in answer to a letter of mine asking his opinion on the subject of admitting women medical students to the London schools, and on mixed education. There was not any doubt of his feelings. He underlined various passages showing Dr. Blackwell's extraordinary influence on the very rowdy set of students and how she regarded it."

[1] On Compulsory Service. Mr. D. H. Robertson, Fellow of Trinity, and Archie were very intimate during his last year in Cambridge.

At midnight we were in ——, and an hour later had climbed the hill and reached our rest camp.

"*September* 21—FRANCE.—Down the hill again to the old familiar station road—where eleven months ago I wandered uselessly and discontented. 2.0 p.m. The whole battalion in the train, approaching Amiens. Detrained at Saleux, and marched to Bougainville. Two almost sleepless nights, a train journey, and then not a yard less than sixteen miles.

"*September* 22.—I was sufficiently tired to let a lodging go by the board. I couldn't be bothered to find it. M'Laren[1] and I just plumped our valises down on the grass and were inside them and asleep in ten minutes.

"*September* 25—VILLERS-BRETTONEUX.—Ready to move off at any moment.

"*September* 26.—Not more than five parades."

To A. C. Benson

"26*th September* 1915.

"This just to tell you I am 'out,' and exceedingly pleased with the present phase of life. Mark you, I'm in billets, and eating French omelette, and looking after contented men in lofts and barns. But, for all that, I can't help suspecting that when once away from the reflection of this war, and sufficiently close up to be within the 'focal length' of the real thing, much of its idiocy and folly becomes indiscernible, and the strange masculine instincts in us make us find a satisfaction in the job. But I won't start on a harangue, for this is only by way of greeting.

"A letter would be a great delight. I shall think of you writing it, with the note-paper all

[1] H. A. F. M'Laren, 10th Battalion Black Watch.

skew-eyed and a wooden cigarette-holder once more at work on its destructive function! Please don't write correctly east and west out of sheer cussedness when you are answering: nor fail to drop a little ash while closing up the envelope.

"As my men all say, I hope this finds you in good health, as it leaves me in the pink—a jolly formula, don't you think so!"

"*September* 29—PROYART.—Into billets."

To the Head Master of Winchester

"1*st October* 1915.

"I would give much to see more Wykehamists becoming doctors. It is a glorious profession, and no one is half good enough for it.

"We are only now getting near things. Two companies are now in the reserve trenches, and my lot go up to-morrow. The men are the great joy in this life, infinitely keen and interested, and gloriously healthy!

"Winton and all of you are always in a Wykehamist's thoughts. I often wonder what makes Winton what it is to us. Or is it *who*?"

"*October* 3.—In the trenches. It's a rum life—futile, needless to say.

"*October* 5—VILLERS-BRETTONEUX.—Twelve miles back from the trenches after our forty-eight hours."

To G. H. Blore, Esq.

"*7th October* 1915.

"It was delightful to get your letter: those official postcards are wonderfully fruitful things—producing eight sides out of a signature and a date. No, I have not been in this show, nor near it. Everything is quiet enough just here, only the usual sniping, dogging, and periodic

'hating.' We had our first couple of days a few days ago: a very mild affair to an old campaigner, but quite full of incidents for all that.

"I like to hear of Winton and Chawker's.[1] I know all those preffies[2] from having been down recently: and *did* find them 'friendly and very decent.' Why do they make the School drill! While the poor wretches *needn't* do it, why create the necessity? How I used to hate Rifle Corps! Drill is only just bearable in a real live battalion. But in peace time, at the age of seventeen, and in view of Hills——! Physical Drill I'm all for: I should like to see everyone do it everywhere every morning. In the Tube on the Waterloo and City railway; on the way to morning lines; and certainly for pale curates on their way to matins! But I am beginning to 'blither'! I'll write again. Greetings to everyone. I'm sorry about James Fort.[3] I always loved him more since he kicked me into David's classroom for ragging with one of his men on my way up to books!"

"*October* 12—CHIPILLY.—Left our billets and marched here.

"*October* 13—BRAY.—To-morrow into the trenches for the first time as a battalion.

"*October* 14.—Trenches for seventy-two hours.[4]

"*October* 17 *to* 21—BRAY.—T. W. Pym[5] an oasis to officers and men. Trenches. (A long descriptive letter—'This twentieth-century super-joke.')

[1] Southgate House. [2] Prefects.

[3] James Alfred Fort, M.A, followed Mr. Toye (see p. 90) at B House from 1899 to 1911, when he was succeeded by Mr. Aris. He was Second Master 1911–1915.

[4] These were the trenches which overlooked Fricourt and Mametz, taken by us in the first rush of the battle of the Somme.

[5] The Rev. T. W. Pym, Chaplain of Trinity.

"*October* 21 *to* 24.—Trenches again. I have been enjoying these last three days.

"*October* 24 *to* 26.—BRAY again, with constant fatigues in the firing line and behind it.

"*October* 27.—To Chipilly.

"*October* 28.—With fifty men a long fatigue to the 'Citadel,' eight miles and six hours' work, and not back at Chipilly till 11.30 p.m.

"*October* 29—CHIPILLY.—To Cardonnette, north of Amiens.

"*November* 1.—Mazzini's *Essays*.

"*November* 2.—Dr. John Brown's *Marjorie Fleming*. Twenty miles from the trenches.

"*November* 8.—We are off. Our company gramophone, which the men enjoy no end, is smuggled in as 'bombs.'

"*November* 9—AMIENS.—We entrained 3.25.

"*November* 12—MARSEILLES.—We reached here at 2 p.m., and so pretty well forty-eight hours on board. Most of the subalterns were in trucks, and remarkably comfortable in our valises on straw. I never slept better in a train. We have left, packed like herrings.

"*November* 13—H.M.S. *Magnificent*.—We have been at sea nearly twenty-four hours, and at this moment are passing between Corsica and Elba."

To G. H. Blore, Esq.

"16*th November* 1915.

"Yours was the last letter that reached me before leaving France. In fact, I was not in France even then: for the quarter-deck of a British battleship was below my feet and the white ensign just above me. I write this on the fourth day of our voyage: the sun is setting rather sombrely, and there is every sign of a more

breezy night after a calm and balmy day—which incidentally we have thoroughly enjoyed, for our first seventy-two hours were not too calm. However, there are compensations in most things, and a slightly rougher sea makes the submarine's job all the harder. Where we now are only yesterday a boat was sunk, and altogether the submarine menace has coloured all the voyage, and not too pleasantly, for it has taken all us subalterns out of our bunks every six hours, to scan the waters for periscopes. You can picture me in a duffle coat or oilskins pacing the after-bridge like any captain, and talking unconcernedly port and starboard, beam, fore and aft!

"I often think of Bay as we steam along through these Mediterranean waters where he passed too six months ago. It is very hard to believe, and hard to know, that peace will not bring him back to us from some corner of the earth. In fact, though one longs for the day when peace shall be possible, it will only be then that we shall realise that there has been a war, and that much of what made life so good has gone out of it."

"*November* 18—ALEXANDRIA.—Encamped on the sea-front east of the Metropole Hotel, four miles along the shore."

To the Master of Magdalene

"19*th November* 1915.

"A line I must send at once, for the news of your election,[1] though neither surprising to me nor perhaps so very exciting an event for you, demands a letter. I saw the fact announced in

[1] To the Mastership of Magdalene. Dr. Donaldson had died on 29 October.

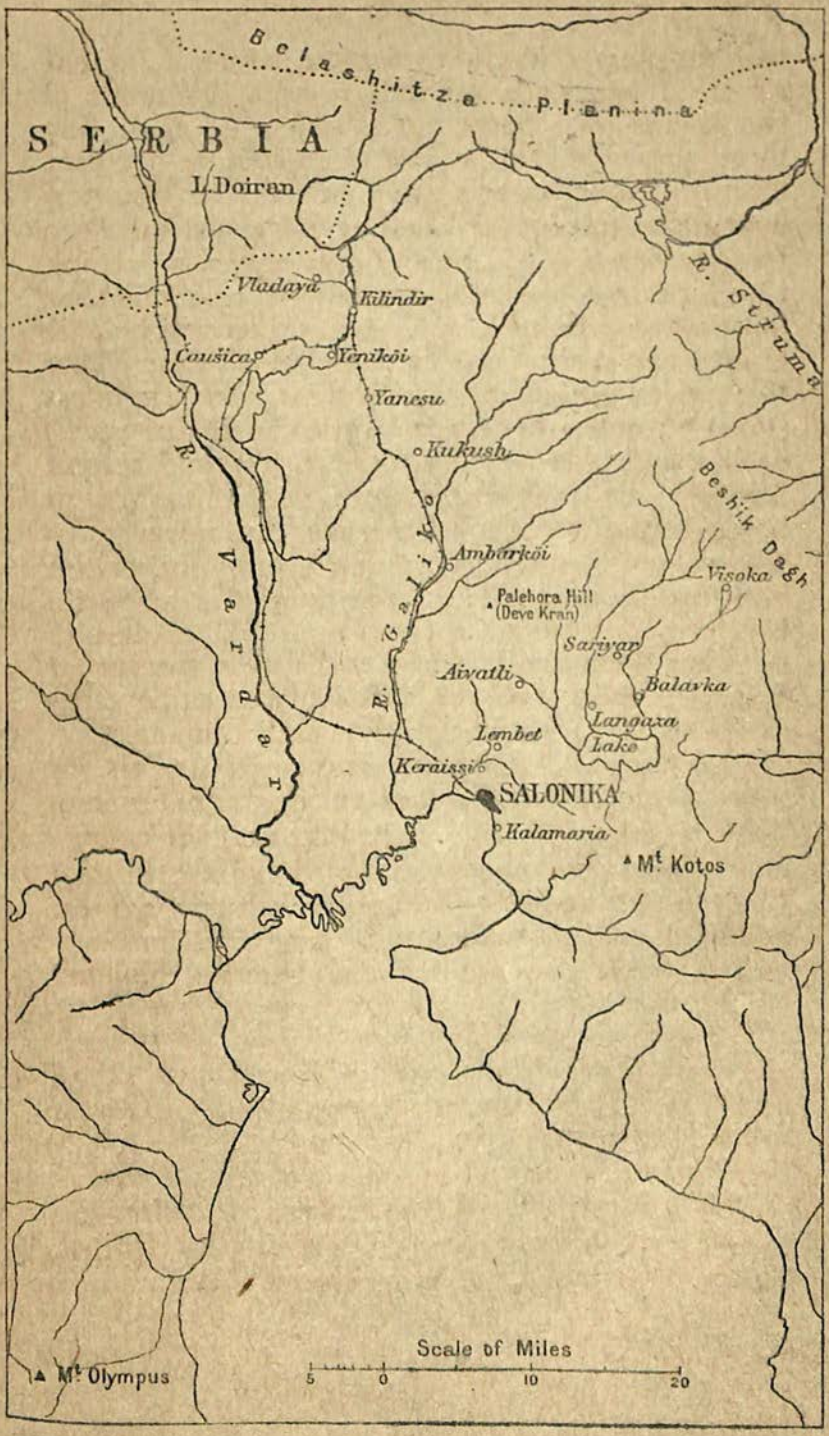
this morning's *Egyptian Gazette*, which I bought for no doubt twice its value—being ignorant of the nickel of these parts—from a small boy most gorgeously attired, and read it in my tent after my first night's sleep in this, to me, new continent, and before I had even washed the sleep from my eyes. My one and only regret is to think that circumstances may compel you to live in that ugly Lodge, though I have hopes you will be able to arrange to stay where you are. I hate either to think of you even within an *exterior* of ugliness (for I've never penetrated into the Lodge itself) or in fact anywhere else but in your old rooms. And especially in these days, when we are all being hurled over the earth's face and never know where some omnipotent official in a brass hat and scarlet band will send one next, it is delightful to think of things as they used to be, and to hope for them again. And so I like to think that I shall perhaps see you again in the same place as before, even though no longer President.

"After two months in France we are on our way to some unknown destination. This cosmopolitan place is vastly interesting, and the colouring both of the *shadows*, which have a brilliance I never saw the like of except in Italy perhaps, and of the native garments is quite a fascination.

"I shall return some day and see all this land at leisure."

"I do long to abscond and to go and see all those coffins and things farther south." (A letter to his mother on his impressions.)

"*November* 20.—Re-embarked for Salonika; passed west of Crete, and up past Cithera, Hydra, Gulf of Athens, Skyros, Mount Athos, and Olympus."


Belashitza Planina
SERBIA
L. Doiran
Vladaya
Kilindir
Gouśica
Yenikôi
Yanesu
Kukush
R. Vardar
R. Galiko
R. Struma
Beshik Dagh
Ambarkôi
Visoka
Palehora Hill
(Deve Kran)
Sariyar
Aivatli
Balavka
Langaza
Lake
Lembet
Keraissi
SALONIKA
Kalamaria
Mt. Kotos
Mt. Olympus
Scale of Miles
5 0 10 20

To his Mother

"*23rd November* 1915.

"It is seven o'clock and first dinner is being consumed, with relish, by thirty who ate very much less heartily last night. After a stormy yesterday and a very windy night, we have entered calmer waters. The wind is down but colder, and even now it is not the weather one expects around the Isles of Greece. Sappho would have done her loving under cover on a day like this, and chucked singing altogether! But the sun has gone with a glow, as perhaps at this moment it is setting by Craig Owl. Here it has silhouetted the hills which look down on Athens and Salamis Bay, and Hydra looked black to the south.

"All day we have been within sight of islands and mainland—and in the mists the colouring was like our own west coast. This might have been a MacBrayne paddle boat passing Jura and Mull or Applecross. On a summer day its parched and treeless slopes would have dispelled the illusion. But to-day it has been Scotland.

"There is something rather wonderful to be steaming through these waters—to pass islands and round headlands which have been seen and known by other expeditions setting out for Troy and Sicily, or sighted by invading Persians before their defeat. But I feel shamefully ignorant of all that history. Why, oh why, should an inability to tackle Greek grammar carry with it, as it almost inevitably does, an ignorance of Greek mythology and literature and history? Think of all those hours spent on Greek irregular verbs, and Greek declensions, learning that the plural of Zeus was διος or some such rot—perhaps I didn't even learn that!—

when there was the teaching of Sophocles and the speeches of Pericles to be read, and Thucydides. I know nothing of all this priceless stuff—just because I could not get on with the declension of some word meaning pepper or mustard, and had no memory for the past pluperfect subjunctive of the verb 'to punish.' There is something wrong! Probably among us officers there are not three (out of sixty), who know even vaguely why Salamis was fought. Even Robin has no notion of its date. Most of us will look to-morrow night with some interest on Mount Olympus—but really I don't know why we should. Pelion and Ossa seem familiar—one, I know, was to have been piled upon the other; but why, and when, and by whom I simply do not know. My knowledge of mythology is run dry after half a tap's turn. And yet we have between us probably spent some 300 years on Greek verbs and adjectives and silly nouns, and have even tried to write Greek in *verse*. Some day I suppose the ruling race in Nicaragua will set their sons and daughters on to the study of English and the British Empire. They will write Sonnets in the Shakespearean manner, and pass hours of day and night on the contemplation of our spelling, and will forget to mention Cromwell and Pitt, will never think of reading *Hamlet* or *Richard Feverel*. The history of our rule in Egypt, India, the rise of English freedom—all will be forgotten in some footling fuss over grammar. But enough! that the sight of an odd island or two and a stretch of water should have started this tirade is what the physiologist would call a 'tetanic response to a simple stimulus'—titanic, if you prefer it. The necessity of food will stop it, and after that a submarine watch on the after-bridge will cool my indignation!"

To his Mother

"*24th November.*

"Since writing the above we have come more than twelve hours northwards, and are now entering the Gulf of Salonika. I was on watch from six to eight this morning, and saw the sun rise, and bringing up Mount Athos, as it were, with it, looming out of nothing till it stood quite magnificently in palest blue. A little later, as we veered north, the other two points of the Chersonese came between us and it, so that behind was Athos, in the middle distance Longos, and Kassandra nearest. I was even moved to attempt a sketch and use for the first time a silly little paint-box and block I bought in Amiens. Though it will probably be crushed, I send the thing along: it will give your imagination something to go upon to reconstruct the view. The softness of Athos was more than I could tackle, but you will see what a jolly shape it has. I like to think of it standing magnificently there under neither Greek or Turk nor Bulgar mis-rulings—with its quaint monks, and henless farmyards, and cowless pastures—though no doubt there are neither farms nor fields either, only a precipice or two and a dozen caves.

"As for submarines, we shall escape a watery grave now, I hope. During this morning's watch we passed near some islands where yesterday two of them stopped a Greek vessel: and yesterday we sighted one of our own, and almost had the thrill of imagining we were in for a chase."

"*November* 24.—Pelion and Ossa had been disappointing, and somehow I was prepared for a dull Olympus. But what met my eyes was in some ways the most beautiful mountain I ever

saw. Rising apparently almost sheer from the water to 9000 feet, with its lower slopes all mist and shadow, stood Olympus glittering in the first thin snows of winter under a November sun. Every feature was etched out by the snowdrifts, and the tops covered more deeply, and standing in perfection against the sky. Olympus is not half so bad a spot even for Gods to live upon. The Greeks displayed their infallible good taste in billeting their deities in such quarters. But the poor naked immortals must have been very cold in winter."

"*November* 25—SALONIKA, Lembet Camp.—Landed here.

"*December* 3.—Under canvas on a mud slope.

"*December* 4.—It's quite dark now and freezing hard. The sun left a winter's glow all across the west, and the Olympus range was set against it;—and just before the whole bay was aflame with reflected reds and oranges, the ships standing out black against the waters. Masefield's *Multitude and Solitude.*[1] Mazzini's life by King. *Guy and Pauline.*[2]

"*December* 8.—I am reading Dr. Héricourt's *Les frontières de la maladie.*"

December 11.—(A letter to his father on his twenty-fifth and last birthday: a fine letter, full of gratitude expressed. A letter to his mother on the hollowness of a Christmas truce.)

"*December* 14 (6 a.m.).—Yesterday I spent busily upon an oven, thinking of a Christmas turkey. Last night came warning, and we are packing up to be off in a few hours' time. We left early. Thanks to motor lorries, we had our Lembet camp transferred to a vineyard near Aivatli by nightfall.

[1] 1909. [2] By Compton Mackenzie.

"*December* 16.—AIVATLI.—We are entrenching. Work has gone on solidly ever since—digging and more digging. I had a week on quite a good job. There being no map of our area, I was set on doing our Brigade trench map. It meant several jolly days in the hills, and lunch out in the sun, and lots of exercise. I have enjoyed it more than any job since I joined the Army. Some of the colour effects in this valley and upon the hills are really good to look upon.

"*December* 28.—This afternoon we go to billets. I share a room with Anderson.[1]

"*December* 31.—Orderly officer, I had to go round all the billets. An archæological morning. Flint implements in modern use. A mammoth tusk, 9 foot 2 inches.[2] The gravel is semi-glacial."

1916

"*January* 8.—In this place we get only driblets of current news. Mr. Panagiotis Loukis, the maker of prize and incomparable Loukumes de Syra, puts it: 'Thee papers are *al* ly-ars, every one, al ly-ars. What they writ to-day they say is al lys to-murro.'"

January 16.—(Specimens of *Elephas primigenius*, *rhinoceros*, and a curiously pinched and fractured portion of a vein of quartz in a schistose rock, *Augen gneiss*, were dispatched to Professor Hughes this day.[3])

January 23.—(He sends his mother a water-colour sketch of "Kotos after a fall of snow.")

"*January* 28.—Hill digging, and likely to be so next week and the week after.

"*February* 2.—We are making roads where roads were scarce; cleaning and draining villages."

[1] Lieut. P. W. Anderson.

[2] See p. 136.

[3] See next page.

February 8.—(On welfare supervision in factories.[1])

To Professor T. M'Kenny Hughes

"10*th February* 1916.

"It is about time that I sent you what details there are with regard to the tusk we dug up here. (I enclose a hideous-loking diagram to explain how it lay.) A fire bay was being dug on the side of a hill about 150 feet above the level of the plain, which is here not so very high above sea-level. The upper three feet had been dug through softish earth containing pottery chips and odds and ends of bones. Then just above 'fire-step' level began a hard stony gravel. A little over two feet was left, most probably for the fire-step, and behind it the trench was being dug down to the deeper level necessary to afford complete protection. It was while digging out this portion that chunks of a 'hard white stone' were thrown up on to the parapet and attracted the platoon commander's notice (Mr. Drysdale[2]). At lunch-time he brought a bit down to me, and after lunch I went up and found that there were still portions left *in situ* in the fire-step. These were dug out, and proved to be the tip (a bit of which I sent you some weeks ago) and the thick end. We followed the latter until it ended abruptly against a big squared stone which looked to me as if it had been the foundation of an old dwelling. At all events, the tusk went no farther. Of course I never saw it whole, but from the statements of how far it projected out from the margin of the fire-step it was easy to reconstruct its curve. The

[1] Enclosing an extract from *The Lancet* of 22 January 1916 on the point.

[2] Second Lieut. A. O. Drysdale.

tip lay 5 feet 9 inches from the middle of the thick end, and this line (joining the tip to the thick end) was 3 feet 4 inches from the farthest point of the curve. The measurement of the outer curve of the tusk worked out at almost exactly 10 feet.

"The thick end of the tusk and a portion near from the tip which I dug out of the fire-step I am sending to you via a British firm in Salonika. Whether the box will ever arrive is another matter. I would not send it but for the historic interest it may have as having been dug up by the British troops here: if you put it in the Sedgwick, mind you label it as having been dug up by the 10th Battalion the Black Watch, and the place may be described as 'near Aivatli,' eight miles north roughly of Salonika.

"What I want you to tell me is the species, if possible. Can you, from these data, tell whether it is Mammoth (primigenius) or what not? If I were to bet, I should bet on the Mammoth, partly because these gravels round here are largely fluvio-glacial, I am sure. They contain boulders of every conceivable 'highland rock'—schists and jaspers and vein quartz—whereas the hills which separate us here from Salonika are all, so far as I have seen, composed of very highly contorted cleaned and faulted shales. The gravels pitch against them (as is well shown in a gully just behind Brigade Headquarters), and it looks to me as if the pre-glacial surface of these hills is, along its lower slopes, only now beginning to emerge from a thick covering of fluvio-glacial gravels (cp. the Watendlath stream in the Lake District).

"I am eight miles from Thessalonica, and so have no opportunity of associating with the

DEVE KRAN

20 February 1916

[*To face p.* 137

'lewd and base fellows' who, one knows, frequent it! I am sure St. Paul, if he were to revisit his former haunts, would stick to his phrase. The place is full of base fellows, I'm sure—Spanish Jews largely, and Turks!

"I hope this fragmentary relic reaches the Sedgwick Museum all right, and that I shall some day, not too distant, see it there."[1]

"We had Sub-Lieutenant Professor Gardner[2] of the British School at Athens here yesterday, very much interested in our pottery discoveries."

"*February* 10.—Cosily in a flea-bag once more, after a pleasant day as Orderly Dog. I've been reading Ian Hay's *First Hundred Thousand*.

"*February* 18.—Yesterday it was so hot that we were all beginning to contemplate thin shirts again and the return of summer. To-day it is bitterly cold. Snow on all the hills and a high wind.

"*February* 20.—Robin and I went to the top of 'Palehora Hill'—Deve Kran—to-day and got a wonderful view.[3] South to Olympus more beautiful than ever and deep in snow. West to the hills beyond Vardar. North to the long snowy ridge of the Belashitza. And eastwards we could see the high peaks of the mountains lying beyond the Struma valley. Besides that, our defensive position from Langaza to the Galiko was laid out before us."[4]

[1] The remains of the tusk, with Archie's letter, are now exhibited in the Sedgwick Museum at Cambridge.

[2] E. A. Gardner.

[3] It was on this occasion that the photograph was taken here reproduced. Archie's head is in line with Lake Doiran.

[4] Here follow two sketches in blue pencil.

To his brother, the Rev. A. C. Don

"22*nd February* 1916.

"Don't envy us. It seems daily more clear that there is more important work to be done at home. We are out to capture men's bodies, a very material game; but at home there are hearts to be captured, which is twice as difficult and ten times more worth doing. It is far harder to persuade mankind to love each other in spite of mutual antipathies than to persuade them to die valiantly in battle. They will do that without much real difficulty, in spite of themselves.

"An article in *The Round Table* for December sums the whole thing up, with moderation and foresight. It is all vastly complex, this Future to which we look out, but if we have faith in anything we can attempt to press on to solution."

February 23.—(An expedition to Salonika.)

"*February* 27.—We have had to-day, in perfect weather, a most successful 'sports meeting'—racing, piping, tug-of-war, etc. There is no other 'front' where one would have a sanded track and hurdles, and tea served in a marquee three hundred yards in front of the front line trenches. We (the 10th B.W.) did well, and beat the Argylls[1] in most events. Sisters and nurses from the Scottish Women's Hospital relieved the scene of masculine monotony.

"*March* 4.—A lovely day. The spring is begun, and the plum trees are in blossom along the trenches. We have found several clay statuettes[2] and some copper gilt, and beads. Also numerous 'knuckle bones,' quite evidently

[1] 12th Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

[2] He made four careful water-colour sketches of these.

the set used by some ancient exponent of that most ancient of games. The whole thing was 2½ feet below the surface. A new book by Dr. Keith on the Antiquity of Man.[1] (A long letter on the Baralong and King Stephen case.)

"*March* 9.—An awful night, wetter than any since we came here. Rivers are tearing down the streets, scouring out all the accumulated filth and doing a little of the street sanitation which the villagers are too lazy to do for themselves.

"*March* 10.—The *Byzantine Empire*[2] and Roger Watson's *Poems*.

"*March* 14.—The dog roses are in leaf, plums and cherries in full blossom."

To Miss Brita Soneson

"19*th March* 1916.

"I am delighted to hear that you are keeping the Pelican and Lilies[3] alive. If this confounded war crushed out all but the apparently essential trades it will do more harm than is even already inevitable. If there is any need for a subscription please let me know.

"You would be interested in the handlooms of this village, and enjoy their gay cloths and aprons of many colours. They make several effective bodice and skirt materials—one in stripes of dark blue and green is most effective—and a jolly shot blue and red reminded me of some of your own cloths.

"Everything is as primitive as possible. The looms appear to me of quite antediluvian

[1] 1915. [2] By George Finlay.

[3] A weaving establishment in Botolph Lane, Cambridge, presided over by Miss Mary Greene. It is now removed to Harston.

pattern, and though only eight miles from Salonika the destructive influence of Western civilisation has as yet penetrated very little."

"I brought a bundle of lovely peach blossom home for the mess. It makes the room more human."

"*March* 22.—We are moving up on to the hill behind, into 'Watch Kloof,' where we are digging holes below bivvie sheets and are going to be quite happy."

To the Master of Magdalene

"*26th March* 1916.

"It is many a day since last I wrote to you, so although I have next to nothing to tell you I shall at least cover a little paper—if for no better end than the getting of a reply from you —for as you have often pointed out, you are the best *answerer* of letters in the world! The end of March finds us within a few hundred yards of where we were three months ago, but since coming here we have dug a trench or two and tried hard to pretend to believe the Huns were coming. There is no sign of them, I fear; even these recent skirmishes on the frontier are not more than raids. However, a dozen or two Germans have been brought into Salonika, which is cheering; for we sometimes almost forget that there is more than digging to be done out here. A little open fighting would be quite a pleasant change for us.

"*March* 28.—Since writing the above the monotony of our existence has been broken somewhat by an air raid at dawn yesterday, of which by now you have probably heard almost

as many details as have we. But we are cheered to-day by news, which we presume to be true news, that four out of yesterday's raiders have been brought to earth. Here we were able to count seven or eight, but there appear to have been nine at least, plus a Zep. None were, alas! actually brought down here. Three out of the four appear to have been *hit*, but not mortally, so to speak, until, on their way home, they died o' wounds. But the sight of the planes going over, pretty low, in the first streak of dawn, and the flashes of the bursting shrapnel against the darker western sky, was a good one. I stood watching it all for about an hour, from 5 a.m. to 6, in pyjamas and a tunic, while the sunrise—with these black specks against it and the shrapnel clouds—gradually blazed into a glorious crimson. After the war our equivalent of gladiatorial displays will be aerial contests between artillery and aircraft. Criminals and bankrupts will ascend in Taubes and Bristol planes and run the gauntlet. Honestly, I should not be surprised if daring airmen (for a consideration) were only too willing to take the risks. Of one thing one may be sure: it would attract a crowd! For on a fine day, against a blue sky and clouds, or, as we had it yesterday, at dawn, it is a glorious and exhilarating sight.

"I expect you are very busy and full of energy. Are you thinking of publishing your book on religion—for I cannot help hoping that you will do so sooner or later. And even *now* seems a not inappropriate time; for I know that many hearts are turning towards *Something*, but cannot find satisfaction in what the Christian sects can offer. And many, failing to find what they need, fall back sadly into vague uncertainties and disbelief—as I often do my-

self. What you have written in that book points out the path to another not impossible belief. But I will not ramble on. You have lots to do I know (and hope). So (respectfully) let me send my blessings."

"*March* 29.—I'm writing this out in the plain under a blazing sun, with the mingled sound of bleating lambs, croaking frogs, and birds singing with an almost northern zest, making the whole air noisy. There are glorious great clouds, and out here—three miles from our position—there are more trees to give one middle distance and good foregrounds. I have been told to exert the arts and wiles of protective coloration. There are lizards, snakes, tortoises, storks, great flamingoes, and bull frogs."

April 6.—Archie had received a request from Cambridge University Library for printed matter at Salonika relating to the war. He wrote at once to the editor of *The Balkan News*, which is printed at Salonika, offering to subscribe for a copy to be sent, and the editor very kindly offered a set. Unfortunately it was already too late to secure the early numbers.[1]

"*April* 12.—*The Hibbert Journal.* A start from Aivatli for five days. Langaza Lake and Kotos beyond.

"*April* 13.—The first decent glorious bathe since my last in Scotland at Clunie Bridge.[2]

"*April* 16.—Is there really a war going on at all?"

[1] Mr. H. Collingwood Owen, the editor, writes: "It may interest you to know that it is set up by a mixed half-dozen of Greek, Italian, and Jewish compositors, only one of whom understands any English. The paper is in the firing line, miles from here, every day."

[2] See pp. 109 and 114 (July 1914).

April 23, *Easter Day.*—Archie and his brother Robin made their Communion in a little chapel improvised on the hillside near the trenches. The day was an eventful one for him. On it he wrote his letter to *The Cambridge Review*, here reprinted.

To the Editor of the Cambridge Review

"Last night, when a mail brought in your letter, it seemed almost like Trinity again; but for that 2nd Lieutenant and the M.E.F., and the substitution of a post sergeant for Fabb's boy. Of course, had the familiar envelope been ruined with a stamp the illusion would have failed. But there it was, just as before, apparently straight from Guildhall Street, per your messenger. Your letter is so worded—indeed, you almost beg me to be dull—that it is useless to plead that this Thessalonian life is too uneventful for your taste. You infer that little nothings will acquire unsuspected virtue when displayed in the *Review*; that if I can even furnish some trivial details of a Macedonian digger's day you will be contented. So, more in the hope of making clear the contrast which our life presents to that which others of your correspondents will describe, than of providing thrills, I shall do my best to send you at least a placid greeting from this so-called front.

"Those Special Correspondents in the Balkans have informed you long ago that Salonika has become a fort. They have also indicated that life out here is not entirely one of labour. Both their statements are correct. For the first time since war began an army has been able to construct what might have been, or may even still become, an active 'front,' in the absence of the enemy. We have been able to pick and choose

our line, to alter it whenever the Joke Department felt disposed to carry out experiments, to view with critical affection our creations from in front, to put up wire entanglements by light of day, and in general to perform with ease what on any other front has been impossible. But there has been *some* digging. We have been hard at it now for eighteen weeks, and there is plenty that might still be done, and no doubt will be. Yet at the end of our first December's digging, after a hurried shift from Salonika, we should have gladly offered Mackensen a welcome. After seventy days of uninterrupted pick and shovelling we should have rejoiced to meet him. And now we despair of his arrival. Our job, however unheroic, has been at least not altogether light. Its mere monotony, when at full blast, became somewhat boring even for an officer; what it must have been to the men who did the digging I can only guess by the sensations I experience when I take a turn myself. Digging for more than a couple of hours on end seems to me a most loathsome occupation. But we have enjoyed many other advantages and comforts too. We have played football and held sports in front of the barbed wire—usually not done elsewhere. We have gone to bed at night with the betting 99 to 1 against disturbance—unless perhaps from those minor horrors, now finally immortalised by Dr. Shipley, though always endowed, it seems, by nature with some tenacity of life. We have, in fact, always worked by day and slept by night, which is more than can be said by those in France. As a rule, we have but a mile or two, and often less, to go to work—none of those midnight marches to some engineer fatigue from 'rest' billets seven miles behind the line. And, though some were not entirely horror-less, most of the billets

that we occupied from January to March were far less vermin-ridden and far more watertight than any we came upon in the valley of the Somme. On Sabbaths, which we have discovered once again were made for man, there are hills to lie upon and a great plain over which to wander—the former, last month, strewn with ixia and Star of Bethlehem, flowering beside the guns and limbers, and now bright with anemones and asphodel, and iris especially upon the southern slopes which look towards Olympus. But for all their beauty and the grandeur of that amazing mountain opposite, give me an hour of Hardwick Wood as it will be very soon, or a glimpse of Scotland, and you may keep Salonika for ever!

"Yet this life here for not a few of us has undoubtedly been robbed of more than half its dullness by these hills and plains and the wild life teeming everywhere. War's worst horrors, thank Heaven, seem remote. The Carmelites, the outraged Married Men, the Clyde Extremists, seem less noxious when one's news of them is always three weeks old. And although we have our Zeppelins, we have no Billing. We are apt to think, what no doubt Cambridge knows, that it is somewhat difficult to stop these aircraft coming. Certainly, in spite of what *The Daily Sketch* one day misleadingly implied, we are as impotent to stop them here as you at home, and shall continue so as long as they come visiting at night. Indeed, for those who must meanwhile do their best to pickle and preserve whatever's warlike in them, these occasional reminders that the enemy exists are not unwelcome. Of late distant arpeggios of 75's in action have encouraged us still more, for even the echo of a scrap serves to remind us that the Hun is still at large

and our job as yet to do. But for the most part war seems very far removed, and the sudden burst of spring has driven it still further from our minds. Even in December the plain was full of life. Hundreds of great geese overate themselves upon the succulence around Langaza. Snipe defied our third-rate cartridges from Salonika, which cost us fourpence, and were almost impotent at that. And on the foothills, their plumage brilliant in the January sun, there were simply clouds of goldfinches. Now all the geese and snipe have gone, and in their place are storks and pelican and quail. Nesting below the eaves of village barns, the little kestrel is almost as common as the jackdaw. And the hoopoe has been seen, and innumerable birds of prey, and the little owl is here to remind one of the woods of Cambridgeshire. Already the spring is rushing on to summer. The pear trees have long since scattered all their blossom, and the lilac is out and almost over, and the fields will very soon be bright with poppy. Swallow tails are almost as plentiful as cabbage whites, and the comma and the coppers and a host of others are abundant. And creeping things have left their winter dug-outs too, and bask in this hot April sun. Big tortoises and little tortoises, which the men send home in tins with a little bully for refreshment. Snakes, grassy and otherwise, green lizards as smooth and brilliant as enamel, and horny spiky brutes with brittle tails. But in all these matters we are sadly amateurish. We long for a Mr. Brindley to expound the local mysteries of nature—to tell us, for example, how these stentorian frogs contrive to manufacture such a noise. And I'm sure Lieutenant Potts would find worms to his liking here. And we should indent at once for Dr.

Moss, were he only on the List of Ordnance, for the country is carpeted with flowers unchronicled in the 'Bentham and Hooker' of our memory.

"And yet among all this essential peacefulness Man has contrived for centuries to be at war. The human history of Macedonia is one of never-ending strife. I am writing this upon a slope above Langaza Plain. In my immediate foreground is a 1916 sandbagged trench, and just in front of it an uninviting strip of wire entanglement. Cut into the rocky slope behind me there is another ditch—a Turkish trench, relic of the Balkan War; and a wrecked and mined village not so far away dates from the same time too. A little to the south a hill, commanding the approaches to Salonika, can still be seen to have once been strongly walled and fortified against attack; while, standing conspicuous among fields below, a grass-grown tumulus marks no doubt the scene of earlier struggles. And near where I write, capping a small round hill, rises an even older mound, rich in a very early style of pottery, new to Professor E. A. Gardner, where prehistoric tribesmen hoped to secure their dwellings from the comitadji of the period. All the evidence would seem to point to Man's incorrigible lunacy!

"You particularly asked me, 'What does the army seem like to such a person as yourself?' That is a biggish question, and one I cannot answer. For one thing, impressions are in the making still, for another I must pretend to be discreet. So far as our birth and growth and inner life's concerned, Ian Hay has done what need never be reattempted badly. In his book you have more than half the answer to your question; what is written there applies to hundreds of battalions, but particularly, of course,

to 'Jocks.' It is inimitably done. From reading it you will have gathered how different in many ways is the New Army from the Old. Personally I will say only this, that I am convinced that these Hundred Thousands will remain essentially civilian to the end. Very few will wish unnecessarily to protract their term of service. Nor do I think that those, for example, who before the war would have opposed the patriotically motived plan of savouring our Bachelor Degrees with a pinch of musketry and squad drill will feel any more inclined to give their placets now. They may be personally willing, quite apart from Cambridge, to maintain their ability to shoot and shout; but they will feel no more love for it than formerly—not even though pride in their present regiments and in their men remains inevitably deep. I imagine that to most men, outside Prussia, war is a nightmare, not a revelation; although in some ways we may all awaken clearer-minded. And it seems, at least to me, quite certain that many of that ''Varsity at the Front' you speak of will return not to convert us to the pleasantness of forming fours, but to some less complicated joys which life can offer.

"The *Review*, you say, is fully conscious that 'it is ignoring all that really matters unless it has some word from the Army now and then.' Such a conviction is to be expected, I suppose! But to all who have received them the coming of the *Review* and *Magazine* has been a weekly stimulus, and especially when there is evidence that things are, some of them, more or less, as formerly they were. And now you practically own that in that editorial sanctum, the chronicling of Cambridge life and thought has come to seem a dull and trivial occupation. And so it may well

appear to you. But to realise that lectures by Professor Q. continue to be as femininely crowded out as ever; that the Medici Vasari has reached a final volume, and that an illustrious critic of Italian Art is still alive and well; to read another contribution on New Cambridge Buildings; to know that the C.U.M.C. flourishes above a, let's hope still, too-fishy atmosphere; and that the Fitzwilliam carries on—all this helps to make war possible, and links us to a Cambridge that we know. Were Cambridge half so dead as you who struggle nobly there to keep it living may imagine, the ''Varsity at the Front' would find their struggle twice as hard. Therefore keep the *Review* as academic as you can; tell us, occasionally, that the willows on the backs are green again, and that the Orchard is once more a mass of bloom. Remind us of the hideousness of Whewell's Court and Caius College (unless you can tell us they have been Zepped successfully!). But don't go publishing too many letters from the front, especially if they come from Salonika.—Yours truly,

"ARCHIBALD DON."

"*April* 24, *Easter Monday.*—A five days' trek into the hills past Balavka, Visoka, Sariyar was a change and good fun, thanks to glorious weather.

"*April* 26.—I've been reading an excellent volume of the Home University Library—I have one sent out every fortnight—on *Liberalism*,[1] which makes one realise how far its applications will carry one without admitting the rotten doctrines which many forms of Socialism seem to embrace. One thing the war has settled is Votes for Women. They will get it for a certainty, and rightly too."

[1] By L. T. Hobhouse.

To Miss Soneson

"28*th April* 1916.

"I am sending you eleven patterns of the local handloom stuffs. Those I have labelled are the most common for everyday skirts, etc. Those with more silk are reserved for Sundays and holidays—and on special days, *e.g.* recently at Easter, all-silk stuffs—I enclose a little bit given me as bakshish (spelling ?)—are brought out—some of them lovely.

"Of any of these patterns I could get you a strip, I think, and even possibly the thread; but I could not promise; and they expect a lot for it, especially when containing silk, which they spin themselves, the village being full of mulberries. 5*d* a yard is what they expect (*i.e.* about 4s. 2d.).

"At all events these patterns will give you an idea of the patterns common in Aivatli. Possibly (indeed, probably) each village has its specialities. But I think these eleven almost exhaust the chief ones here.

"Would you let Mrs. Cockerell see these patterns ? She would be interested, I think, even though most of them are snippets, and some rather dirty. Almost all these village stuffs looked better when old and much washed."

May 2.—(A water-colour sketch of *Cerinthe retorta* [1] on Deve Kran.)

To Miss Soneson

"4*th May* 1916.

"A few days ago I sent you a second parcel containing a garment of sorts which one of our

[1] See John Sibthorp, *Flora Graeca*. Ed. J. E. Smith and J. Lindley. London. 1806–40. Atlas F^{o}. 10 vols. The flower

Majors bought in Salonika. He happened to see the patterns I was sending you of local weaving, and thought you might like to see this other. Although I don't think machine-made stuff is primarily interesting to you, yet I did not quite like to refuse, and so sent it. You may possibly like the general colour effect, at all events."

"*May* 7.—A glorious hot day with a breeze, and I lay on the hills and slept, and read Rupert Brooke's *Letters*[1] and Henry James on Rupert. I envy these lizards, who seem to live delightfully unmilitary lives, scuttering about the grass and basking on rocks perpetually. Just when we march off to-morrow they will begin to come out, eat a breakfast fly and a grasshopper, and then settle down for a morning's bake. And while we charge up hills and fire nothings at red flags and pretend that we are under fire, they will continue to do absolutely nothing. *Homo sapiens* indeed—we're merely complicated idiots with absurdly swollen heads. (A water-colour sketch of a *gladiolus*.)

"*May* 8.—A fair stunner of a day! From 10–2 we charged up mountains. Altogether nineteen miles at least, and a sun fit to bleach a negro. I don't think I shall walk an inch after the war, and in the next war I shall be motor-transport, or a mounted officer, or still better

is figured in vol. ii. (1813), plate 171. Archie sent home water-colour sketches of some plants, all carefully named, with their botanical structure shown. But this sketch has no name attached. The plant is not indigenous to England, and it is possible that he was at a loss for its proper name. It was kindly identified from the sketch by Mr. George Goode, M.A. Sibthorp's book is such an amazing and beautiful work that there must be a copy for Archie to look at in the *bibliothèque céleste*.

[1] *Letters from America*, by Rupert Brooke. With a preface by Henry James. 1916. 8°.

an important bigwig at the War Office. Or better still be a Military Landing Officer, or Paymaster at Perth; even Provo-Marshal might do, or Secretary of State for War. Anything for a quiet life and no pack."

To M. D. Forbes

"AIVATLI, *9th May* 1916.

"How blessedly god-sent have been all these flowers and things; every day sees new ones bursting upon us out of unexpected buds. Only yesterday a glorious pink rock-rose, big as an oyster, shyly made its first appearance; and another smaller yellow one, with a big pheasant-eyed effect of audit ale in its centre, has come to take the place of anemones and earlier bulbs upon the hills.[1]

"I hear that Kotos—a real Munro[2] to the S.E. of us—was earlier a mass of primroses and cowslips. I've great bowls of the most glorious irises you ever saw. I have Rodin's 'Penseur' up in my ben (cut out of *The Challenge*)."

"*May* 10.—We are a little stale. It is too much to ask of man or beast to believe a red flag is really a platoon of Bulgars, and a blue one a howitzer. It won't wash."

May 11.—(A delightful water-colour sketch, "From my dug-out, 7.0 p.m. Description of the Zeppelin Catch.")

[1] Archie sent some of the seeds of this plant home. These germinated, and were flowering in England, at Tealing and Cambridge, in June 1917.

[2] Sir Hugh Thomas Munro of Lindertis, Forfarshire, made an authoritative list of all Scottish peaks above 3000 feet in height, and these have come to be known as Munros. The list is printed in the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal*, vols. i. and xii.

May 12.—(A water-colour sketch of a *dianthus* and one of the *aristolochiaceæ*.)

"*May* 14.—A quiet Sunday, mainly spent in making out a very incomplete list of Salonika flowers, with the aid of Willis,[1] which Mrs. Balfour has sent me—a splendid book. Off to Kukush soon. When does *reality* begin?"

May 17.—(A water-colour sketch of Deve Kran and "the only fine tree in Aivatli"—a huge plane standing at the top of the village and sheltering a little chapel.)

"*May* 18.—Public Health still seems to me the brand of medicine that might suit me best.

"*May* 20.—In Salonique. Professor Gardner. An exhibition of pictures by French artists 'serving in the army of the Orient': Faure, Lobel Riche, a picture of the 'River Clyde' by Le Breton (for the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge).[2] We can remember its stranded hulk with pardonable pride."

To Miss Helen Hill

"*27th May* 1916.

"I am bound to try and explain and justify my hanging on to the U.D.C. King's Regulations and Army Acts forbid me to go to a U.D.C. meeting in uniform: personally, I don't think I should go at all. K.R. and A.A. forbid me to organise a U.D.C. meeting 'near a camp or barracks.' I should never dream of doing so. But the A.A. and K.R.'s do not forbid me to support a College mission, or to write an article on brotherly love in the *Church Family News-*

[1] J. C. Willis, *A Manual and Dictionary of the Flowering Plants and Ferns*. Ed. 3. Cambridge. 1908. 8°.

[2] Only a pious wish.

paper, or to belong to the Cavendish Club or the U.D.C. If, of course, the U.D.C. were a treasonable or anti-national organisation the situation would be changed. I honestly and deeply feel convinced that there is no sort or kind of duplicity in serving King, Country, and the cause behind the U.D.C. simultaneously. In fact, almost it is because I believe in the U.D.C. that I also wish to fight for King and Country. It is just because the beating of the Germans is essential to the cause of humanity that the war is bearable and quite worth doing. Personally, I don't feel I am fighting to preserve more than the soil of England of the past, and its associations and some of its traditions: that is a lot to fight for: but far more I want to fight that England may go ahead towards a future in which she may be the leader and forerunner. It is to preserve the future, not the past so much, that most of those I know are fighting and have fought.

"The U.D.C. is full of the faults of a young thing, struggling under excessive, almost destroying circumstances. It is sometimes over-eager to be fair to the enemy; sometimes over-critical (out of a deep-down love of her) of England; it is indiscreet at times. But it is something to cling to, and merge with, and help on. A consolation for partially lost freedom of thought and action. I regret that the U.D.C. members of Parliament give the impression of being over-critical of England sometimes.

"You are doubtful about this U.D.C. Papers again and again have accused it of pro-German sympathies, of undermining our will to fight. Of course in a sense it is pro-German: so am I: so in that sense I imagine are you: but it does not mean pro-German in the sense that we wish Germany to win. It is not out to stop the war

in the peace-at-any-price manner. I have not the slightest intention of being very silly till after the war."

"*June* 1.—Our battalion alone has put up 600 miles of barbed wire along our sector.

"*June* 3—(Salonika was taken over by the Allies.)—We had to 'stand to' till the next afternoon.

"*June* 7.—In five hours we leave Aivatli, after nearly six months. I wish I thought there was a chance of a scrap ahead of us."

Archie had been asked to sign the memorial issued by the General Council of the Union of Democratic Control urging the Government "to seek the earliest opportunity of promoting negotiations with the object of securing a just and lasting peace." To this he replied:

To Mr. E. D. Morel

"*7th June* 1916.

"I have just received the Union's papers with regard to the Memorial and cannot help feeling that the time has come when an officer holding His Majesty's commission is bound to stand aside. I must, with not a little regret, ask you to remove my name from your books. It is not that I in any way think less of the cardinal points enunciated by the U.D.C.; but it is that, whereas *they* call for future action, the present memorial is an appeal for immediate action. I don't think, while serving in the army, I am entitled to call for peace, or even to belong to a society that is doing so. Decisions right or wrong must be left to the old, and the point of

view I expressed in a letter to the Editor of *The Cambridge Magazine*, which you reprinted in one of your leaflets, is even more applicable now. Those fighting are tongue tied, and more than *tongue* tied, when it comes to a consideration of the terms of Peace. I hope, however, that I shall still be able to get your publications, as I should like to keep in touch until such time as I doff uniform and take to bowler hats again!"

"*June* 8—(*To C. S.*).—I enclose two local war printed things in case they are of use for the Library. The little guide to Salonika might be useful.[1]

"*June* 11—NEAR AMBARKÖI.[2]—The flies and mosquitoes are a pestilence. (A water-colour sketch.)

"*June* 13.—Once more we seem to be on the eve of a move. Good-bye tables and stools and books. Where we are off to and for what purpose goodness knows.

"*June* 14.—Still not a word to enlighten us of what is coming."

To Miss Helen Hill

"15*th June* 1916.

"I'm glad you liked those I marked in the Georgian book:[3] now I know that war has not warped my outlook. We are waiting once more. The Galiko is a rotten river to bathe in. When one lies down flat one is only half covered."

[1] The second was an "Exposition."

[2] The spelling adopted is that of the official maps. A letter on the spelling of Macedonian names, by Mr. Harold Lake, the author of *In Salonika with our Army*, appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 16 August 1917.

[3] *Georgian Poetry, 1913–1915.* Edited by E. H. Marsh. London. 1915. 8°.

To his Mother

"17*th June* 1916.

"I have been reading a most excellent book (Home University Library) on Euripides and his age by Gilbert Murray. That an inability to read Greek should cut one off from the literature of Athens is awful and absurd. I *must* begin to patch my ignorance in that direction. For it is pretty clear that Athens, to the modern world, is indispensable. Their problems and achievements and final failures are full of lessons—far more richly so than those of Rome. And really one begins to wonder whether there is not much in favour of the contention that if, as seems essential, compulsory Greek and Latin must cease to bar the way, and one or other only is to be retained, then Greek ought to be retained and Latin made optional. For there can be no doubt that Greek literature is miles ahead of Roman. Personally, I would like to see both made optional and grouped with, say, modern languages, and any two languages made compulsory. (I'm interested and pleased to see that the number of women medical students has about trebled itself this year.)

"I see that the letters of A. D. Gillespie (Bey), a Wykehamist of the best, have come out.[1] It was he who proposed the Via Sacra about which you have seen mention in the *Spectator*."[2]

To M. D. Forbes

"21*st June* 1916.

"I am delighted to think of you on the

[1] See p. 13, note.

[2] *Spectator*, 1 April 1916. The authorship was acknowledged in the issue of 3 June, and seven letters appeared upon

Fitzwilliam Museum Syndicate. In celebration of the occasion I send you a cheque for £10 to do with as you like. Whatever you get is to be given from you and me jointly—something Scotch[1]?"

To his Mother

"AMBARKÖI, 26*th June* 1916.

"Well within sound of the guns. In a little book which came to-day, *The Fight for the Future*,[2] there is quoted what must be an exact description of life in the Navy since the war began: 'Months of boredom punctuated by moments of terror'; 'and exhilaration' might be added. We seem to have had the months of boredom all right; and by way of variety would like a few terrific moments! Isn't it rather quaint that this sort of life makes one far more discontented and grumbling than many that would be really far more arduous? We grouse because we can't be uncomfortable, and can't get our heads knocked off, and uncongenial things of that sort. We long to exchange places with people who would give anything to be in our boots and away from din and battle. A perversity seems to be at work; and yet really it's very straightforward—just the simple instinct to get moving."

"*July* 3.—It's begun! And on familiar ground: presumably only a beginning. One gets ravenous for news, so much is in the

the subject in the same periodical between 23 September and 4 November. The proposal was for a memorial road from the North Sea to Basle.

[1] The picture selected was a water-colour of Corfu Harbour, by D. Fox Pitt.

[2] By E. A. Burroughs. With a foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury. 1916.

balance. And here we are doing nothing, while they are risking everything.

"*July* 4.—Read this afternoon, in the Oxford Press 'Balkans' book,[1] an excellent article on Greece by Arnold Toynbee."

To Miss Helen Hill

"6*th July* 1916.

"I sit in my sandbagged Chesterfield armchair. I read the *Letters to my Son*[2] yesterday and really liked them. We hardly ever sing these days—song comes from the in'ards, and we are far too dull at heart as a rule."

To his Mother

"AMBARKÖI, 9*th July* 1916.

"Nothing has happened here but the drying up of the Galiko. The disappearance of that high-sounding river into its sandy bed is not so tragic since a deep pool has been constructed lower down in which it is actually possible to swim.

"I have been reading *Esmond* and a brilliant little book (in the Home University Library) on Shelley, Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, and others.[3] Did you read Mr. Asquith's speech at St. Paul's when he unveiled the Scott memorial,[4] and Mr. Balfour's at York Minster on Admiral

[1] *The Balkans*, by N. Forbes, A. J. Toynbee, D. Mitrany, D. G. Hogarth. 1915. 8°.

[2] Winifred James, *Letters to my Son*, and *More Letters to my Son*. Chapman & Hall.

[3] H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle*. 1913.

[4] The bronze memorial to Captain R. F. Scott and his companions, of the Antarctic Expedition (1912), unveiled on 5 May 1916.

Cradock?[1] Both excellent. We have some mosquito netting—army issue to men as well. These jabbing flies (*Stomoxes calcitrans* is his name) are brutes, and just as common as the ordinary *Musca domestica*, though they look much the same.

"*July* 11.—I'm just about to get into a bed, to be between sheets again, for the first time since September. Robin and I are taking our turn of forty-eight hours' leave to Salonika. Even coming down in a train seemed quite a novelty after nine months."

A letter from his brother graphically describes the visit; thoroughly happy, shopping, and rowing in the harbour.[2] On Wednesday they visited the churches of St. Demetrius[3] and St. George and the Arch of Alexander.

To G. K. M. Butler

[14*th July* 1916.]

"I've been reading too, but less voraciously! I'm in the middle of *Esmond* again now, read aloud to me last time in Norway among sublime

[1] Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock commanded the squadron in the fight off Coronel, on the coast of Chile, on 1 November 1914. The monument (on the east wall of the north transept) was unveiled on 16 June 1916.

[2] On 12 July numbers of *Le Clairon*, published at Salonika, sent by his order, began to arrive at the University Library. (Only Nos. 2–9, 11, 12, and 16 were received.) In the same month, an etching by John M. Aitken arrived as his gift to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. He had sent some original Ackermann drawings to the Bodleian Library in 1914.

[3] The fire by which the greater part of Salonika was destroyed occurred on 18 August 1917. A photograph of the interior of the church of St. Demetrius was reproduced in *The Sphere* of 8 September 1917.

hills and with an ideal family sitting about under trees. And I've been getting some of those Home University Library books—scrappy, perhaps, but suitable to this weather—one on Shelley and Godwin and those people, most extraordinarily well written. Also Hobhouse on Liberalism I thought good, and Gilbert Murray's *Euripides*, fanciful perhaps, they tell me, but good for me, who am so abysmally ignorant on all that sort of thing—owing to having to 'read' Greek word by word at school, and all that!

"And now I'm just about to start Anatomy, having forgotten every word. Dare I start Scott? I loved him at school and have only tried one since, and hated it. But George Eliot and Brontë I must begin (!)—if you have done with any of them send one on to me here. I shall send you the Godwin book."

"*July* 15.—Just recovering from paratyphoid inoculation."

To Miss Helen Hill

"AMBARKÖI, 16*th July* 1916.

"So far you have been sending *Times* and *Lancet*. Drop *The Times* (we get several in the mess), and substitute *The Studio* regularly. I am writing to Cambridge for a lot more books."

To his Mother

"16*th July* 1916.

"After six weeks of perpetual and undiluted sun from 5 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., we have had a shower of rain. Now the sun is out again, and there is a freshness, an English flavour, in it

which makes the day quite good. And the thermometer in my bivie is at 84 instead of 96, as it was yesterday, and far more the week before (107). The rain has made all the difference in the colours. The Belashitzas are blue again, instead of a foggy grey. A brilliance which by to-morrow perhaps will have gone.

"Isn't it awful to think that we can never catch up on the wake of all the things that occur while time sails so annoyingly ahead! As for me, I am most robust. I'm reading a book on William Morris by Clutton Brock."

Half an hour after writing this letter Archie was lying with his head under blankets, although the air temperature was about 90°, with benign tertiary malaria. On 18 July he was sent down by cart and train to the hospital at Salonika. By the 20th he was able to write to his mother that he was "through with the attack."

To his Mother

"29TH GENERAL HOSPITAL,
26th July 1916.

"I'm off to a hospital boat to-day *en route* for Malta. The voyage and the escape from heat is considered good for those who are getting well from malaria. I feel perfectly fit, and am looking forward to seeing the Ægean Islands again."

To Miss Helen Hill

"*26th July* 1916.

"I return the *Poetry Review*. There's nothing in it I really like. I liked the article on 'American

Poetry in England.' It always pleases me to read good English by a Yank. Have you read *The First Seven Divisions*[1] ? I'm rather looking forward to this trip to Malta. I hope to find some readable books on board. Here I have read *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and a Seton Merriman, and I'm in the middle of *Martin Chuzzlewit.*"

To his Mother

"H.M. Hospital Ship *Essequibo*,
28*th July* 1916.

"We are rounding Matapan; leaving Greece behind for the time, and heading S.W. for Malta. A big French hospital ship (from Salonika too) is steaming away westwards for Marseilles, gleaming white in the sun. No flies, the coolest of breezes, splendid food, books and deck chairs: altogether a more than ample recompense for a few days' discomfort! It's all rather like a dream. I don't know *why* I'm here, and can't understand that the napkins and such like are real. There are about 70 officers and 600 men aboard: most of them as convalescent as myself: and there are a few nurses, who probably need change and rest more than any of us.

"29*th July* 1916, 2 p.m.

"Two hours or so from Malta, though it's not in sight yet. We shall be bundled off to some hospital, though I can't get over the sense of its being ridiculous to be having anything to do with such places. I've read a book about Charles II., and Henry James's *American.*

"9.0 p.m.

"Am in Tigne Hospital, Malta."

[1] By Lord Ernest Hamilton.

To his Mother

" UNION CLUB, MALTA,
31*st July* 1916.

"I have been very fit. I write this from Valetta, whither (with an old Cambridge friend, Tennyson [1]) I walked in this morning, feeling none the worse. I might have stood a chance of being invalided home, and thence to France. To leave the battalion, and more particularly my men, I should hate; and yet the reality and activity of France attracts me.

"This is an attractive place—so clean and quiet after Salonika. And the gleaming blue of the harbours contrasting with white and yellow rocks and houses make a satisfactory whole. You should regard me as a fraud and truant and no invalid."

To his Mother

" GAIN TUFFICHA CONVALESCENT CAMP,
MALTA, *3rd August* 1916.

"We came on here yesterday, a motor drive of ten miles or so across to the west side of the island. There are 60 officers and about 4000 men under canvas. The bathing is of the best. I am at the feet of George Eliot, who is passing the days delightfully for me with *Felix Holt*, *Silas Marner*, and now *Adam Bede*."

Next day, the second anniversary of the war, came news of Gordon Butler's death, from dysentery.

[1] The Hon. Alfred Aubrey Tennyson, killed in action, April 1918.

To Mrs. Butler

" *5th August* 1916.

" We all felt, who knew Gordon, that he was something rare. One does not usually, I don't know why, admire and envy *good* people. But with Gordon it was different. He was one of the few essentially good, and at the same time winning characters I ever met. He was utterly unconscious of it, and one did not realise it overconsciously,—and yet it was there. It seems so trite a thing to feel, but I *do* feel that he never thought or did an unkindness. And at the same time he had none of the faults that so often go with that mere goodness which springs from lack of character.

" Only a month ago I had a letter from him recalling our happy days together, and with Manny Forbes, in Scotland two years ago. We had all three of us been walking those roads and paths again, and bathing again in streams and lochs—as our crossing letters showed. These past few days he has constantly been in my mind. For he happened to mention that he had been reading Scott and Brontë and George Eliot, and that had whetted my tardy curiosity in *Silas Marner* and *Bede* and *Felix Holt*. How inevitable was his liking for George Eliot! Gordon would fit into her atmosphere, which mercifully seems to permit of wholly lovable things and people. He could not have helped shaping some of the thousand issues that loom ahead."

To his Mother

" *6th August* 1916.

" Gordon Butler has died in Egypt. He was

one of the most naturally good people I ever met, and one of those good people with depths which one felt it would be a happiness to discover. My friendship with him was only begun. Manny Forbes and he and I had sworn to meet again at Loch Hourn after the war, and walk those hills again."

To his Mother

"12*th August* 1916.

"Nothing in life is repeatable. What is sad is when future happiness and effort and undeveloped powers are cut off. I see that another of the people who would have ruled and won a way for the best things has just been killed—Geoffrey Wardley,[1] a creature simply overflowing with vitality and nobility. The places of people like him and Gordon Butler can't be filled: and yet things will go on: human life is not thrown back by death, and all sorts of new qualities have appeared in those who might otherwise have stood still. And yet the knowledge of the world just for a time cannot help suffering. For the world at the end of this business will be ignorant in many ways, and yet again perhaps wiser than it was. So there's a second side, a balancing of gain and loss, and that's where the hope of the future must be looked for."

"*August* 12—All Saints' Camp.—We had a 'board' at Gain Tufficha on Thursday, and I declared myself fit, and so got on here yesterday, an active service camp for those awaiting to embark."

[1] G. C. N. Wardley, Eton and Trinity, R.G.A. Killed on the Somme, 24 July 1916.

To his Mother

"14*th August* 1916.

"The sketch is from memory.[1] Dragoniera is very picturesque at the end of its own little promontory. Send me a sprig of bog myrtle some day."

"*August* 16.—I want to get back before the battalion leaves the Doiran part of the world."

To Miss Helen Hill

"ALL SAINTS', MALTA,
17*th August* 1916.

"These extra days in the island have given me a chance of seeing a few of the sights. They are some of them dull. Yesterday was the Feast of the Assumption. I went in to hear Vespers in St. John's Cathedral. I wish our transport would come and get us off. I have just read *Letters*[2] (from Dardanelles and Serbia) from a French military doctor to his English wife. Very humane and interesting."

"*August* 19.—Yesterday Hall[3] and I went out to Tarxian to see a new megalithic ruin which

[1] A note may be permitted here with regard to Archie's great power of pictorial memory. On 10 March 1911 he presented a friend with a coloured sketch of "The Faery Tower" by Miss Joyce Thompson (Mrs. Swan), which he had made from memory, an exquisite memento of a charming original, shewn that year at the Cambridge Drawing Society's exhibition. In a letter on Easter Day 1916 from Salonika he says: "What a strange thing the visual memory is! I can see anything at Tealing or Trinity or Winchester, or at lots of other places too, as vividly as if they were here."

[2] *Uncensored Letters from the Dardanelles* (by Mrs. Vassal).

[3] Lieut. Hall, of the East Surrey Regiment.

Professor Zammit is excavating. I bearded the Professor in his den and asked permission. This latest place is called Ta l'Erwich (the Place of Souls). They are finding pottery galore. Steatopygous figures have been found. Bas-reliefs of bulls. The patterns recalled the peculiar much debated sculptured stones of Scotland. The maddening thing is that there stands this relic comparatively perfect and yet almost meaningless. Some six thousand years intervene. We went on to the Hal Saftieni. To-day to the famous Hagiar Kim.[1]

"*August* 24.—"H.M.T. *Huntsgreen* (Orient Line).—At nine this morning we steamed out of the Grand Harbour.

"*August* 26.—We are for Salonique, and shall see the White Tower and Kotos once again to-morrow morning. We are now (2.30 p.m.) just west of Skyros. I wonder where exactly Denis and those others buried Rupert Brooke.[2]

"*August* 27 (9.0 a.m.).—We passed the boom just after seven. Eight hospital ships (all British) and several large transports."[3]

August 28.—Captain Anderson and the

[1] The party consisted of Captain A. R. Anderson, who was in command of the company, Lieut. Hall, and Lieut. Brundle of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The three were together on the voyage back to Salonika. For these excavations see R. N. Bradley's *Malta and the Mediterranean Race*, and John Wignacourt, *The Odd Man in Malta* (1914). I am indebted to Mr. J. M. McPhillamy of Magdalene College for drawing my attention to these two books.

[2] He was buried at Skyros. A good description of the burial (by Denis-Browne) was printed in *The Sunday Times* of 21 January 1917 and reprinted in *The Cambridge Review* of 24 January. A further note will be found in the Hon. Charles Lister's *Letters and Recollections* (1916). Mr. Lister assisted at the funeral.

[3] On this day his brother Robin, with the battalion, was writing to his mother: "I think his platoon are wearying for him, to judge by the inquiries I get."

two friends of the Hagiar Kim party were with Archie on the voyage also. They disembarked on the 28th. Archie had donned his kilt again in the place of drill slacks. They drove to Keraissi Camp on a lorry. Next day the party broke up.

August 31.—YENIKÖI.—By this date Archie was here. He pencilled his name with date and place on the fly-leaf of A. D. Gillespie's *Letters*.

"*September* 2.—Just going to turn in after a long day's reconnaissance up near the new position. Was for an hour or so in Serbia, to the N.W. of Vladaya. This is the second 18-mile walk I've done since coming up, and I'm extraordinarily fit."

To his Mother

"*Sunday, 3rd September* 1916.

"I came in two hours ago from my third reconnaissance in four days. To-day's was on a horse. The scene in itself is a very lovely one, and in the distance the white puffs of bursting shrapnel and the brown clouds from the larger high explosives did not seem to spoil the picture. Yesterday I was much higher up, where the shelling was less picturesque but more entertaining. A Hun plane has just buzzed over, with trailing clouds of shrapnel behind him."

The rest is best told in his brother's words.

Lieut. R. M. Don to his Parents

"15*th September* 1916.

"Now that I have been able to find out a little

more I will try and give you a more or less connected account of these last few days. Archie arrived back with us at the battalion on 31st August, and I found him waiting for me when I got back that evening from a long day's expedition to our front lines. He was, as far as one could see, in the best of health, looking fat and with a good colour, and in great spirits at getting back to us all. He told me that he was feeling perfectly well again, only a bit out of training. Both of the next two days, 1st and 2nd September, he was out on reconnaissances to the front line, getting a look at the lie of the land, and though they were long hard days he was not tired by them and enjoyed them immensely, taking all his usual tremendously vital interest in the situation and geography of the lines.

"On the 3rd or 4th he told me that he had started a slight bout of diarrhœa. He said that he felt perfectly fit otherwise, and had taken prompt measures with the help of the doctor to get the thing under control. He managed to prevent its getting worse for a day or two, though he could not get rid of it altogether, but it was not till the 7th (Thursday) that he got at all bad. He had to stay in bed that day, and was constantly and frequently disturbed by the diarrhœa, and as he was not able to eat much except slops his strength went pretty quickly. On the 8th I was struck by the tremendous difference which a few hours had made. He did not seem to have any temperature, or to be anything worse than very wretched with the diarrhœa, but what struck me was the haggard look of his face and the way in which he seemed quite unable to make any effort even to write or talk. He was quite cheery, but just tremendously languid. I wanted to pack him

off at once to hospital, but he was fearfully keen to come up with us the following night to the trenches, and said that he thought he was a bit better and might be past the worst of it by the next day; so the doctor of our battalion—new to the country, I think—said he would wait till the next day, the 9th, and send him to hospital if he was no better. It was quite clear that he was no better the next morning, as the diarrhœa was still going on and he was distinctly weaker, so about 11 a.m. I saw him off in an ambulance to the hospital, together with his company commander, Captain Allanby,[1] who was in the same state. I was horrified by his weakness then, it was all he could do to walk the hundred yards or so to the ambulance with my help; but he was very cheery through it all, and said that except for the discomfort of it all he was feeling wonderfully well. He told me not to send you a wire, as he had already written a line saying he was going to hospital probably, and did not want to disturb you. That was the last I saw of him. He just smiled to me in his dear way as he drove off, and said, 'Good luck, Beana.' That was on the 9th; the next I heard was on the 13th, when the Adjutant told me the news over the telephone.

"I saw the hospital people to-day, and also spoke to Captain Allanby (who very nearly died in the same way), and evidently what happened was this: Archie was taken as far as the 28th Casualty Clearing Station on the 9th (about five miles from the camp and at the railhead) and there spent the night. Next morning, Sunday, 10th September (9.30), he and Captain Allanby were put on board the hospital train to Salonika, and he seemed no weaker than the day before, though certainly no better. The train journey,

[1] Captain R. Allanby.

however, took eleven hours, and they did not reach the 43rd General Hospital at Kalamaria, outside Salonika, till 9 p.m. Allanby, weak as he was himself, said that he noticed a marked difference in Archie when he was taken out of the train, the journey had been evidently more than he could stand.[1] The doctor at the hospital told me that by the time he reached there he was already moribund, and nothing could be done, though, of course, they tried everything. His heart was quite regular, though weak, but his pulse could hardly be felt, and his limbs were icy and had no feeling. He was perfectly conscious and not in the least delirious, only very weak, too weak, in fact, to respond to their treatment in any way. They never left him from the time he arrived, and worked all night, trying every means of stimulating and upholding his vitality — transfusion, massage, electricity, everything. He was, however, too far gone, and nothing could recall him; he just slipped gently away, and by a few minutes after two, on the afternoon of 11th September, it was all over.

"I can't pretend to understand it. I can only cling on to my faith in God's great love for us and try to believe that it is only a temporary and an outward separation. It is the sort of thing that forces one to believe in Eternal Life: a true noble spirit like Archie's, and so many others, so intense and vital, could not just cease to exist. It must live on and make its influence felt among us. It is only that its force is working in a different sphere, which one cannot understand but must recognise. But it's horribly hard at first, and one is helpless and lonely in face of it.

[1] It had been necessary, for military reasons, to come by a circuitous line of rail from Yanesu round by Kilindir and Čaušica and down the Vardar.

"The news of Archie's death took two days to reach us at the battalion, and it was not till Wednesday that I heard. I saw the Adjutant at once; he was very much cut up about it, and extraordinarily kind to me. He said that Archie 'was quite one of the best fellows I have ever known.' Our new C.O. was most kind, and said some very nice things about Archie, of whom he was very fond, like everyone else: I have never met anyone who was not fond of Archie. I got a train on Thursday, yesterday, and got into Salonika in the evening.

"This morning I went straight out to the hospital, situated on a little hill rising from the waters of the bay and looking straight out over the sea to that wonderful symbol of eternity, Mount Olympus, that Archie and I so loved to look at.[1] The hospital only arrived about a month ago, but they have been installed in huts and are wonderfully comfortable, as comfortable as any place you could get in Greece. The staff are almost all Scottish, mainly from the Aberdeen district, and include a good many of the principal medical people of Aberdeen University. It's nice to think that he was with his own countrymen. The doctor in charge of the ward where Archie was comes from Nairn.[2] I had a long talk with him, and he told me all he could, which was not much, as Archie had been in there such a very short time. The disease was malignant malaria, not dysentery. They examined Archie's blood as soon as he came in and found the malaria bacillus in it; it must have been still in his system after his first attack,

[1] It will be remembered that this view of Mount Olympus from Salonika, over forty miles, is precisely the same as that seen by Xerxes in B.C. 480. See Herodotus vii. 128.

[2] W. Wilton Johns, M.D.

and, of course, seized the first opportunity of an attack of diarrhœa to multiply enormously in his system; and Archie had not the strength left to fight it or last out till the doctors could take effective measures with it. The malaria bacillus they get here is evidently of the most malignant type, only found elsewhere on the coast of West Africa, and very much worse than the Indian malaria.

"He was evidently quite conscious all the time and not in pain, and had impressed them all by his quiet and uncomplaining cheerfulness, and by his gratitude for what they were doing for him. He had told Dr. Johns that he was a medical student at St. Bartholomew's. Just before the end, he said he felt far more comfortable than he had for several days, and quite happy. I know, from a talk that I had with him the other day, that he had the great tranquillity of soul that can meet Death unafraid.

"I also saw the Chaplain who buried him the next day (12th September) in the little cemetery which has been started on the Lembet Road the other side of the town from the hospital. It is the road up which we marched the night we first arrived at Salonika, and leads to the hills where we spent all those weary and yet very happy months of digging and waiting for the enemy who never came. At present, Archie's grave, like the others, is marked only by a number —No. 12 (0.12).

"I am going to-morrow to the Graves Registration Unit, and then on to the cemetery, to have a talk with him and give him your love. It is hard that I was not able to do it when he was in hospital, but of course he knows it well enough.

"I went through his kit and told them to send it home in the usual way. I took out most of

the personal things—his letters and books and watch, and so forth. I intend to give his watch as a memento to his platoon sergeant or his servant.

"The great thing that helps me is that I know that I have not really lost him, but that our mutual love and companionship, which was one of the biggest things in my life, will bridge the gulf that separates us till we meet again. Is he not a brother to be *proud* of ?

"The cemetery is just outside the town on the north side, and stands a few hundred yards off from the Seres Road (or Lembet Road, as it is sometimes called). It is situated next door to a Greek cemetery which is full of trees, which gives it a nice background, while in the opposite direction it looks towards the hills behind Aivatli. The cemetery is shared by the British and French, each taking one half of it. Our officers' graves are in between the two halves, and they are more widely spaced than the men's, which are inevitably close together. The graves are all numbered, and wooden crosses are put up giving the details of name, rank, and regiment. The cemetery is nicely kept and looked after, everything being done systematically, and reverently too, by an organisation called the Graves Registration Unit, which has taken charge of all this, and is responsible for the care of the cemeteries and for seeing that proper provision is made after the war. So at present the grave will have a plain white wood cross on it with Archie's name, rank, regiment, and the date, and there will not be the slightest fear of its being neglected or lost sight of. After the war there will be a more or less uniform type of memorial sanctioned, or else one will be allowed to put up whatever one wants within reason.

He is lying next to two nursing sisters who gave their lives for the sick here. He lies there surrounded by a part of that great host which has been faithful unto death and has gladly made the great sacrifice in order to uphold all that he held most sacred and dear—liberty, brotherhood, purity of mind and soul, progress. So I laid a few roses on him, said a few words of prayer, and left him in that 'corner of a foreign field that is for ever England.'"

His brother Robin has since been reported missing. Letters received make it appear certain that he gave his life in the enemy trenches while commanding his company of the Black Watch in their attack on the Bulgar position on the night of 8–9 May 1917.

In death they are not divided.

LETTERS

Colonel Sir William Stewart-Dick-Cunyngham, Commanding Officer of the 10th Battalion of the Black Watch, said of him: "He always got on so well, and handled his men so tactfully and sensibly," and spoke of him as one of the best in the battalion.

Captain R. C. H. Millar writes: "Archie became one of my best friends. He was one of the most successful New Army officers I ever knew. He was a very great favourite with all his brother-officers, but above all with the men. Nothing was too much trouble for him. His enthusiasm was wonderful. He never—as far as I can remember—complained of any hardship. I shall never forget his wonderful personality."

His cousin, Mr. Edward Mitchell-Innes, K.C., writes: "Surely there have been few personalities more richly endowed than his with singular sincerity and modesty of mind; a keen eye and just taste for beauty both in nature and in art; a fund of quick and warm sympathy—tact of the heart, if I may so say; all brightened by the charm of humour, sweet temper, and gentle manners. Deeply interested in botany and geology, he studied, sketched, and noted the formation of the hills, and collected stones and flowers, drawing us all, without effort, into the circle of his work and thought. Walking in new

and beautiful country is always a delight—with Archie it was an unmixed joy.[1] I have seen a little girl of ten years old listen to him as he talked of these subjects, as if she never could tire: so have I listened myself. He had the secret of conversation; for, if he talked well, he listened even better. All of us, young and old, acknowledged the spell. Such as he was then, he remained to the end—only from day to day deepened and enriched by the few years of his opening manhood."

The Rev. S. A. M'Dowall, President of the Winchester College Natural History Society, in a tribute to members who have died on active service, writes:[2] "The war has levied its toll upon us. They have added yet more to our heritage, that 'undying example of faithful and willing service' of which we have perpetual reminder as we pass through Commoner Gate. Where each gave all he had in perfect loyalty, no one, and least of all themselves, will misunderstand if I single out one name for special mention, for Archie Don is in a large measure responsible for the tradition of vigour and thoroughness which characterises much of the work of the Society.

"Archie Don showed great promise in his last year here. There was something in his work, and in himself, that gave hope of very great things indeed. Nevertheless, he only began to come to his own at Cambridge. I cannot but feel that England lost one of her finest sons in him. His originality and force of mind and character were only equalled by his versatility.

[1] They were together in Norway in 1910.

[2] Winchester College, Natural History Society, *Report* 1915–17, pp. 4–5. See above, p. 22.

Geology, medicine, natural history, philosophy, music, painting, and social work formed the background of his mind, and all were made vivid by the charm and humour of his character. Of the deeper side I will not speak.

"I quote a sentence out of a letter written to me by one, himself a doctor, who knew him well at Cambridge, and who has had greater opportunities than most of judging the characters and capabilities of young men. 'His loss,' he writes, 'is one of the heaviest I have suffered, and it would be hard to exaggerate the extent of the loss the medical profession has all unconsciously suffered.'"

Mr. C. Armstrong Gibbs writes: "I have lost one of the staunchest friends man ever had. He was so gentle and above all so absolutely sympathetic. I was rather a poor crock then, and my nerves were always going out of order, but to go to him was the veriest balm to a troubled spirit. I shall never forget how, one night when I was very seedy, he sat up with me till 3 a.m., and plied me with hot-water bottles and other comforts with all the tenderness of a mother. A sunnier creature never lived. Those jolly days at Bandirran are very clear in my memory, and Archie then was the life and soul of it all."

Mr. Francis Jenkinson, the University Librarian, writes of him: "He was so perfectly simple and natural, as all big people are."

Mr. A. F. Scholfield writes: "Feeling for him the love, reverence, and admiration that I must when confronted by a character in which I have never for an instant thought that I detected the faintest blemish, seeing in him so many ideals embodied, watching him succeed,

not indeed without effort, but always without elation on the one hand and mock modesty on the other, in things upon which I set a high value—I have nevertheless spent vain hours trying to put any of my thoughts on paper. To be canonised as the Spirit of Winchester is what I could wish, not so much for him as for future Wykehamists."

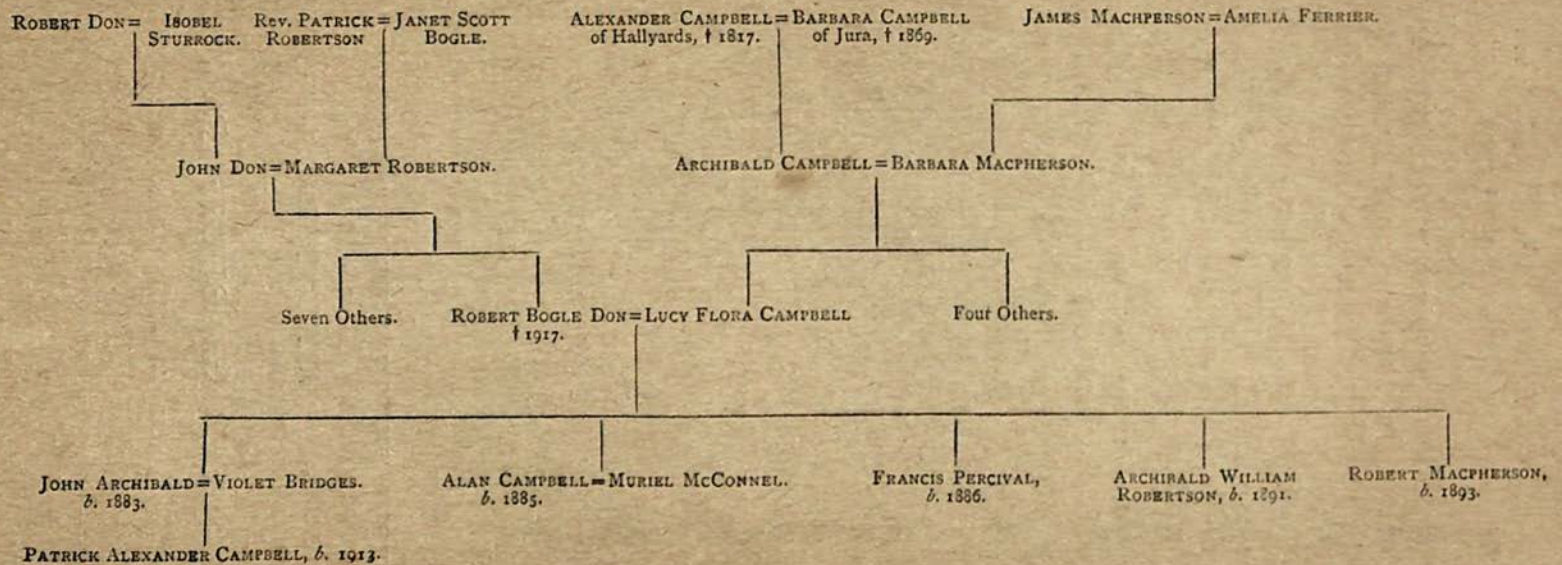
Mr. Denys Winstanley writes: "I never spent half an hour alone with him without feeling myself an infinitely better man."

Mr. A. Morland, in whose education Archie had assisted, now in the 12th Lancers, writes: "He was the best friend I ever had or ever will have. I always looked on him as a pal. His cheering letters always made me put my shoulder to the wheel, and he taught me to look on the brightest side of things. I have his letters, some even from Italy, and a water-colour painting of the hills in Scotland. When Mr. Don came everything was brightened, and everyone always looked forward to Lent, as he used to help us in the choir, and then at times he would come home with me and cheer them up, so you see he was dearly loved even in the slums of London, and I am sure that the men who served under him would willingly have given their lives to have saved him."

Miss Lettie Maitland writes: "Archie was so wonderful—so radiant, so highly gifted, so original, so gay, so kind, so sympathetic, so beautiful in mind and body, and with all these rare gifts so simple and natural and modest, and, rising supreme above everything, he was so good."

APPENDIX I

GENEALOGICAL TABLE


Robert Don = Isobel Sturrock.
Rev. Patrick Robertson = Janet Scott Bogle.
Alexander Campbell of Hallyards, † 1817. = Barbara Campbell of Jura, † 1869.
James Machperson = Amelia Ferrier.
John Don = Margaret Robertson.
Archibald Campbell = Barbara Macpherson.
Seven Others.
Robert Bogle Don † 1917. = Lucy Flora Campbell
Four Others.
John Archibald b. 1883. = Violet Bridges.
Alan Campbell b. 1885. = Muriel McConnel.
Francis Percival, b. 1886.
Archibald William Robertson, b. 1891.
Robert Macpherson, b. 1893.
Patrick Alexander Campbell, b. 1913.

APPENDIX II

A CATALOGUE OF PICTURES

BY

SEVEN CAMBRIDGE EXPRESSIONISTS

WITH EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION AND REMARKS.

The Exhibition will be open from March 4th to March 8th, 1913, 11–5.30. On Tuesday from 2–10, and on each of the subsequent days from 11–5.30.

Admission, SIXPENCE.

The price of this Catalogue is SIXPENCE.

All proceeds from the sale of Catalogues and entrance money will be given to ADDENBROOKE'S HOSPITAL.

INTRODUCTION

[For the following Introduction, and for the remarks in the Catalogue itself we are indebted, and very deeply indebted, to a sympathetic, but discriminating, friend and artist. Our gratitude, we feel sure, will be shared by all who read it.]

We live in an age of discontent, but it is none the less healthy or interesting for that. Disillusioned we have been for long, since science had her say. For a while it seemed as if feeling and imagination had been exiled from the world. Yet, happily for us and for mankind, human nature remains, in all essentials, unaltered, unalterable; and the mere notion of a vacuum is made only more horrible by our familiarity with the pump. For we must breathe, and breathe not only air, but the breeze that bloweth where it listeth, obeying no rule save what our superficial sense will never discern, and bringing fresh draughts of life from infinite spaces which our most adventurous engines will never traverse or defile. In short, the human spirit refuses to surrender its birthright of unsophisticated emotion. Though checked for a while, it is soon busy again in odd corners,—turning up every neglected stone for new suggestions of wonder and delight, and devising new symbols for their formal expression.

"Unsophisticated" is the epithet which best describes the outstanding common quality of the works in the present exhibition; unless, encouraged by their inventive daring, one should make a new word, and say "antisophistic." For these artists, on their part, have been encouraged by Post-Impressionism to utter their discontent in one of the chief strongholds of academic culture. They have learnt that the sin of art, as of all that affects the upper life of the mind, is science. They have thrown away the tools which their fathers patented. What is more, they have rejected the old ambition of producing, by means of those or any other recognised devices, an illusion of reality. They have simply allowed reality to

speak to them; then listened; and then spoken on their own account. They do not boast of bringing large pieces of the actual world before persons who are unable or unwilling to go out of doors and look at life. Humbly following the hints of the great primitive masters, and of those moderns who, like Cézanne and Matisse, have reopened the road to a fresh creation of form, they have gone straight forward on the enterprise of expressing the feeling that is in them.

So much for their aim and its good faith. The question that interests, or ought to interest, the public is this, and this only—"Have they succeeded?" Of this the public must judge. A few preliminary words, however, are permissible, not of special pleading, but of respectful advice. These artists claim to rely solely on our sensitiveness to form. If we are incapable of the strictly æsthetic emotion, they are talking to us, as it were, in a foreign language, whose bare rudiments we cannot learn. Thus "A Moment of Fear" (11), which is the result, in pictorial symbols, of a sudden afflatus of primitive awe, presents us with a remarkably stirring harmony of lines and colours. "The Morris Dancers" (19), "Don Quixote" (25), and "Anne Boleyn" (32), are other obvious cases of impressive scheme. Have they, or have they not, the power of transporting us into a strange new world? If they seem to fail, are we giving them a fair and open trial, unbiased by the genteel traditions of Burlington House and the Slade Professorship? Is the failure in them, or in us? Perhaps—and here is the triumph of art—there is a happy success on both sides, and we have a healthy appetite for more: a similar and even stronger excitement may then be gained from "Fatherhood" (6), "The Pea-sheller" (22), "Tête d'Enfant" (27), "The Orator" (53), and "The Petticoat" (58). Having once attained this high plateau of appreciation, we shall be grateful to those who have opened up immense untrodden regions of reality.

It was hardly to be expected that such a bold undertaking should invariably reach its goal. "The Green Bow" (33) is a little mannered, as if the artist were appealing from the private court of his own instinct to the authority of the Grafton Gallery. The same may perhaps be suspected of "The Architect" (54), and a few others. But all of them are, to say the least, profoundly interesting *to an unsophisticated mind.* As though to

enforce this very point, some striking effects are to be noticed here of an intimate connection with University Life—for instance, "The Lime Walk" (15), "Sunday Morning" (21), and "Dinner in Hall" (51). Lastly, we may imagine, after we have enjoyed all its rhythmic brilliance and force, that we see English art renouncing the old vicious trick of representative illusion in "The Confession of a Fool" (23).

[W. R. M. LAMB.[1]]

[1] Mr. Lamb was also the author of the remarks in the Catalogue.

CATALOGUE[1]

All the Pictures in this Exhibition, with the exception of those marked with red labels, **are Offered for Sale.** When no price is stated information may be obtained from the attendant.

It should be noted that the prices given here are quite nominal. We believe that the injudicious figures asked at the Grafton were in part to blame for the misunderstanding which arose between the Artists and the Public. We wish to build on mutual understanding: and so have purposely reduced our prices to a minimum.

Pictures purchased by residents in Cambridge will be delivered, free of charge, on Saturday evening. It is requested that all payments should be made in advance.

Inquiries should be addressed to

THE SECRETARY,
c/o the Hall Keeper,
Guildhall,
Cambridge,

or else left in the Secretary's box upon the desk.

	Price in Guineas.
1. Dinner Party K. O. NEUMAN	5
2. My Mantelpiece A. W. R. DON	1
3. Gasometers A. W. R. DON — Lord DOUNE	½

The Perspective has been subordinated to Solidity and Distance.

---

[1] In this reprint the names of the artists and of the present owners of the pictures have been inserted. Archie presented an annotated copy of the catalogue (with five newspaper cuttings relating to the exhibition) to the University Library [Cam. c. 913]. He had all the original correspondence bound up in a single volume for his own use.

		Price in Guineas.
4.	Study for "The Councillor"[1]	1
	K. O. NEUMAN — Mrs. DON	
5.	The Angler	1½
	E. D. ADRIAN	
6.	Fatherhood	2
	A. W. R. DON	
7.	Frau Karl Druschy	½
	R. DU B. EVANS	
8.	The Crystal Gazer	1
	R. DU B. EVANS — Miss C. DU B. EVANS	
9.	Woodland, a Study	½
	A. W. R. DON — Mrs. DON	
10.	The Velvet Glove	—
	A. W. R. DON. — Mrs. DON	
11.	A Moment of Fear	3
	A. W. R. DON — F. G. M. BECK	
	Expressive of Moth and Loneliness.	
12.	Oakley, Beds	1
	E. D. ADRIAN	
13.	Tiger	1
	R. DU B. EVANS — E. H. MINNS	
	Almost too photographic, but human and sincere.	
14.	Fenland	1
	A. W. R. DON	
15.	The Lime Walk, Trinity	½
	A. W. R. DON — S. GASELEE	
16.	Still Life	1½
	A. W. R. DON	
17.	Reverie	½
	E. D. ADRIAN	
18.	The Wilderness in Spring	½
	A. W. R. DON	
19.	The Morris Dancers	1
	E. D. ADRIAN — R. H. FOWLER	
20.	The Storm Cloud	1
	A. W. R. DON — C. A. GIBBS	

[1] Used as a wrapper when the pictures were sent to Tealing. See letter of 15 July 1913 to his mother.

Price in Guineas.

21. Sunday Morning 1
A. W. R. Don — J. N. Langley

22. The Pea-sheller 1½
E. D. Adrian — Mrs. F. L. Adrian

23. "The Confession of a Fool" 1
E. D. Adrian — H. A. Hollond

24. Science . . . . . ½
D. F. Shennan — Mrs. Don
Somewhat laboured. Compare with 29.

25. Don Quixote and his Mill 1
A. W. Neal
[Destroyed by the Artist.]

26. My Window 2
E. D. Adrian

27. Tête d'Enfant 1½
A. W. R. Don — F. L. Birch

28. Elgar's First Symphony . . . . . —
C. A. Gibbs — The Artist
The symbolism is violent, almost crude. His subject has inspired the artist with emotions of anger and disgust.

29. Philosophy 1
A. W. R. Don — Mrs. Don

30. Old Vladimir 1
E. D. Adrian — Miss Lebus
A passionate study of old age.

31. The Collector 3
E. D. Adrian — J. H. Bliss

32. Anne Boleyn 1
R. Du B. Evans — A. H. Johnson
Somewhat too classical. It is a vision of the eye, not the feelings of the Queen, which is here depicted.

33. The Green Bow 4
A. W. R. Don — M. D. Forbes

34. Churchyard, Galashiels . . . . . ½
A. W. R. Don — Mrs. Don

35. The Schoolmaster 1½
E. D. Adrian — E. R. Cooke
A brilliant example of subtle symbolism.

Price in Guineas.

36. Engine Sheds 2
E. D. ADRIAN — Mrs. DON

37. The Return 1
E. D. ADRIAN
The strong, yet tender, handling of disillusionment and despair in this picture perhaps can only be fully appreciated by an expert.

38. Moraines 2
A. W. R. DON — Mrs. DON
A mere poster. The hills and sky are conventional: the figure not dynamic.

39. Still Life 1
A. W. R. DON

40. Mouton et Moulin 2
M. D. FORBES. — M. D. FORBES

41. La Plage 1
E. D. ADRIAN — M. D. FORBES

42. Bataille Maritime d'Egypt 1½
M. D. FORBES — T. H. SOMERVELL

43. Tyrolese Sheep . . . . . ½
A. W. R. DON

44. Portrait of W. G. P[atten] . . . . . —
E. M. O'R. DICKEY — Miss C. POPE

45. Slope 2
T. H. SOMERVELL — The ARTIST

46. The Ely Road 1½
E. D. ADRIAN — S. GASELEE

47. The Three Bridges . . . . . —
A. W. R. DON
The simplification in this picture might be carried even further, without loss of significance.

48. Portrait Study . . . . . —
A. W. R. DON

49. The Sunflower 2
E. M. O'R. DICKEY

50. Cambridge Bells 3
T. H. SOMERVELL — The ARTIST
All sound has colour. Here the clashing tonalities are significant of discord.

	Price in Guineas.
51. Dinner in Hall E. M. O'R. Dickey — Trinity College	—
52. Herring Fishers E. M. O'R. Dickey — M. D. Forbes	2½
53. The Orator. E. M. O'R. Dickey	1
54. The Architect E. M. O'R. Dickey	1
55. Sunset E. M. O'R. Dickey	2½
56. The Café E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist	—
57. Studland Bay E. M. O'R. Dickey	2½
58. The Petticoat E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist	2
59. Hot Lunch, a Caricature E. M. O'R. Dickey — J. H. Bliss	½
60. Landscape with Figures E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist	2
61. Daedalus and Icarus E. M. O'R. Dickey	3
62. Still Life E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist Very plastic.	1
63. Clare Bridge E. M. O'R. Dickey — M. D. Forbes	1
64. The Stream E. M. O'R. Dickey	½
65. Les "Wee Frees" sortant d'Eglise M. D. Forbes — A. H. Parry	1
66. Landscape E. M. O'R. Dickey	½
67. La Juive qui pleure T. H. Somervell	1
68. L'Homme au Doigt blessé E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist	1½

	Price in Guineas.
69. Le Pays de Boubs . . . . . M. D. Forbes	1
70. Pax Dei . . . . . T. H. Somervell The flames of Tartarus, yielding to the motif, pass up into the white of heaven.	1
71. Portrait of my Aunt . . . . F. K. Bliss — M. D. Forbes	—
72. The Invalid . . . . . F. K. Bliss	½
73. Mother and Child . . . . . F. K. Bliss — G. H. Hardy	½
74. Portrait . . . . . E. D. Adrian — F. G. Hopkins This picture, like No. 38, is conventional in colour and conception.	1
75. The Shadow of King's . . . . M. D. Forbes — C. Sayle	½
76. A Study in chalk and pastel . . . E. D. Adrian The colouring is suggestively stertorous.	½
77. The Arm-Chair . . . . . E. M. O'R. Dickey — The Artist	1
78. A Caricature [of A. W. R. D.] . . . E. M. O'R. Dickey	½
79. Petrouchka . . . . . F. K. Bliss — J. H. Bliss	—
80. Portrait intime . . . . . M. D. Forbes — E. A. Jones	1

Fame . . . . . Gustave Duclos[1]

Portrait of the Artist . . . . F. K. Bliss

Oliver's Battery[2] . . . . . A. W. R. Don

---

[1] Sir Philip Burne-Jones. These six from Archie's manuscript.

[2] Destroyed by the artist's firm instructions. The picture which forms the frontispiece to this book was presented to its present owner on those conditions.

Price in Guineas.

Nuit de Nicaragua . . . . .
M. D. FORBES

L'Homme au Boulingrin . . . . .
E. D. ADRIAN

En Retard . . . . . .
A. W. R. DON

THE SEVEN CAMBRIDGE EXPRESSIONISTS

INDEX OF EXHIBITORS[1]

E. D. Adrian, Trinity.
F. K. Bliss, King's, † 28th September 1916.
E. M. O'R. Dickey, Trinity, R.G.A.
A. W. R. Don, Trinity, † 11th September 1916.
R. du B. Evans, Pembroke, prisoner 1915.
M. D. Forbes, Clare.
C. A. Gibbs, Trinity.
K. O. Neuman, Trinity.
D. F. F. Shennan, Trinity, † 9th May 1915.
T. H. Somervell, Caius, R.A.M.C.

[1] Not part of the foregoing catalogue.

"The Battle is won. We all agree, now, that any form in which an artist can express himself is legitimate. . . . We have ceased to ask, 'What does this picture represent?' and ask instead, 'What does it make us feel?'"

CLIVE BELL.

"Ostentation of skill is likely to be even more fatal than downright incapacity."

ROGER FRY.

"Passion before Perspective."

"Modern art can make its own defence against anything except prejudice."

RUPERT BROOKE.

APPENDIX III

THE following list contains the names of all those who were members of the Games Club or Lake Hunt. It is compiled from *The Games Club Gazette* and *Lake Hunt Look Me Up*, Number 5 (29th July 1917).

Adrian (E. D.).
Armstrong (E. W.), † 11th July 1915.

Bethel (C.), † 20th February 1916.
Bridgeman (R. O.).
Browne (M. G.).
Burnaby (G.), † October 1916.
Burnaby (J.).
Butcher (W. G. D.), † 16th August 1917.
Butler (G. K. M.), † 19th July 1916.
Butler (J. R. M.).
Butler (N. M.).

Campbell (E. R.).
Coad Pryor (E. A.).
Cullinan (M. W. F.), Magd. Coll.

Darwin (C. G.).
Darwin (E.), † 24th April 1915.
Darwin (W. R.).
Davidson (M. G.).
Don (A. W. R.), † 11th September 1916.

Ellis (W. F. P.).

Ferguson (H. M.), † 11th June 1917.
Fowler (R. H.).

Greg (W. W.).

Hollond (H. A.).
Hope (J. H.).
Hope (M. B.).

Kennedy (H. T.), † 6th June 1917.

Leaf (E. A.).
Littlewood (J. E.).
Lonsdale (A. C. G.), † 13th March 1915.

Morgan (A. C. O.), † 13th October 1915.
Morris (G. G.).
Morshead (O. F.).

Peache (R. C.).
Penrose (E. J. McN.), † 8th May 1915.
Pilkington (H. B.), † 10th June 1915.
Pring (B. C.), † July 1915.
Pym (Rev. T. W.).
Pym (W. St. J.).

Roxburgh (R. F.).

St. Aubyn (M. J.), † April 1918.
Salter (F. R.).
Shaw (H. K.), Sid. Coll.
Shaw (T. K.).
Simpson (F. A.).

Tennant (C. G.), † 19th May 1915.
Turner (A. C.), † 16th January 1918.

Wakeford (E. K.), † 26th July 1916.
Wardley (D. J.), Selwyn.
Wardley (G. C. N.), † 16th July 1916.
Wasbrough (W. L.), † 26th September 1915.
Watson (R. W.), † 31st July 1915.
Welsh (A. R.), † 20th February 1916.
Whitehorn (R. D.).
Willink (H. N.).
Wordsworth (O. B.), † 2nd April 1917.
Wright (R. M.).

R. M. Wright. A. W. R. Don.
W. F. P. Ellis. E. W. Armstrong. G. C. N. Wardley. C. G. Darwin.

O. B. Wordsworth. R. H. Fowler. E. A. Coad Pryor. H. T. Kennedy. J. Burnaby.
F. R. Salter. A. C. Turner. W. W. Greg. J. R. Scott. A. R. Welsh.

TRINITY LAKE HUNT, 1912

[*To face p.* 196

APPENDIX IV

BEQUESTS

£2000 in trust for the benefit of the WORK-PEOPLE employed by Messrs. DON BROTHERS, BUIST & Co.

£500 to the HEADMASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE, to be applied for the benefit of the School.

£200 to a FRIEND, or, in the event of his death, to the CAVENDISH ASSOCIATION.

Leonardo da Vinci, *Quaderni d'Anatomia*, 6 vols. F°. To the UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, CAMBRIDGE. Also his volume on the *Flight of Birds*, 1893, in facsimile.

Jerome of Brunswick's *Treatise of Surgery*, Southwark, 1525, F°. To Sir W. M. FLETCHER for his lifetime, and eventually with his medical books to TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Selected Scientific Books to MOBERLY LIBRARY, WINCHESTER.

Gifts to H. T. KENNEDY, M. D. FORBES, J. S. WILSON, Mrs. BALFOUR.

Fossils to DUNDEE and Dr. HICKLING. "Don't keep old stones for sentimental reasons."

Postage Stamp Collection to MCNAB, his nephew. "Not all at once; that would spoil his pleasure."

INDEX

Aberdeen University, 173.
Ackermann (R.), 160.
Adam (Mrs. Adela Marion), 70.
— (N. K.), 35, 84 plate.
Admiralty, 87.
Adrian (E. D.), iii, 51, 67–82, 84, 84 plate, 188–93, 195.
— (Mrs. F. L.), 189.
Ægean Islands, 162.
Agenda Club, 42.
Aitken (J. M.), 160.
Aivatli, 129, 133–4, 152–3, 155–62.
Alcohol, 105.
Alexandria, 127.
Allanby (R.), 171–2.
Ambarköi, 158–62.
Amiens, 123, 126, 132.
Anatomy, 49, 67, 74, 161.
Anderson (A. R.), 168.
— (H. K.), 84.
— (P. W.), 134.
Angell (Norman), 100, 106.
Angus (C. F.), 97.
Antarctic Expedition, 159.
Applecross, 130.
Arbroath, 13.
Ardnamurchan, 114.
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 138.
Aris (H.), 13, 125.
Armstrong (E. W.), 195.
Arthur (Prince) of Connaught, 38.
Asquith (H. H.), 159.
Aston (F. W.), 84.
Athens, 128, 130, 137, 157.
Athos (Mt.), 128, 132.
Avonmouth, 101.

Bacillus typhosus, 105.
Bailleul, 88, 90.
Bainbrigge (P. G.), 82.
Baines (C. S), 94.
Balavka, 129, 149.
Balfour (Mrs. Agnes B.), 153, 197.
— (Arthur J.), 159.
— (I. B.), 13, 115–7.
Balkan News, The, 142.
Balkans, The, 159.
Baltiboys, 2.
Bandirran, 179.
Banister (C. G.), 83.
Baralong, H.M.S., 139.
Barlow (M.), 84.
Barrie (Sir J. M.), 101–2.
Barthropp (S. A. N.), 84.
Bather (A. G.), iv, 95.
— (F. A.), iv.
Beatty (Admiral), 101.
Beck (F. G. M.), 188.
Beinn a Bheithir, Frontispiece.
Belashitza, 129, 137, 162.
Bell (Clive), 194.
Belloc (Hilaire), 96, 99.
Benson (A. C.), iii, 54–67, 91, 97, 103, 117–8, 120, 123, 127, 140–2.
— (R. H.), 103.
Bequests, 198.
Bethel (C.), 195.
Béthune, 89, 90, 94.
Bible, 5.
Birch (F. L.), 189.
Birkedal, 111.
Black Watch, 27, 79, 96.
Blackwell (Elizabeth), 122.
Blackwood's Magazine, 102, 106.
Blake (W.), 43, 45.
Blewitt (R.), 94.
Bliss (F. K.), 192–3.
— (J. H.), 189, 191–2.
Blore (G. H.), 13, 124–7.
Blumenthal, 7.
Boer War, 4.
Bogle (J. S.), 181.
Botha (General), 11.
Bougainville, 123.
Boulogne, 88–91, 95, 105.
Bourke (E. G.), 9.
Boyton, 117.
Bradley (R. N.), 168.
Brailsford (H. N.), 159.
Bramston (J. T.), iv, 83.
Bray, 125–6.
Bridgeman (R. O.), 195.
Brindley (H. H.), 146.
Bristol, 98–105.
Britannia, H.M.S., 87.
British Association (Dundee Meeting), 27, 36.
British Museum, 12, 13.
Brock (A. Clutton), 162.
Brontë (Charlotte), 161, 165.
Brooke (Rupert), 108–9, 112, 114, 151, 168, 194.
Broughty Ferry, 1, 3, 14, 86.
Brown (John), 126.
— (P. Hume), 2.

Browne (M. G.), 195.
Brundle (H. C. B.), 168.
Buckland (E. H.), 13, 16.
Bullock (H. M.), 82.
Burge (H. M.), Bp., 14, 15–20.
Burnaby (G.), 195.
— (J.), 195.
Burne-Jones (Sir Philip), 192.
Burroughs (E. A.), 158.
Butcher (W. G. D.), 195.
Butler (Mrs. Agneta F.), 165.
— (G. K. M.), 77, 82, 99, 109, 113, 120, 160, 164–6, 195.
— (J. R. M.), 115, 120, 195.
— (N. M.), 109, 195.
Buxton (C. S.), 42.

Cambridge, 23–84, 118.
— Addenbrooke's Hospital, 47–8, 183.
— Fitzwilliam Museum, 47–8, 153, 158.
— School of Physiology, 38.
— Sedgwick Museum, 27, 39, 137.
— Senate House, 97.
— University Library, 142, 187, 197.
— Caius College, 96–7, 149.
— — Medical Club, 75.
— Emmanuel College, 97.
— Pembroke College, 96.
— St. John's College, 97.
— Jesus College, 98.
— Magdalene College, 97.
— Trinity College, 191, 197.
— — Great Court, 87.
— — Nevile's Court, 87.
— — Whewell's Court, 97, 149.
— — Magpie and Stump, 46, 82–3.
— — Medical Club, 37, 46, 74.
— — Skull and Crossbones, 38.
— — Sunday Games Club, 81.
— — Yeats Prize, 84.
— A. D. C., 94.
— Drawing Society, 167.
— Expressionists Exhibition, 47, 68, 182–94.
— Heretics Society, 97, 101.
— Leys School, 97.
— Marlowe Society, 94.
— Natural Science Club, 46, 84.
— Ray Club, 46.
— Sedgwick Club, 25, 28.
— University Musical Club, 149.
— Wykehamist Dinner, 83.
Cambridge Magazine, The, 101–2, 105–6, 110, 148, 156, 167.
Cambridge Review, The, 101, 117, 143, 168.
Campbell (Alexander), 1.
Campbell (Barbara), 1.
— (E. R.), 195.
— (G. C.), 90.
— (L. F.). *See* Don (L. F.).
— (N. K.), 115, 120.
— (Robert), 2.
Campvere, 2.
Cardonette, 126.
Carey (F. C. S.), 45.
Carlisle, 113.
Carmyllie Quarries, 13.
Čaušica, 129, 172.
Cavendish Association, 42, 45, 197.
— Club, 42, 96, 154.
Caxton (W.), 113.
Cerinthe retorta, 150.
Cézanne (Paul), 185.
Challenge, The, 97, 152.
Charles II., 84, 163.
Chartres, 12.
Cheddar, 101.
Chew Magna, 103.
Chipilly, 125–6.
Chitty (H.), iv.
Chivers (J.), 91.
Chocques, 90, 94.
Christ, 99.
Christianity, 99.
Church Family Newspaper, The, 104, 153.
"Citadel," 126.
Cithera, 128.
Clairon, Le, 160.
Clarke (R. S.), 84 plate.
Clifton, 7.
Clunie Bridge, 109, 114, 142.
Coad Pryor (E. A.), 195.
Coatbridge, 121.
Cockerell (Mrs.), 150.
Colville (J. G.), 83.
Conservators of Scottish Privileges, 2.
Cook (A. K.), 17.
Cooke (E.R.), 189.
Corfu Harbour, 158.
Cornwall, H.M.S., 101.
Coronel, 160.
Corsica, 126.
Cradock (Sir Christopher), 160.
Craig Owl, 115, 130.
Craigellachie, 121.
Crawfurd (R.), 84.
Crete, 128.
Crick (P. C. T.), 83.
Crimea, 2, 89.
Crossley (Miss), 5.
Cullinan (M. W. F.), 195.
Cunningham (W.), 107.
Cunyngham (Sir W. S.-D.-), 177.

Daily Telegraph, The, 103.
Daniell (N.), 121-2.
Dardanelles, 167.
Darwin (C. G.), 195.
— (E.), 195.
— (Sir F.), 84.
— (W. R.), 195.
David (F. P.), 125.
— (G.), 51.
Davidson (M. G.), 195.
— (Randall), Abp., 44, 158.
Davies (G. Ll.), 102, 109, 112, 116-7.
Denis-Browne (W. C.), 45, 112, 116, 168.
Deve Kran, 137, 150, 153.
Devil's Dyke, 108.
Devonshire (Duke of), 44.
Dickens (C.), 163.
Dickey (E. M. O'R.), 190-3.
Dickinson (G. L.), 101, 110, 112.
Dodgson (P. H.), 83.
Doiran, 167.
Don (A. C.), 101, 138.
— (F. P.), 23, 120, 181.
— (John A.), 16, 181.
— (L. F.), *passim*.
— (P. A. C.), 181, 197.
— (R. B.), 1, 7, 14, 181.
— (R. M.), 96, 118, 131, 160, 168, 169-76, 181.
— Buist & Co., 197.
Donaldson (S. A.), 127.
Donizetti (G.), 103.
Doune (Lord), 42, 44, 96, 115, 120, 187.
Doyle (A. Conan), 163.
Dragoniera, 167.
Drewe (Adrian), 76, 86-7.
Drysdale (A. O.), 135.
Duckworth (W. L. H.), 84.
Duclos (Gustave), 192.
Duma, 11.
Durdry Hill, 105.
Dundee, 3, 197.
— British Association, 27, 36.

Eddlestone, 1.
Egypt, 165.
Egyptian Gazette, The, 128.
Elaterium, 2, 197.
Elba, 126.
Elephas primigenius, 27, 134.
Eliot (George), 161, 164-5.
Elliot (H. W. A.), 82.
Ellis (W. F. P.), 48, 87, 195.
Ely, 92.
Essequibo, H.M.S., 163.
Estaires, 89.
Euripides, 157, 161.
Evans (A. F. R.), 84 plate.
— (C. Du B.), 188.
— (A. H.), 6.
— (R. Du B.), 84, 109, 188-9, 193.
Exhibition (Expressionists), 47, 182-94.
Expressionists Exhibition, 47, 182-94.

Factories, 135.
Falkland Island Fight, 101.
Faure (M.), 153.
Fenwick (B. A.), 82.
Ferguson (H. M.), 195.
Ferrier (Sir Alexander), 2.
— (Amelia), 181.
Finlay (G.), 139.
Fitzpatrick (T. C.), 84.
Flanders, 91, 94, 115.
Flax Bourton, 103.
Fleming (A. L.), 84.
Fletcher (Sir W. M.), 23-53, 84, 197.
— (Lady), 45.
Flora Graeca, 150.
Folkestone, 95.
Forbes (M. D.), 72, 97-8, 109, 113-4, 152, 157, 165, 190-3, 197.
— (N.), 159.
Fort (J. A.), 13, 125.
Forth Bridge, 101.
Fowler (R. H.), 188, 195.
France (1915), 123-6.
French (Lord), 94.
Fricourt, 125.
Frome, 113.
Fry (Roger), 194.
— (T. P.), 83.
Fulbourn, 48.

Gain Tufficha, 164, 166.
Galashiels, 121.
Galiko, 129, 137, 156, 159.
Gallipoli, 115.
Gamblin-Rolin, 91.
Games Club Gazette, The, 195.
Gammell (J. A. H.), 110.
Gardner (E. A.), 137, 147, 153.
Gas, 111.
Gaselee (S.), 188, 190.
Geological Society of London, 28.
George V., King, 94, 105.
Georgian Poetry, 156.
Germany, 96, 106-7, 110, 154.
Gibbs (C. A.), 179, 188-9, 193.
Gillespie (A. D.), 13, 157, 169.
Gilmorehill, 2.
Glasgow, 1, 2, 121.
God, 111, 120.
Godwin (W.), 159, 161.

Gog-Magogs, 36, 91.
Goode (G.), 151.
Gosse (E.), 120.
Gow (A. S. F.), 72.
Grafton Gallery, 68–70.
Grampians, 111.
Grant (Elizabeth), 2.
Grantchester, 114, 149.
Great Ridge Wood, 108, 111.
Greece, 163, 173.
Greek Grammar, 130–1.
— Literature, 131, 157.
Greene (Mary), 139.
Greg (W. W.), 195.
Griffith (C.), 21.
Guelphic Order, 2.

Habershon (S. H.), 84.
Hagiar Kim, 168–9.
Hague Peace Conference, 11.
Hal Saftieni, 168.
Hall (Lieut.), 167–8.
Hallyards, 1, 181.
Halyburton (Andrew), 2.
Hamilton (Lord Ernest), 163.
Hanoverian Order, 2.
Hardwick, 108, 145.
Hardy (G. H.), 101.
— (H. J.), iv.
Hawkins (C. H.), 13.
Hay (Ian), 137, 147.
Henry VIII., King, 94.
Herbert (P. M.), iv.
Heretics Society, the, 97, 101.
Héricourt (Dr.), 133.
Herodotus, 93, 173.
Hewson (A. G.), 95.
Hibbert Journal, The, 142.
Hickling (G.), 111, 197.
Hill (Miss Helen), 117, 153, 161–2.
Hindle (E.), 84 plate.
Histon, 91.
Hobhouse (L. T.), 149, 161.
Hogarth (D. G.), 159.
Hogue, H.M.S., 48, 87.
Holland, 2.
Hollond (H. A.), 82, 189, 195.
Holytown, 121.
Hope (J. H.), 195.
— (M. B.), 195.
Hopley (G. W. V.), 112.
Hopper's House, 95.
Hornung (G.), 84.
Horris Hill, 6, 7, 8, 16, 94, 101, 105, 115.
Hughes (T. M'K.), 134–5.
Hunter (Michael), 105, 112, 116.
Huntly, 121.
Huntsgreen, H.M.S., 168.
Hutchinson (A.), 84.
Hydra, 128, 130.

India, 2.
Indian hospital, 88.
— troops, 89.
Indomitable, H.M.S., 101.
Italy, 30.

Jackson (Henry), 83, 97.
James (Henry), 151, 163.
— (Winifred), 159.
Jekyll (F. W.), 96.
Jenkinson (F.), 179.
Jerome of Brunswick, 197.
Johns (W. Wilton), 173–4.
Johnson (A. H.), 189.
Joseph (H. W. B.), 115.
Jura, 1, 130, 181.

Kalamaria, 129, 172.
Kassandra, 132.
Keeling (F. H.), 84 plate.
Keith (Arthur), 139.
Kennedy (H. T.), 83, 195, 197.
Kent's Cavern, 12, 21, 101.
Keraissi Camp, 129, 169.
Keswick, 113.
Kidd (F.), 84.
Kilindir, 129, 172.
King (Bolton), 133.
— (W. B. R.), 84 plate, 97.
King Stephen, 139.
Kingsley (C.), 5.
Kinlochewe, 109.
Kotos (Mt.), 129, 134, 142, 152.
Krithna, 115.
Kukush, 129, 153.

La Bassée, 89.
La Gorgue, 89, 90.
Lahore Division, 88.
Lake (Harold), 156.
Lake Hunt, 76.
Lake Hunt Look Me Up, 195.
Lamb (W. R. M.), 186.
Lambert (H.), 83.
Lancet, The, 122, 135, 161.
Langaza, 129, 137, 142, 146–7.
Langley (J. N.), 189.
Lark Hill, 116.
Laventie, 89.
Lawrence (C. H.), 112, 116.
Le Breton (M.), 153.
Le Strange (Major), 90.
Leaf (F. A.), 195.
Lebus (Miss), 189.
Leitch (V. B.), 116.

Lembet, 133, 175.
Lemnos, 108.
Lillers, 95.
Lindley (J.), 150.
Lister (Hon. Charles), 42, 168.
— (J. J.), 84.
Littlewood (J. E.), 195.
Lockhart (J. G.), 206.
Locon, 90.
London, 180.
— Gray's Inn, 76–7, 87, 95–6, 98, 111, 115.
— St. Bartholomew's, 51–3, 67, 86.
Longfellow (H. W.), 5.
Longleat, 113.
Longos, 132.
Lonsdale (A. C. G.), 102, 195.
Loukis (P.), 134.
Lucas (E. de G.), 10.
Lucia di Lammermoor, 103.
Lyttelton (Hon. Edward), 103–4, 110.

Macalister (A.), 84.
M'Connel (J. K.), 94.
M'Curdy (E.), 49.
Macdonald (J. R.), 106.
M'Dowall (S. A.), 14, 15, 178.
MacKenzie (C. R.), 83.
Mackenzie (Compton), 133.
M'Laren (H. A. F.), 123.
Macpherson (William), 2.
M'Phillamy (J. M.), 168.
Madingley Hall, 92.
Magic Flute, the, 103.
Magnificent, H.M.S., 126.
Magpie and Stump, 82–3.
Maitland (Lettie), 180.
Malaria, 174.
Malta, 122, 162–8.
Mametz, 125.
Mansfield (R. S.), 83.
Map, 129.
Marr (J. E.), 25–9.
Marseilles, 126, 163.
Marsh (E. H.), 96, 111, 156.
Masefield (J.), 133.
Matapan, 163.
Matisse (H.), 69, 185.
Maxse (L. J.), 112.
Mazzini (G.), 126, 133.
Medical career, 30–5.
Mediterranean, the, 127–31.
Meerut division, 94.
Memoirs of a Highland Lady, 2.
Meredith (G.), 131.
Merriman (H. Seton), 163.
Merville, 89.
Middleton (R. C. G.), 83.
Millar (R. C. H.), 177.
Minns (E. H.), 188.
Mitchell-Innes (E. A.), 103, 177.
— (G. R.), 111, 112, 116–7.
Mitrany (D.), 159.
Moreing (A. C.), 83.
Morel (E. D.), 155.
Morgan (A. C. O.), 195.
Morland (A.), 180.
Morris (G. G.), 82, 195.
— (W.), 162.
Morshead (O. F.), 65, 195.
Moss (C. E.), 147.
Motherwell, 121.
Mozart, 103.
Mull, 130.
Munro (Sir H. T.), 152.
Murray (G. G.), 157, 161.
Mürren, 6.
Musca domestica, 160.
Music, 3, 5, 16, 103.

Nairn, 173.
Nation, The, 101.
National Review, The, 102.
Naval Division, 87.
Neal (A. W.), 189.
Neuman (K. O.), 187–8, 193.
Neuve Chapelle, 102.
New Forest, 9.
Newall (H. F.), 84.
Newbury, 6.
Newmarket, 91.
Nicaragua, 131, 193.
Northcliffe (Lord), 112.
Norway, 111, 160, 178.

Oban, 113.
Odell (Lieut.), 108.
Officers Training Corps, 11.
Ogden (C. K.), 102, 111.
Olympus (Mt.), 17, 128–9, 131–3, 137, 173.
Osborn (F. H.), 83.
Ossa, 131–2.
Owen (H. C.), 142.
Oxford, 3, 7, 115.
— Bodleian Library, 160.

Palehora Hill, 137.
Paris, 13.
Parka decipiens, 28, 111.
Parry (A. H.), 191.
— (R. St. J.), 97.
Parsons (D. C.), 83.
Pasque flower, 56, 65, 93, 108.
Patten (W. G.), 190.
Paul (St.), 137.

Peache (R. C.), 195.
Pelion, 131–2.
Penrose (E. J. McN.), 110, 116, 195.
Pericles, 131.
Perth, 152.
Peters (R. A.), 76, 84 plate.
Petrograd, 11.
Picasso (M.), 69.
Pilditch (P. H.), 84.
Pilkington (H. B.), 195.
Piltdown Skull, 28, 45.
Pitt (D. Fox), 158.
Poetry Review, The, 162.
Pope (Miss C.), 190.
Portree, 114.
Portsmouth, 10.
Post-Impressionist Exhibition, 68.
Potts (F. A.), 146.
Powell (Eric), 95.
— (R. C. F.), 83.
Priestley (R. W.), 84 plate.
Princess Royal, H.M.S., 101.
Pring (B. C.), 195.
Proyart, 124.
Pterygotus Anglicus, 13.
Purcell (H.), 16.
Pym (T. W.), 44, 125, 195.
— (W. St. J.), 97, 196.

Queen Mary, H.M.S., 101.
Quiller-Couch (Sir Arthur), 108, 149.
Quirk (R.), 10.

Raeburn (Sir H.), 1.
Ray (John), 46.
Ray Club, 84.
Red Cross Society, 78, 86, 88–95.
Redcar, 101.
Rendall (M. J.), 124, 197.
Riche (Lobel), 153.
River Clyde, H.M.S., 153.
Roberts (Lord), 89.
Robertson (D. H.), 82, 110, 122.
— (Patrick), 2.
Robinson (F. P.), iv.
Robson (G. F.), 47.
Rodin (A.), 152.
Rolland (Romain), 97, 100.
Rothiemurchus, 2.
Rotterdam, 3.
Round Table, The, 138.
Roxburgh, 121.
Roxburgh (R. F.), 196.
Russell (Hon. B.), 101.

St. Andrews University, 2, 7.
St. Aubyn (M. J.), 82, 196.
St. Ives, 91.
St. Omer, 88.
Salamis, 130–1.
Saleux, 123.
Salonika, 128–9, 132–3, 160, 163, 168, 171–3.
Salter (F. R.), 97, 114, 121, 196.
Sariyar, 129, 149.
Saunders (J. T.), 84.
Sayle (C.), 156, 192.
Scholfield (A. F.), 179.
Scotland, 168.
Scott (R. F.), 43, 159.
— (Sir W.), 5, 161, 165.
Scottish Horse, 110.
Scottish Mountaineering Journal, 152.
— Women's Hospital, 138.
Seatoller, 76.
Serbia, 167, 169.
Seres, 175.
Seven Cambridge Expressionists, 182–94.
Seward (A. C.), 84.
Shackleton (Sir E. H.), 14.
Shakespeare (W.), 131.
Shaw (G. B.), 100.
— (H. K.), 196.
— (T. K.), 196.
Shelley (P. B), 159, 161.
Shennan (D. F. F.), 189, 193.
Sheppard (H. R. L.), 44.
Shipley (A. E.), 84.
Shorncliffe Camp, 122.
Sibthorp (Sir John), 150.
Sidlaw hills, 3.
Siena, 30.
Simpson (F. A.), 97, 196.
Six Mile Bottom, 91.
Skyros, 128, 168.
Smith (Elizabeth), 2.
— (J. E.), 150.
Somervell (T. H.), 190–3.
Somme, 125, 166.
Soneson (Brita), 139, 150.
Sophocles, 131.
Southey (R.), 5.
Southwark (Bishop of). *See* Burge.
Spectator, The, 157–8.
Stanley-Clarke (A. C. L.), 90.
Stewart-Dick-Cunyngham (Sir W.), 177.
Stomoxes calcitrans, 160.
Stoole (Mr.), 5.
Stow (J. L.), 6.
Strachey (Lady), 3.
Strome Ferry, 114.
Struma, 129, 137.
Studd (L. F.), 84.
Studio, The, 122, 161.
Sturrock (I.), 181.

Sunday Times, The, 168.
Sutton Veny, 105–21.
Swaffham, 92.
Swan (Joyce), 167.
Swann (M. B. R.), 84 plate.
Swavesey, 92.
Sweeting (E. T.), iv.
Switzerland, 6.

Ta l'Erwieh, 168.
Tabland, 92, 99, 111, 114–5.
Tarxian, 167.
Tatham (G. B.), 42, 44, 82, 87, 96.
Taylor (G. I.), 94.
Tealing, 3, 95–6, 99, 115, 121, 167, 188.
Tennant (C. G.), 196.
Tennyson (Hon. A. Aubrey), 164.
Thackeray (W. M.), 159, 160.
Thessalonica, 136.
Thompson (H. V.), 80, 84, 84 plate.
— (Joyce), 167.
— (O. S.), 83.
Thomson (G. M.), 84 plate.
— (Sir J. J.), 84.
Thucydides, 131.
Tiger, H.M.S., 101i
Times, The, 94, 103, 122, 161.
Times Literary Supplement, 156.
Tirard (N. S.), 83.
Torquay, 12.
Touraine, 11.
Tower (G. E.), 98.
Toye (A. J.), 90, 125.
Toynbee (A. J.), 159.
Trasenster (W. A.), 83.
Trevelyan (G. M.), 66.
Trouton (E. A.), 84.
— (F.), 84.
Turner (A. C.), iv, 82, 196.
— (E. J.), 95.
Tuts, 116.
Tyndrum, 113.

Uncensored Letters, 167.
Union of Democratic Control, 100–3, 105–6, 108, 153–6.

Valetta, 164.
Vardar, 129, 137, 172.
Vassal (Mrs.), 167.
Verses by A. W. R. D., 117–8.
Vesalius, 49.
Villers-Brettoneux, 123–4.
Vinci (Leonardo da), 49–50, 94, 197.
Violin, 5.
Visoka, 129, 149.
Vladaya, 129, 169.

Wadhurst Hall, 86.
Wakeford (E. K.), 196.
Walcheren, 2.
War Office, 87, 95–6, 115, 119.
— and Peace Society, 100.
Wardley (D. J.), 196.
— (G. C. N.), 166, 196.
Wasbrough (W. L.), 196.
Watch Kloof, 140.
Watendlath, 136.
Watson (Roger W.), 115–7, 139, 196.
Welfare, 135.
Welsh (A. R.), 196.
White (R. E.), 82.
Whitechurch, 103.
Whitehorn (R. D.), 196.
Wignacourt (J.), 168.
Williams (Arch.), 9.
— (E.), 82.
Willink (H. N.), 196.
Willis (J. C.), 153.
— (Thomas), 49.
Wilson (J. S.), 45, 197.
Winchester, 4, 7–22, 97, 99, 105, 115–6, 124, 167, 180, 197.
— Cathedral, 10.
— Chawkerites, 13.
— Concerts, 16.
— Debating Society, 10, 21.
— Hills, 9.
— Holgate Prize, 17.
— Mission, 10.
— Moberly Library, 197.
— Museum, 12, 19.
— Natural History Society, 10, 21, 178.
— O.T.C., 11.
— Shakespeare Society, 16.
— Southgate House, 13, 125.
Winstanley (D. A.), 97, 115, 180.
Woodward (A. Smith), 45.
Worde (Wynkyn de), 113.
Wordie (J. M.), 84 plate.
Wordsworth (O. B.), 196.
Wren (Christopher), 49.
Wright (R. M.), 82, 196.
Wykehamist, The, 16, 21.
Wykehamist Dinner, 83.

Xerxes, 173.

Yanesu, 129, 172.
Yeatman (F. D.), 90.
Yeats Prize, 84.
Yeniköi, 169.
York, 159–60.
Ypres, 79.

Zammit (Prof.), 168.
Zeus, 130.

There is an old belief
  That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief
  Dear friends shall meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of Time
  And Sin and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
  Of body and of soul.

That creed I fair would keep,
  That hope I'll ne'er forego;
Eternal be the sleep
  If not to waken so.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

PRINTED BY MORRISON AND GIBB LTD., EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

THE AGES OF MAN

AN ANTHOLOGY RELATING TO EVERY YEAR OF A MAN'S LIFE

By CHARLES SAYLE

7s. 6d. net

SOME PRESS OPINIONS

"One of the most out-of-the-way books it has been my lot to meet. It reminds one in a way of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' and the author seems to be full of the same wide miscellaneous reading as Burton."—*Country Life.*

"The scholarly anthologist has cast his net very wide and brought in apt and beautiful pieces on the life of man from infancy to the second period of old age, from authors as far apart as Asclepiades and J. S. Mill, Cardanus and Nietzsche."

Athenæum.

"The ingenuity and breadth of reading of the author are inexhaustible."—*Daily Mail.*

"Will be a source of inspiration and solace during these days of anxiety—the compiler is possessed of catholicity of taste as well as a wide knowledge of literature . . . selections which lovers of literature will alight upon for the first time, and this element of surprise may prove one of the many attractions of a book which the compiler hopes to extend."—*Aberdeen Journal.*

"Marked by humour and pathos, scholarship and taste, and wide reading . . . there is in it encouragement for folk of all ages —the possibilities of life are shown, in fact, to be inexhaustible."

Guardian.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY.

Recent Notable Biographies.

LIFE OF THE RT. HON. SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, Bart. Begun by STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P. Completed and Edited by GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL, Literary Executrix of Sir Charles Dilke. Two Volumes. With Portraits and Illustrations. 36s. net.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

By LAWRENCE PEARSALL JACKS, LL.D., D.D., Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Two Volumes. With Portraits and Illustrations. Second Impression. 15s. net.

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

By THOMAS HAKE and A. COMPTON RICKETT. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

BASIL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster. A Memoir.

By the Rt. Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. 8s. net.

THE LIFE OF SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S. By Admiral SIR ALBERT H. MARKHAM, K.C.B. With Portraits and Illustrations. 15s. net.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MAGGIE BENSON.

By her Brother, ARTHUR C. BENSON, C.V.O., LL.D., Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. With Portraits and Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

GEORGE WYNDHAM—Recognita.

By CHARLES T. GATTY. With Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

This book is—as the title suggests—an attempt to recall some of the phases of a very remarkable character, by one who was thrown much in his company.

LORD GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER (First Earl Granville).

Private Correspondence between the years 1781-1821. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Castalia, Countess Granville. Second Impression. Two Volumes. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 32s. net.

Recent Notable Biographies.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR J. D. HOOKER, O.M., G.C.S.I. By LEONARD HUXLEY. Two Volumes. With Illustrations. 36s. net.

JOHN WILKES AND THE CITY.
By SIR WILLIAM P. TRELOAR, Bart. With Illustrations. 12s. net.

MEMORIES OF ETON SIXTY YEARS AGO.
By ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER. With Contributions from Neville G. Lyttelton and John Murray. Second Impression. With Illustrations. 9s. net.

MEMOIR OF ARTHUR JOHN BUTLER.
By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR COLIN C. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., LL.D., etc., 1836-1916. Edited by his Niece, Miss MARY A. HOLLINGS. With Illustrations. 12s. net.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY-TWO YEARS.
By the Hon. WILLIAM WARREN VERNON, M.A. 12s. net.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF J. R. ILLINGWORTH, M.A., D.D. As portrayed by his Letters and Illustrated by Photographs. Edited by his WIFE, with a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford, and a Chapter by the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond. 10s. 6d. net.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
His Life, Works and Influence. By GEORGE McLEAN HARPER, Professor of the English Language and Literature at Princeton University. Two Volumes. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 24s. net.

DAVID GILL: Man and Astronomer.
Memories of Sir David Gill, K.C.B., H.M. Astronomer (1879-1907) at the Cape of Good Hope. Collected and arranged by GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. net.

Recent Notable Biographies

PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS, 1868-1885.

By the Right Hon. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, G.C.S.I., P.C., D.C.L., LL.D. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Lord George Hamilton's Parliamentary career began in the days of Mr. Disraeli, and continued without a break until 1906. During that time there was no political or social leader with whom he was not personally acquainted. This record of his public life extending from 1868 to 1885 may therefore be regarded as a continuous narrative of the leading events which occurred in that period, interspersed with anecdotes of the distinguished people with whom he was brought in contact, and of incidental events and circumstances which have not hitherto come to light.

MY RUSSIAN AND TURKISH JOURNALS.

By the DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. Author of "My Vice-Regal Life in India." Illustrated. 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Lady Dufferin here records events of the time when Lord Dufferin was H.M. Ambassador at Petrograd, 1879-1881, and Constantinople, 1881-1884. Lady Dufferin's humour and literary powers are too well known and recognized to need any further recommendation.

DAVID GILL: MAN AND ASTRONOMER.

Memories of Sir David Gill, K.C.B., formerly Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope. Collected and arranged by Professor GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S. Illustrated with Portraits and Views. 12*s. net.*

The story of the growth of a remarkable personality, from schoolboy and watchmaker to leader of astronomical research, portraying also his friendships, his delightful social and domestic life, his humour, his enjoyment of the world and his varied employments.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

A Romance of the French Revolution. By NESTA H. WEBSTER (Mrs. ARTHUR WEBSTER). Illustrated with Portraits and Views. 12*s. net.*

"A vivid and highly interesting account of one of the most pathetic episodes recorded in history. . . . The male readers of Mrs. Webster's attractive volume will in all probability fall posthumously in love with her heroine before they set it down, and those of her own sex will assuredly admit that she has gained well-deserved laurels in a special field of literature in which women excel."—Lord CROMER in *The Spectator.*

JOHN MURRAY: LONDON

Recent Notable Biographies

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE in succession to the late W. F. MONYPENNY. In 5 Volumes. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12*s.* *net each.*

Vol. I: 1804–1837. Vol. II: 1837–1846, by the late W. F. MONYPENNY. Vol. III: 1846–1855, by the late W. F. MONYPENNY and G. E. BUCKLE. Vol. IV: 1855–1868, by G. E. BUCKLE. Vols. V. and VI.: In preparation.

"Mr. Buckle's well composed and perfectly proportioned biography . . . draws a portrait, partial, as all portraits should be, yet eternally just with the only justice worth having, the justice which comes of wise understanding and high appreciation."—*The Times.*

"The only authentic storehouse of Disraelian fact, full, well selected and certain."—*Daily Telegraph.*

LORD GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER (AFTERWARDS THE FIRST EARL GRANVILLE). Private Correspondence, 1781–1821. Edited by his Daughter-in-Law, CASTALIA, COUNTESS GRANVILLE. 2 Vols. With Portraits. 2nd Impression. Demy 8vo. 32*s.* *net.*

"Castalia, Lady Granville, has fully earned the very high compliment that the two volumes, each of some five hundred pages, which she has given to the world, may be read from cover to cover without the reader once feeling that they could advantageously have been curtailed."—LORD CROMER in *The Spectator.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: HIS LIFE, WORKS AND INFLUENCE. By GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER, Professor of the English Language and Literature at Princeton University. 2 Vols. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 24*s.* *net.*

"In spite of all that has been written about Wordsworth there was need of a new biography which should give the story of the poet's life as it appears to modern eyes, and relate criticism with fact in a systematic whole. This Mr. Harper, who is a Professor in the University of Princeton, has done, and done well. His work has a point of view which directs, without deflecting, its course; and it offers very interesting new material."—*The Times.*

THE JOURNALS OF LADY KNIGHTLEY OF FAWSLEY. Edited by JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). Second Impression. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12*s.* *net.*

"In Mrs. Ady's latest book she has made a new departure, presenting us, indeed, in Lady Knightley with the picture of a beautiful woman, but one wholly in touch with her environment, the outcome of that great era in our history, the reign of Queen Victoria. In this instance, the character reveals itself by extracts from Lady Knightley's own Journals, which, in addition to their intrinsic literary value, are singularly illuminative, not only of her own personality, but also of the public events and of the leading men with whom her life between the years 1856 and 1884 brought her in contact."—*Church Times.*

JOHN MURRAY: LONDON

DULCE DOMUM. Bishop Moberly and his Family. By his Daughter Miss C. A. E. Moberly. Cheaper reissue. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

"It is extremely difficult to take a detached view of this remarkable book. Criticism seems wholly out of place. It does not apply to realities. One would as soon think of criticizing a beautiful view, a spring morning, an autumn sunset —anything that absolutely enters into and becomes part of oneself, part of one's highest self. That is what happens to the reader of these pages."

Evening Standard.

EMMA DARWIN. A Century of Family Letters, 1792—1896. Edited by her Daughter Henrietta Litchfield. Two Volumes. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 21s. net.

"Mrs. Litchfield has laid the reading public under a heavy and abiding obligation by these two delightful volumes. We cannot better describe their contents than by saying that they enlarge our circle of friends, so vividly and intimately do they introduce us to a number of delightful people who were either good or great or both together."—*Spectator.*

THE GREAT CONDE. A Life of Louis II de Bourbon, Prince of Condé. By the Honble. Eveline Godley. With Portraits and Maps. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

BERNADOTTE. The First Phase, 1763—1799. By D. Plunket Barton, Judge of the High Court of Justice, Ireland. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

"The study is a most absorbing one."—*The Times.*

JOHN AND SARAH, DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, 1660—1744. Based on Unpublished Letters and Documents at Blenheim Palace. By Stuart J. Reid, D.C.L. With an Introduction by the Duke of Marlborough, K.G. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

THE TRAINING OF A SOVEREIGN. An Abridged Selection from "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria," being Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. Published by Authority of His Majesty the King. Edited, with an Introduction, by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. With Illustrations. Square Demy 8vo. 5s. net.

MEANWHILE. A Packet of War Letters. By H. L. G. With a Foreword by K. W. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"They touch subjects present to the minds of non-combatants at home, always with the frank helpfulness of a friend and the insight of a mature and reflective mind."—*The Times.*

THE ART OF STORY-TELLING. By Marie Shedlock. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"We are all familiar with the helpless self-consciousness which assails a man who has undertaken to tell a story to a child. He knows it is a good story, if only he can tell it as it was told to him, but he does not know how. Miss Marie L. Shedlock . . . instructs us at some length not only how to tell it, but also what to tell. She gives us lists of volumes for reference, specimen stories, rules and regulations, good advice and awful warnings. Her book is full of humour, and contains some delightful anecdotes."—*The Spectator.*

STUDIES IN LITERATURE AND HISTORY. By the late Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C., G.C.I.E., K.C.B., D.C.L. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THE INFLUENCE OF KING EDWARD. And Essays on other Subjects. By the Viscount Esher, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"Lord Esher's portrait of the late King is from the life, and is not merely kingly but human. We know of no better statement than is contained in these chapters of the part that the King took in foreign affairs."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP. Letters to Lady Alwyne Compton from Thomas Westwood, 1869–1881. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"But what matter a critic's limitations, when he can write with so much charm as Westwood about the things that he admires? On children, on dogs, on flowers, on fish and birds, on the South of France, on buildings and books and people, he writes with irresistible charm, made up of sweetness and whimsicality and gentleness, and enjoyment tempered by mellow sadness at the shortness of life and the speed of time."—*The Times.*

THREE PLAYS BY MR. VACHELL.

THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER. A Play in Four Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. In Paper Covers, 1s. net; Cloth, 2s. net.

SEARCHLIGHTS. A Play in Three Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. In Paper Covers, 1s. net; Cloth, 2s. net.

QUINNEYS'. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. In Paper Covers. 1s. net; Cloth, 2s. net.

Life and Works of
CHARLES DARWIN

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION. 6*s. net.* Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.* Also in Murray's Library, 2*s. net.*

DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. With Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION. Woodcuts. 2 vols. 15*s. net.* Popular Edition. 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. With Illustrations. 9*s. net.* Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

VARIOUS CONTRIVANCES BY WHICH ORCHIDS ARE FERTILIZED BY INSECTS. Woodcuts. 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

MOVEMENTS AND HABITS OF CLIMBING PLANTS. Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS. Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

CROSS AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM. 9*s. net.*

DIFFERENT FORMS OF FLOWERS ON PLANTS OF THE SAME SPECIES. 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORMS. Illustrations. 6*s. net.* Popular Edition. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST DURING A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN H.M.S. "BEAGLE." With 100 Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 21*s. net.* Popular Edition. With 16 full-page Plates. 2*s.* 6*d. net.*

LIFE and LETTERS of CHARLES DARWIN. With an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S. With 3 Portraits and Illustrations. 3 vols. 8vo. 36*s.*

CHARLES DARWIN: An Autobiography. With Selections from his Letters by FRANCIS DARWIN. Portrait. 7*s.* 6*d. net.* Popular Edition. 2*s.* 6*d. net.*

MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. A Record of his Work in a Series of hitherto Unpublished Letters. Edited by FRANCIS DARWIN and A. C. SEWARD. With Portraits. 2 vols. Demy 8vo. 32*s. net.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

00025916

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018